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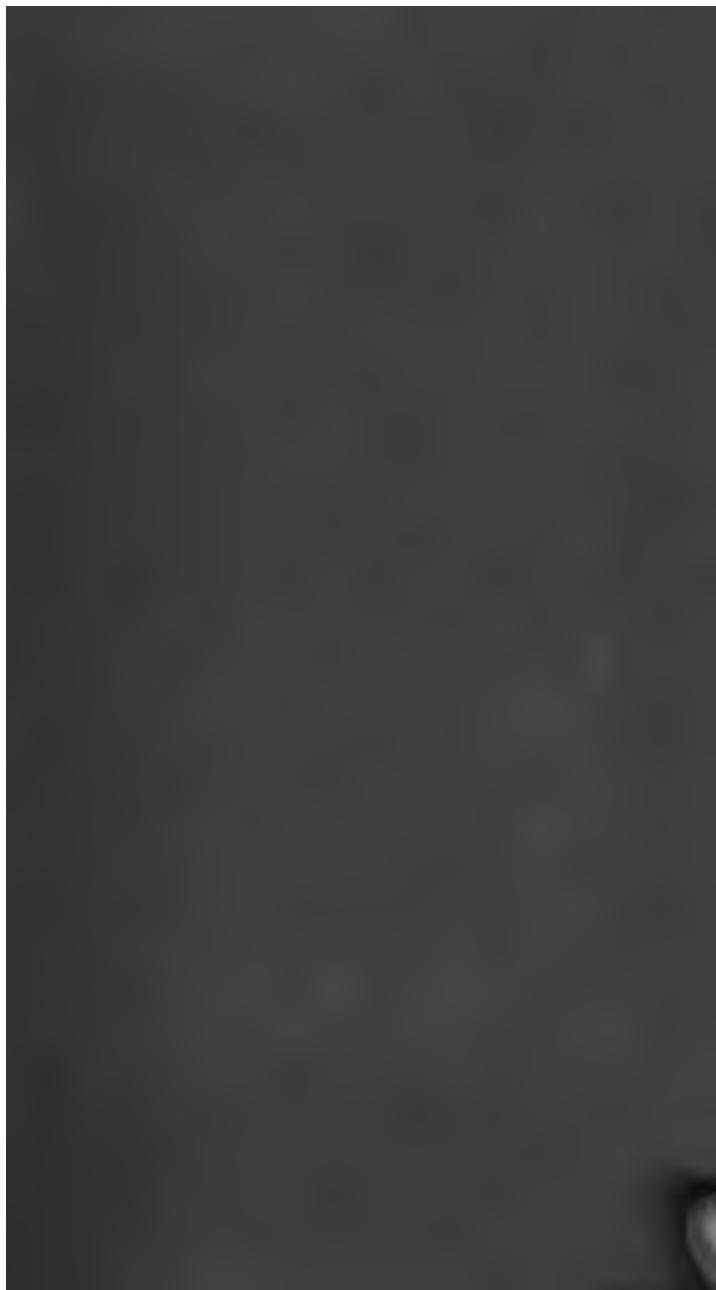
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PICTURE FROM LIFE.

VOL. I.

A
PICTURE FROM LIFE:

OR,
THE HISTORY
OF
EMMA TANKERVILLE
AND
SIR HENRY MORETON.

QUID DECEAT, QUID NON QUÒ VIRTUS, QUÒ PERAT ERROR.
HOR.

BY HENRY WHITFIELD, M. A.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

HE who endeavours to aid the cause of virtue, to correct human passions and follies, and at the same time to entertain his reader, may justify his claim to the merit of good intentions, even if he should not succeed in his grand object, that of benefiting the community. Among many vulgar errors, perhaps there is not one more prevalent or dangerous than this: "That Novels are unworthy the attention of men of any education or literary acquirements;" I could wish that such trifles, as they are frequently called, were rated higher. The daily demands for them from those accommodating caterers of the public, the Proprietors of Circulating Libraries, prove that they are entertaining. The praises

bestowed upon the writers of these works, from which a knowledge of the world may be safely and cheaply attained or augmented, amount to a full demonstration of their use.

Among the ancients, we must suppose this species of writing to have been unknown, their silence being to be considered as a proof of this desideratum. The Greeks, indeed, are characterised by Juvenal, as *bold* historians; and we know that Livy has recounted incredible and superstitious wonders, and not a few romantic exploits; as Herodotus also has done. The Satyricon of Petronious Arbiter, whose chief merit worthy of notice is his elegance of stile, has been handed down to us: I believe this may be called a Romance.

The *Fabliaux*, descriptive of the early ages of chivalry, were numerous in both

the eleventh and thirteenth centuries. But Giovanni Boccacio, who has given celebrity to the place of his birth, (Certaldo, in Tuscany) and who flourished in the year 1313, may be considered as the father of modern Romance; and to that author's Decameron, a varied and elegant ten days entertainment, Shakespeare and other writers are indebted for the bases of some of their best superstructures.

As Novel is nearly allied to Romance, it may not be improper, briefly to notice the virtues and failings of the last mentioned species of literature. The feudal system gave birth to Romance. She was beautiful, animated, lovely, often humorous, but generally serious, and was very well informed. At length she became vitiated. Her followers, no longer able or willing to check or re-

dress outrageous grievances beyond the law, began themselves to act the parts of needy out-laws. Thus did these dishonourable and wandering prodigals no longer follow her virgin footsteps. Cervantes, the author of Don Quixote, gave Romance a death-blow ; and after that spirited attack, abashed and routed, she drooped her head, absconded, and since that æra has not been seen among men. She, however, who had been an acknowledged favourite for such a number of years, did not die in obscurity without leaving *an heir* ; a Phoenix arose from her ashes. This was her youthful daughter, ycleped the Novel. As long as the Novelist writes from sound principles, there are hopes ; but “excessive sensibility,” or terrific chimeras, may be the cause of untimely decay. It were pity, that the delicate

Novel should die from supernatural terrors.

Although the present state of civilized society has set bounds to the fancy of the Novel writer, he may, while he serves the cause of virtue, and makes fiction approximate to truth, address himself successfully to the passions, and use the licence which poets and painters claim ; so that, in addition to heroism and sentiment, the reader may be amused with refinement and correctness. While the French can boast the writings of Le Sage, (if revolutionary prepossession will permit them to bestow praises on works written while kings were on their thrones) we can produce the stories of Fielding, Smollet, Goldsmith, Moore ; and the pleasing novels of the fair writer of *Evelina*, *Cecilia*, and *Camilla*.

It has always been my humble opinion; that the pathetic Fielding knew best the doctrine of the passions; and the witty Smollet that of human action. Both, however, knew men and manners well; and it is universally agreed, that from the works of the intelligent scholar, and the acute historian, much instruction and entertainment may be derived. But here this truth forces itself upon my observation; that the well known characters of Tom Jones and Peregrine Pickle may do mischief. Were any man to interrogate me as to which lesson I thought the most useful in one of those excellent novels, I should answer, "It is to be found in that chapter in which *Pickle is thrown into prison*," as the natural consequence of extravagance. I do heartily wish, that every young man

would pause, and prudently take leisure to consider, ere he plunges into ungoverned and unprincipled excesses. To be noticed in the columns of a public print, or to fill the mouths of artful and tricking gamesters, will be but a poor compensation for an arrest, the horrors of a prison, mental and bodily suffering, ineffectual remorse, and the neglect of friends.

I have endeavoured to depict in the following pages, a young man of good sense, and large fortune, as misusing the former, and squandering the latter; which, as well as good natural faculties, is a most valuable talent, if reasonably used. Such a man acts the character of the *patriotic* Brutus, with this material difference, that he assumes his folly, without sharing his praise, on account of such disguise. There is no tyranny to

resist, but that which proceeds from his own heedless passions, there is no enemy to encounter but himself. Yet slight attention is required to ensure to him a prosperous, innocuous, and even praiseworthy *victory*; and, that I may talk as a philosopher, more glorious than those gained at the Granicus and Issus, Pharsalia, or on the plain of Marengo. Such laurels are more estimable than those of Alexander, Cæsar, or Bonaparte.

Emma Tankerville is pourtrayed as a lovely female, immaculate, as all ladies who have any pretensions to character should be. The author presumes, that he shall not be accused of ill-will towards society, in having chosen for his heroine a young lady so remarkably accomplished.

Those who think that Sir Henry Moreton is far too virtuous and correct,

may feel inclined to forgive a Novel Writer, who maintains as a maxim, that happiness in temporal life consists in well governing the passions. And the Author would advise such as have not yet undertaken this task, to make an useful experiment as speedily as possible.

The present political state of affairs has prevented Emma Tankerville from travelling to any country beside Germany : further, it will not be contradicted, that the Poet of Nature is good authority for supposing a young lady naturally solicitous to follow her lover.

Lastly, let not any scholar be offended at the character of Doctor Anapest. The honourable Mr. Pellet is not the representative of all young men ; nor is the character of Anapest the copy of every classical scholar. The real

gentleman, even of good sense, may smile at the extravagancies of Pellet. The scholar will certainly never censure the Author for disclosing the foibles of Doctor Anapest, as he can assure them, he so much reveres science, as to wish that it may never be improperly applied. In this *Picture from Life*, he has endeavoured to give a shade to some prominent figures ; and if this perspective should please, or affect the mind of the contemplative, he will have great reason to be gratified with *his drawing*,

The Author had intended to have said a few words respecting the publication of a book, and suffering his name to accompany it ; but a conversation which took place with a friend some few days past, will serve in place of any other introduction.

INTRODUCTION!

*Being a Dialogue between a Friend of the Author
and himself.*

Friend. So you are resolved to publish a novel with your name to it. I saw it advertised in the Morning Post.

Author. This is my intention; and from arguing the subject, I do not see any good reason to the contrary. Other authors have prefixed their real names to their own works. Besides, there is an instance of one having been robbed by not doing it. Virgil met with a thief, one Battus, who pilfered his verses; the complaint of the modest Roman deserves to be treasured as an historical precept by succeeding authors. Few have known the real authors of *Chrysal*, *Junius's Letters*, or *The Whole Duty of*

Man. Besides, do we not see names to every thing estimable? *Brunswick* Blacking Cakes, prepared by Mr. Turner, for instance, are sold with an advertisement, *pro bono publico*. "Words cannot set forth its just praise, nor its transcendant qualities be truly known but by experience." The maker of Cricket Bats modestly puts his name to the *end* of his works, and is a cause of many *good hits*; for his Cricket Balls come off with *flying colours*, in a *sublime*, but very irregular manner. Even the Cutler has his name on the blades of his works, and makes a most *splendid* appearance; while his talents for *sharpness, penetration, and his good temper*, are loudly commended.

Friend. *Animus est in patinis.** Yet there may be some reason in what you

* His mind is in the *dishes*.

have advanced. I do not recollect, however, that Inigo Jones, truly a great man, has affixed his name to the Banqueting-house ; or that the Monument tells us who was its ingenious architect.

Author. Your supposition is just. Yet Horace has raised *a monument more durable than brass*, with the hopes of being known to posterity. That I may quote his words, he says,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

In a word, my volition is fixed ; and I have only to observe, that my Novel is neither particularly humorous, sentimental, terrific, nor epistolary, but a compound of these four essentials.



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PICTURE FROM LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

Air laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm;
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.

GRAY.

OUR HEROINE INTRODUCED ---OUR IDEAS
ARE IMPROVED BY REFLECTION AND
EDUCATION----REASONS FOR A YOUNG
LADY NOT DECLINING PROPOSALS FOR
MARRIAGE.

IT was now that season of the year when
Peers and Peeresses, Statesmen and their
Ladies, gambling Countesses, Knights of
the noble and illustrious Orders of the Gar-
ter, Thistle, and Bath, Esquires of inde-
pendent fortunes and their families, ac-
cording to the arbitrary rules of fashion,
are indulging their taste in rounds of

elegant dissipation, preferring town to a country residence.

For who would be so truly gothic, as to delight in enamelled plains, where nature boasts nothing new, but continues to deck the earth with its favourite colour; who would taste the cooling brook or listen to the warbling chorister, when the Mall is crowded with loungers of the first class, when jellies may be purchased at Mr. Candy's, and Mrs. Billington is allowed to surpass the notes of her whom simple poets call Philomel

This reasoning is conclusive, as nature only listens to the feathered songster; but to the charming Anglo-Italian powdered Critics from the pit, Dukes from the boxes, the Chronicadors of taste, fashion and sense, nightly sacrifice the most lavish incense of adulation. While the countryman scatters seeds for the ensuing harvest, the pick-pocket is getting in his; while

“The swain responsive to the milk-maid sings”

female ballad - singers, or hurdy - gurdy players, delight their numerous auditors, these perhaps chanting in bass-voice the manners, dress and person of our formidable enemy, those winding opera airs of the newest fashion, which they assure you *upon their honors* have not been out above two winters : while Nature gives her aid in teaching the promising plant to bud, Art, with a more liberal hand, gives green peas at three guineas a quart.

The reader of the least judgment will by this time, probably, have discovered that it was the spring of the year, when Emma Tankerville, in company with her aunt Mrs. Maitland, sat working some flowers, which seemed to rival the richest productions of Flora. They had not yet left the metropolis for the country—indeed their stile of living did not allow them so far to depart from custom as to exchange noise for tranquillity. Although the sun darted its bright effulgence into the parlour, a fashionable

fire blazed, and the monotonous sound of chimney sweep broke upon morning slumbers in the flowery month of May.

A long silence was thus interrupted by Mrs. Maitland : “ You have not, my dear, forgotten Mrs. Mortimer’s invitation to her masquerade this evening, and however I may be of opinion that much danger may arise to unguarded persons of our sex, at such places of amusement, yet it is not proper, Emma, that you should be entirely ignorant of fashionable entertainments. No doubt, many good and worthy people, and most genteel families, frequent them. By the bye, your cousin Pellet, and Dr. Dash, his tutor, dine with us to-day, and are to escort us to the masquerade.”

Emma briefly replied, “ I shall be ready to attend you, dear aunt.”

“ How much happier,” Mrs. Maitland continued, “ are we than our neighbours on the continent ; surely we can never sufficiently thank Providence for such es-

pecial favours : when war rages with its attendant horrors, we rest in security at home ; while our brave armies encounter their enemies in their own provinces, the English family are free from alarms, excepting those which arise from the perils part of any family may undergo. In the Gazette we read of the triumphs of our brave countrymen, and if we cannot have the full enjoyment of the comforts of our fire-side, as in peace, we are not shocked with the sight of a besieging enemy, and the victorious entry of invading troops. This we owe, child, in a great measure to the superior nautical skill, not to add bravery and confidence of our seamen, and those difficulties which may attend any attempts in the invasion of this country. Our towns being in an unfortified state are brought as arguments by some for the facility of the enemy's progress, but they seem to forget that the want of fortified towns would be felt by him in the same

degree as with us. Happy England ! did she know how blessed she was above all nations."

To this spirited apostrophe of her aunt Emma made answer, with a sigh,—

" I wish there was no such evil as war; for evil you must allow it to be, dearest aunt : not to enter into detail on the miseries it brings, if we consider the increase of taxes, and how many worthy and honest people have their happiest moments embittered by that dreadful calamity, surely peace is preferable to the most glorious war."

" You talk like a simpleton, child ; war is necessary to the English, or else how is the balance of Europe to be preserved ?"

" And yet place humanity in the scale, and the duties we owe our fellow-creatures, and it may be no very difficult matter, dearest aunt, to conjecture which will preponderate, or rather ought to do, on a fair balance."

" Aye, child, you have not lived so long

in the world as I have," answered Mrs. Maitland; "war, I repeat, is necessary for the preservation of our rights; we undertake war for the purposes of chastising our enemies for insults given, for the safety of our country, for maintaining our importance. Was not England the enterprising nation she is, her flag would be insulted, the ports of other nations would be shut against her vessels. The weakest nation has much to apprehend from its ambitious and powerful enemy. The Romans lived by plundering its less warlike inhabitants. The Chinese, in spite of their strong-built stone wall, which was fifteen hundred miles in length, were attacked and reduced by the Tartars two hundred and fifty years ago. The Mexicans and Peruvians were overrun by the inhabitants of Spain, then in the meridian of her glory, and Poland underwent a shameful partition, because she was too weak to defend herself against the ambition of Russia and the other neigh-

bouring powers. Can you suppose, for one moment, child, that England would be spared by France, was she not able to resist her attacks? It requires slight pretexts to undertake a war, when there is a probability of success. After the first Punic war, the fate of Carthage was soon decided, and the ambitious Romans declared war, when caprice, or ambition, suggested to them inordinate necessity. Whether the opening of the Scheldt, or the insult of an ambassador is the reason given for a declaration of war, avails little, if the nations are jealous of each other. War is an evil, I grant you, but necessary in any world but an Utopian one, it must be had recourse to."

"This argument is infallible, I dare say," replied Emma, "but I wish the causes of war were less trivial than they frequently are; the misfortunes it produces are so heavily felt. Poor Miss Orwell, who is in mourning for her brother, who caught the

fever in the West Indies, and died there, must think so, I am sure. When I see her I pity her from my heart. He was a good young man, and supported his aged mother from his pay : they had reason to love him."

"He will be buried in St. Paul's cathedral," said the political Mrs. Maitland, briding with an air of disdain, "his name will be in the Gazette, and history will record the virtues of Major Orwell."

"I fear Harriet would rather walk with him arm in arm, or hear him read to her, than share those honors, which, if not invaluable, are little consoling to the living."

"Your father, Emma, was an officer." At the mention of this circumstance, Mrs. Maitland observed her lovely listener to shew emotions of tender grief---Miss Tankerville had already applied her cambric handkerchief to her eyes, and also laid her work on the table.

"My dear," said her aunt, immediately collecting herself, and visibly alarmed, "I

did not intend to call up melancholy reflections : nothing, I hope, that you will think so, was further from my intentions. My brother was an honor to his profession ; and brave as a hero in war, in peace embellished society with the most refined humanity.

“ I have heard,” said Emma, “ that was the character my poor papa always bore.”

A flood of tears came to her relief, and was a portrait worthy of the chaste Reynolds.

Miss Tankerville was the only daughter of an officer of distinguished rank in the army, and who had bravely fought in the protection of his country, and helped to add to her glory. On peace being made he returned home, expecting to find the fondest reception from his beloved Julia. He found indeed what he had assured himself he should find, if she was living. Yet, alas ! how uncertain is the happiness of man ! Covered with honor, and blessed with an

excellent, accomplished, beautiful, and loving wife, having a fortune which put him in possession of more than an elegant sufficiency, he was doomed to misery. On his arrival, he embraced his little prattler, Emma, but was informed that his wife was suffering under a malignant distemper, and that there were small hopes of her recovery. Speechless with astonishment, and motionless with grief, her husband, Percival Tankerville, was in a state of mind resembling phrenzy. When he at length recovered from the stupor into which this intelligence had thrown him, he desired to be shewn to her apartment, where he viewed his Julia, pale with disease and already breathing her last moments of existence. He called upon her name; at his voice she faintly turned her eyes upon the faithful Percival, expressed visible signs of joy, closed them, pressed his hand, and embraced the little sobbing Emma, our heroine, who hung by the bedside of her mother, and then pointing to

her child; with difficulty articulated an eternal farewell, smiled in the agony of death, and sunk on the pillow to rise no more.

It was some time before the afflicted mourners could be forced from the arms of the deceased. Emma pulled off her shoes for fear she should awake her mama, placed her fingers on her lips, intimating that silence was to be kept, then repeatedly kissed the pale cheek of her mother, and moistened her face with her sobs.

"Speak, speak!" the innocent lisper cried, "do, mammy, speak to Emmy---Papa, my good papa, do make mammy talk."

She then tried in playfulness to open her eyes, burst into tears, and pulled her dear papa away for fear "he should die too, and not be able to talk to his Emmy."

Struggling to bear this sad stroke, grief overpowered Colonel Tankerville, and he shortly followed his Julia to the grave. With the most forcible and affectionate invocations and entreaties, he bequeathed his feeble orphan to the care of his sister.

Mrs. Maitland followed the funeral of her relative with unfeigned sorrow, and rightly conceived that the best method of testifying affection to her brother, was by bestowing the utmost attention on the education of his daughter. The favorite maxims which she inculcated in the mind of Emma were, that every gift of Heaven was lent us for our improvement, and that woman should in a peculiar manner reverence herself, and should begin early to keep her desires in the strictest bounds.

Nature had adorned the person of Emma Tankerville with every captivating grace. An interesting softness beamed in her countenance, her eyes were never so well employed as when they spake some laudable affection of her soul; auburn hair arrayed her person with the most bewitching elegance, luxuriantly flowing down her exquisitely turned shoulders. It was not in the power of art to give beauty to the fair Emma, but she always displayed judg-

ment in her dress, for she did not think, like many wise ladies, that dress was totally to be neglected. While health tinged her cheeks with the colour of the rose, it was in vain that advertisements boasted of cosmetics which gave superior bloom. She might have been taken for one of those nymphs, who in ancient times were said to preside over rivers, fountains, and groves, did not the majesty of her appearance shew more of the goddess, than denote an inferior attendant. She was of that age, when the passions, useful as they are directed, make the most forcible impressions on the heart, and unaffected sentiment was uttered from her mouth, embellished with rosy lips and the purest ivory. Yet those attractions would not have been so much the general topic of praise, when beauty was the theme, had she not in public places been espied through the glasses of some distinguished connoisseurs, and pronounced by them a devilish fine girl. Miss Tankerville then was the reigning toast.

I beg of you, O profound connoisseurs and acknowledged critics in that excellence of nature, female beauty, not to judge too harshly, but giving me a candid and impartial hearing, allow that such an amiable creature as Emma Tankerville might exist, as I myself, I do assure you, have the honor of being acquainted with one who rivals her, nay, being in possession of the *je ne sçais quoi* of the French, joined to more than a common share of English good nature, to my taste, surpasses even the lovely girl whom I have attempted, with humble submission, to pourtray.

That I may not be guilty of inattention, I shall briefly give the reader the outlines of Mrs. Maitland's character. She was a prudent, sensible woman, endowed with much penetration, but fond of politics, and remarkable for her knowledge in making preserves and pickles, paying butchers and bakers accompts, &c.

A thundering knocking at the street door

announced the visit of some important personages, when the honorable Mr. Pellet, and his tutor, the reverend Doctor Dash, were formally announced.

“ Ah, cousin Emmy,” said the honorable Mr. Pellét, who was dressed in extreme fashion, “ it is really an age since I have seen you. May I never nick the caster if it does not give me more pleasure seeing you than winning the box. I have been engaged all this week, and have had no time to pay my respects to you. And how do you do, aunt ?” making a slight inclination of his body; “ you wear as well as ever, I think, for my part.”

Again the knocker of the street door announced a third visitor, when Mr. Maitland was introduced into the room. He was politely welcomed by Emma, who observed that “ it was fine weather,” and asked him “ if he brought any very particular news from the city ?”

Of the mercantile class, steady though

young, and following the business of a British merchant, more from inclination than necessity, Mr. Maitland stood unrivalled for connections, assiduity in business, respectability, and integrity. Far be it from me to draw any invidious comparisons between men who adorn and benefit society, but this gentleman's philanthropy and public spirit were remarkable.

In all patriotic subscriptions, held at Lloyd's or elsewhere, the name of Maitland stood conspicuous; in him the wounded soldier found his friend and benefactor, the disconsolate and indigent widow her husband, and in him the poor and friendless orphan their parent restored to them. The fond hope of his mother, he was good-natured, intelligent, and handsome. An union had been planned by his mother between her niece and Mr. Maitland; but Emma was averse to such an alliance for particular reasons; her disposition, gay and volatile, was not suited to the reserved and

prudent temper of her cousin. She considered the marriage ceremony, not as a matter of mere convenience, but as a most sacred juncture of the heart and affections. How, then, could she love James Maitland? But she felt esteem and partiality for him, and this she had openly, though reluctantly disclosed to him, as it gave great pain to her sensible mind to say any thing which might wound his feelings.

He heard his sentence not without deep regret, but, at the same time, with becoming fortitude. Business, and long accustomed habits of caution, had rendered him cool and collected; indeed his turn of mind was not, by nature, disposed to passion, as I have already observed. In addition to this cogent reason, Emma Tankerville considered herself as too closely affianced by the ties of consanguinity to enter into a connubial alliance with her cousin, James Maitland, although her aunt, who suffered politics to sway her mind in most matters,

strongly urged, that the benefits resulting from a family compact would be of infinite utility and importance. This good lady reasoned after the method of many others who are fond of suiting divine laws, as well as human, to their own inclinations, and rejoice when they espy an outlet through which they may creep. The laws, passing over the first cousin german, prohibit the second from marrying. After this form Solon devised a law for punishing murder, but omitted any penal statute for parricide, supposing that the spirit of the law, which was shewn in one instance, would prevail in the other, and sufficiently demonstrate his intention.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER II.

Thrice happy sons of Cam, whom Proctor's rage
 Rarely molest, whether your snorting steeds
 Snuff, from afar, Newmarket's well-known breeze,
 Or furious pant to gain the verdant heights
 Of Gogmagog.

MAURICE'S POEMS.

A YOUNG MAN OF FASHION AND HIS BUTT.
 —A DINNER PARTY.—A MERCHANT IS
 BUT A QUIZ.—EULOGIUM ON COFFEE.—
 ANECDOTES RESPECTING THE EXAMI-
 NATION OF A CLERGYMAN.

AT dinner, the honorable Mr. Pellet proposed to Doctor Dash, by a well-known intimation and familiar sign, to run down the merchant. Gladly would I relate to my fair reader an account of the various jokes which were *cut* at the expence of the most glorious personage we boast of in our isles; but I am aware that a repetition of the words "bore," "lounge,"

“ quiz,” “ lumber,” “ tip them the go by,” “ paying the Spanish,” “ row,” “ Sunday buck,” “ dished,” “ devilish cunning,” and terms of similar import, would not please, but might, on the contrary, much disgust the delicate and refined taste of her to whom I may have the happiness of addressing myself.

I will now attempt to give my reader some account of the dignified clergyman present at Mrs. Maitland's: his face resembled the figure of a human countenance carved out on some sticks, curious in their make, and the bald places of his head, as those of Cæsar's were covered with laurel, were concealed with powder; with this difference in their respective characters, that the Roman General took the lives and properties of those whom he gloriously encountered, while the Doctor was contented with property alone. In plain words, he constantly frequented Newmarket; and the spring meetings he ludicrously

called the Easter offerings. It was here that he, by his consummate knowledge in betting, contrived to pick up a fortune of eighteen hundred pounds per annum. He was a member of all the whist clubs in the fashionable part of the town, kept his mistress, drove a green chair, kept two horses besides a groom, was remarkable for the neatness and make of his leather-breeches, groomish waistcoat, and the jockey cut of his coat, as well as the elegance of his toothpickcase, mounted snuff-box, whip, curious and silver-mounted sticks, and silver spurs.

The honorable Mr. Pellet having enjoyed high fun, and joked sufficiently, as he termed the frequent sallies of his intemperate humour, thus disclosed the character which he intended to assume at night:

“It is my scheme to go as a mail-coachman ; I’ll shew them what’s fun. Dick Whipcord, who was a d——d clever fellow, a most terrible scholar, and under-

stood Latin as well as driving four in hand; by the bye, a better coachman never handled reins, has frequently let me into a secret or two. I have not been at Cambridge for nothing. Many a time and oft, as Shakespeare has it, have Dick and I roughed it on the box in cold frosty nights; snow or rain it was all one to me. I had but to be in chapel next evening. O d—me, Dick was a precious fellow. He was the lily. He was all the go with us. I would wager fifty pieces to as many shillings, and will post the ruples at any time, that not a square cap in either university could keep ground with him. He outran, curse his queer gumption (here the honorable senator laughed for the space of two minutes)---Dick outran all the learned ones; he would be a rolling stone to every don. May I lose the odd trick with four honors in my hand, if the rumgumptionous fellow did not poze all the Doctors from the bachelor to the caput I have him in my mind's eye, he beat them

Hollow, did he not, doctor? Oh he was the lily, was he not the lily, doctor?"

The reverend gentleman to whom the question was proposed, perfectly knew his duty and assented, picking his teeth with a complacent smile.

The honorable Mr. Pellet then proceeded to give his hearers a powerful display of his strength of lungs, by vociferating the view halloo.

"As for you, right reverend," the noble youth continued, "you will go as my friend Critic counselled me to day, when I met him in Bond-street, you will go as editor of the Scandalous Chronicle, a new daily paper. Ladies, will you look at the printed hand-bills? they are really monstrous queer."

So saying, he politely delivered one into Emma's hands, who read the following:

"Speedily will be published,

"A New Daily Paper,

"THE SCANDALOUS CHRONICLE."

* The Editor begs leave to acquaint

ladies of all distinctions, nobility, clergy, and gentry, that this public print is to be conducted on a most improved and extensive scheme ; and he has the hope that, by hints, surmises, and well-founded conjectures, he will be enabled to gratify his readers, and place this *glass of fashion* on a most respectable footing. He confesses that a great part of the necessary support must be owing to the fortunate war which has taken place, marriages, and the contradictions of them, rumours of the death of placemen and great personages, by which he humbly hopes to gain an honest livelihood.—Price 3d. *Taxed by the Premier 3d.*”

Emma could not refuse the tribute of a smile to a scheme so well drawn up, and so likely to succeed.

Mr. Maitland now withdrew, it being post night, and as soon as he was gone, the honorable Mr. Pellet, and Dr. Dash, descanted on the superior qualities of a *bon*

vivant, apologizing at the same time to Mrs. Maitland for their freedom.

“ For without freedom of speech,” said Dash, “ where would be the boasted liberty of the subject ? What though I was rusticated at College, and suffered as a martyr to the cause of freedom of speech ; you cannot refuse to drink, ladies, you cannot refuse drinking, cousin Emmy, the excellent toast of Liberty to all Britons.”

Here he laughed heartily, and poured out four glasses of sparkling champaign, then helping his aunt and cousin to two bumpers ; Dr. Dash followed their example ; indeed he drank by prescription.

The ladies now retired to the drawing-room, where they were soon followed by the gentlemen, who after arranging their plans for the ensuing week, and their bets at the next Newmarket meeting, drank coffee with the view of clearing their brains. “ What is it that makes Lord H—y speak so eloquently on the subject of war and

commerce? Coffee is the cause of Lord Cas—gh so strenuously supporting, in such a clear train of reasoning, the constitutional measures of Mr. A——n. What gives poignancy to the satire of the honorable Wm. W——m? Nothing but this excellent beverage? What enables Mr. P——t to use such demonstrative reason, or such sophistry and self-government in disclosing his unfeigned sentiments; or from whence proceeds such bright emanations of reason from his late great colleague, Lord M—lv—lle? Coffee is, I assert, the principal cause.

“The use of this valuable berry renders the politician shrewd, the divine eloquent, the lawyer skilful. If such be its valuable qualities, I charge you, O young men! to drink large draughts of it, as, without such assistance, it may be difficult to shine in the senate, bar, or pulpit.”

The reverend divine had once the honor of reading prayers before the Prince of ***, who observed that he never heard prayers

read in such a manner before. The hon. Mr. Pellet always related this anecdote with considerable effect, winking his eyes, and, by an expressive smile, intimating the double meaning that his Royal Highness intended to convey. This story was told regularly, to the great edification of the company, wherever the right hon. gentleman and his tutor dined. Indeed Dash was an excellent butt at all times to his patron, who commanded not only two boroughs, but had the disposal of two rich livings. This made the man of the gown exert himself; "for," says a celebrated French writer in his maxims, "every action proceeds, in a greater or lesser degree, from self-love."

Another story upon record concerning our divine is, that when he went to Oxford for the purpose of being admitted to his degree, he was met by his fellow student, and once college companion, in the streets, who enquired what brought him to

Isis? "What!" said the doctor, "Sir, can you suppose, but the intention of taking my degree?" smiling and shewing those teeth which nature had taken great care to place in a conspicuous point of view. His friend took the liberty of questioning him to clear the doubts which he entertained of his having prepared himself for examination; but finding him ignorant as to subjects of divinity, he abruptly asked him "*Quis genuit Eclipse?*"* To the immortal disgrace of both universities, it so happens, that there are some dull fellows foolish enough to consider that hippomany and dashing character are not perfectly consistent with an academical education or a clerical life. The Doctor was not in the least irritated; little acquainted with the language of the Romans, he did not know what most boys of the second form at Eton do, that *genuit* was the preter-perfect tense of *gigno*, to beget; but having read the name of Eclipse,

* "Who was the sire of Eclipse?"

of whose excellence he was well informed, as well as pedigree, dam, grand-dam, sire, grand-sire, fleetness, matches, cups, and plates won, he flattered himself that it was some great compliment paid him; and having read the praises of horses in translations, for he ever read the classics in English, he bowed, returned the compliment, asked his friend, who had been busily employed in writing an abstruse explanation of the æolic digamma, to come and meet some university men at the Angel Inn, to a dinner party.

And here it is with grief I mention, that the Doctor was particularly unfortunate that evening, for one of the company detected him peeping through the key-hole, intensely exercising his curiosity in ascertaining, as he usually did, whether the party in his absence drank more wine than was exactly their share. He was of course fined a bumper of salt and water, and obliged to drink it. It was in vain he pleaded

the sacred office of president, and it was to as little purpose that his friend brought quotations from Anacreon and Horace, to support the chair. The horrible potion was prepared, mixed, and the Doctor was drenched. The infamy also was told in Soho, published in Newmarket, and the Philistines rejoiced, for the beauty of Israel was fallen, the sons of Israel wept over the Doctor : nor was this the termination of his misfortunes : the next day, on being asked by the examining chaplain, who was the author of the Pentateuch, our Apostle, who was certainly not a man of letters, replied, after some hesitation, he believed St. Paul.

The gentleman, who examined the candidates for orders, and who was a good natured and learned man, smiled at his mistake; and as some school-boys have saved their seat of honour from being exposed, by being fortunate enough to raise a smile upon them from the master, the Doctor saved himself the expences of another jour-

vey to Oxford, a circumstance of no trifling
moment in his judgment, and escaped
being plucked; and lest the boys, as he
called the students, should make sport of
him, as speedily as possible, swifter than
the rook, our ignorant Apostle from the
towers of Isis took his flight.

CHAPTER III.

**A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A FRENCH VALET
AND HIS MASTER.—AN ERRONEOUS IDEA
OF CHARITY.**

AFTER drinking tea, the Statesman and his dependant retired to their respective habitations to dress for the evening.

When the honorable Mr. Pellet reached home, he rang for Facile, his valet de chambre. The obsequious foreigner in an instant made his appearance; his principal merit and utility were speaking the French language and broken English so as scarcely to be understood. To this talent was added a certain degree of complaisance, which honest John Bull in his blunt way is fond of stiling meanness, fawning, or cant.

The following dialogue commenced between the master and his valet.

The honorable Mr. Pellet. "Facile, are there any letters for me?"

Facile. "Oui, Monsieur, (with the lowest bow, giving the right honorable Mr. Pellet a letter) the honorable Monsieur Thomas Vortex has sent dis note for you."

The honorable Mr. Pellet reading :

"DEAR PELLET,

"To-morrow Belcher fights. The Olympics ! Rare sport ! My brown mare, Sommers-town, has been entered for the cup at Epsom. Patriot is out of condition, and certainly no favourite. It is inconceivable how deep in I am ; two thousand on one race. Kill or cure, dish'd or made. *Audaci fortuna favet*, but she does not smile always. Betsy Paintwel has left me. Converted, by all that's treacherous, a draft I gave her of £.200 into £.2000 ; so that I am, let me recollect—eighteen hundred minus. Cunning jilt ! but I'll serve her a trick. I expect pocketing the stuff in a

month or six weeks, as t'other Betsy, the sow, is in excellent condition ; the bets are already, Bess against the man, five to four. Laura bolted at Chelmsford. Have you any horses entered for the cup ? Sommers-town is in fine order for running, she is the lily.

Yours sincerely,

THOM. VORTEX."

Thursday, 5 o'clock.

Facile. "I have de honour, Monsieur, (bowing) to present you wit anoder billet from mi Lord Shuffle, (making another low bow, and most submissively placing the note in his hands.)"

The honorable Mr. Pellet reading :

"DEAR JACK,

"Do you attend the lower house on the budget ? I really want cash. Am monstrous poor. Cannot therefore send you the three hundred due for billiards and hazard, but must borrow two hundred more,

to make up the five, if convenient. The weather is uncommon hot.

Yours faithfully,

SHUFFLE."

"P. S. A verbal answer will do if you cannot send supplies."

Facile. "There have beside called on you, Monsieur (bowing) de tailleur, two jockies un marchand, qui vend du vin, Monsieur Soleil, un jeweller, Monsieur Did**ot, un opera dancer, Monsieur Issachar, the great broker, qui est ver rich."

The honorable Mr. Pellet. "Very well, my good Facile. Honest Issacar is a d. . . . d good sort of fellow. He is the lily."

Facile. "Ah, mon Dieu! mais Monsieur, (emphatically shrugging up his shoulders) mais Monsieur (smiling, and putting his hand to his breast) une demoiselle charmante, tres belle, com this evening, she says dat she love you, that she, en verité, adore you, enfin elle dit que vous etes barbare, ingrat, and dat she will be ver inconsolable."

The honorable Mr. Pellet. "Adorable creature! but if I hear a tittle of French from you, I'll break every bone in your skin."

Facile. "Maamselle look ver pretty, Sar."

The honorable Mr. Pellet. "You French devil, fetch my masquerade dress."

Facile. "Ah vous etes toujours gai, Monsieur, toujours plaisant, just like one Frenchman exactement."

The honorable Mr. Pellet. "None of your jabbering, Sir, depechez vous and be d——d."

Facile. "I fly en verité, Sar, I fly, (scraping very low on the ground, and hobbling out of the room) ma foi! peste! le diable (muttering to himself) dis corn does plaguy me so, I must pay one visit to M. Gardiner, who has cured de Duchess of Rigadoon's pieds."

The honorable Mr. Pellet. "What is

that you say, you old fool?" (shoving him violently out of the room.) -

Facile. (returns and makes a low bow)
 "I have de honour of having received one big push from you, Sar. I am ver obligé, Sar, ver, ver much oblige indeed."

"Is such a man," said the honorable Mr. Pellet, as the Frenchman again quitted the room, "to pretend to have a genius for liberty? Plague take such rascals. If he did not make me laugh, I would have caused him to troop long before this time. I believe I am the most charitable and generous fellow on earth, to protect him."

How many, like the honorable Mr. Pellet, imagine and call actions laudable, which if they should be investigated, will be found solely to originate from caprice.

Having dressed, he threw himself into his chariot, and was driven to Portland-street.

The hon. Mr. Pellet was one of those gentlemen, who, contrary to the common-

alty, who get their bread by the sweat of their brow, are scarcely able to endure the fatigue of walking, or rather lounging; cannot dine after the manner of les bourgeois, pronounce the wine that is not to be traced to the ample cellars of Carbonel or Challier, most intolerable, and vile compound; must be regular in their visits to Tattersall's, and enjoy no self satisfaction or gratification, but consider that *they have lost a day*, if they omit lounging at places of amusement, where all the world go. In short, in the course of the revolving year they have shewed themselves in particular parties; seen particular races; conversed with particular people; danced with particular women; played particular games of billiards; made particular matches at crickets; been at particular whist parties, plays and operas; encored particular actors and actresses; and eat of particular dishes; besides having discharged their duties as members of parliament at a few particular debates.

CHAPTER IV.

O she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
 Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
 Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear.

SHAKSPEARE—*Romeo and Juliet.*

A MASQUERADE.—A LOVE ELEGY TO A
 COOK-MAID, AND SERIOUS REFLECTIONS
 DRAWN FROM PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.
 —A SINGULAR CHARACTER.—A GREAT
 PERSONAGE.—DUKE OF M—CH———R.
 DUKE OF NORTH—ND.—A BALLAD SINGER
 IN CHARACTER.—SERIOUS ALTER-
 CATION AND EFFECTS OF GALLANT BE-
 HAVIOR.

EMMA had habited herself in the character of a nun; her auburn and long tresses of hair were artfully concealed under a neat cap, her garment sat close around her lovely form, while a string of beads hung from her neck of purest alabaster, and

shading the fine cambric, formed an elegant contrast, and

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss and Infidels adore.

Lovely Emma, in whatever dress art supplied, thou wert sure of pleasing. Immortal shalt thou be, if my humble panegyric can make thee so.

At the settled hour of appointment the parties drove to Berkeley Square, where they were politely received by the hostess. Mrs. Maitland was in a plain domino, conceiving, as she wisely observed, a strict neutrality in the present times was most expedient and salutary, and in this plan she but followed the policy of the imperial court of Vienna.

The rooms were crowded, and the number of visitants exceeded five hundred. There were to be met Dianas without chastity; Falstaffs resembling Shakspeare's humorous knight in nothing save the bulk

of their persons; sailors scented with essences, city swains, right honorable milkmaids covered with rouge, ballad singers opulent in acres of dirty land, noble Jew-brokers, and dukes metamorphosed into chimney-sweepers and watermen. Among the characters was a Telemachus, who had taken lessons in dancing from Did**ot, and whereas the wise son of Ulysses was distinguished by his solid wisdom and admirable judgment, the excellent qualitics of his representative seemed solely to lie in his heels. His Mentor was an Israclitish stock-broker, to whom it was reported he was greatly in debt. Emma, who made houses speak, and bears most amorously growl, did not escape sundry impertinent addresses from this motley groupe, who came to see and be seen. A Quaker accosted her with distorted grimace, and protested with more than simple asseveration, " that he felt inwardly moved with strange qualms, that the spirit had wrested with the flesh to lit-

the purpose, and that he felt a very urgent inclination, yea a strong impulse of the inward man to be affianced to the lovely person of his goodly sister ; yea he longed to make her one of the faithful, and to put her in the right way."

"I wonder," rejoined our heroine, "that thou ventur'est into the tabernacles of the ungodly ; verily thou art entrapped by Beelzebub, and the machinations of the evil one have vanquished thy devout affections, and altered thy demeanor. Thou art content no longer to confine thy language to the discourse of the faithful, but must swear, forsooth ! Oh fie on it ! I abhor such sinful ways, and reprobate thy manners, friend, as having some regard for thy soul. I therefore do advise thee in future to let thy light shine clearly, and to shew that delicacy and modesty peculiarly grace thy religious profession, friend."

The Quaker departed, abashed and confounded, but no sooner was honest Ami-

naclab gone, than a Sailor protested "that it was a shame to see so fine a vessel without convoy, and offered to take charge of it himself, free of all expence and pilotage: though," added he, smiling, "to judge by the black signals that she hung out, she might be considered as a lawful prize, and wanted nothing but a mate on board." He then made a short salute to her, entertained the nun with the boatswain's notice for all hands on deck, from a silver whistle which hung from a button of his blue jacket, and danced a hornpipe.

She was suddenly accosted by a person in the character of a Poet, who exclaimed, starting with admiration, which, had such acting been real, would have done no discredit to his judgment :

Angels were painted fair to look like you.

And then suddenly proceeded to Milton—

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In every feature dignity and love.

“How pensive you seem, fair nun,”
said the Bard; “perhaps you are in love,
and come from the cloister to find the ob-
ject of your affections, resembling the fair
maid whom the Bard of Avon has so ex-
quisitely described.

— She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i’ the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek—

“Or, do you observe with Goldsmith,
That the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the wanton freaks of wealth array’d,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toil possessing sickens into pain;
And ev’n while Fashion’s brightest arts employ,
The heart, distrusting, asks, if this be joy?

“Yes, lovely Emma, you sigh for the
healthful sports which

“Grace the peaceful green”—“the busy mill,”
The distant church that tops the neighb’ring hill—
“The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelters thefts of harmless love:”

these objects are, I am confident, more
pleasing to your gentle bosom.”

After the manner of the improvisatori, he addressed these stanzas to her :

The world, it has been often said,
 Sweet maid, I'll prove it true,
 Is nothing but a masquerade,
 Which cheats the shallow view.

The minister is mask'd I fear,
 Who courtly bows and smiles ;
 But " hear him," and John Bull 'tis clear
 He of his cash beguiles.

Thus learned, reverend, sage divines,
 'Gainst Pharisees will preach ;
 But them, sad knaves, Ben Block defines,
 And swears that they will peach.

While sons of Mars tremendous swear,
 Tell you of hair-breadth 'scapes—
 Trust not great oaths, sweet maid, beware
 Of empty jackanapes.

When lawyers plead, they mean your good,
 Declare that truth they speak ;
 Can those your friends be understood,
 Who chiefly money seek ?

While Galen's pupil stalks most grave,
 Prescribes, and gives advice ;
 Say, friend, that you no money have,
 He quits you in a trice.

Turks, Jews, and Quakers, City Swains,
 Heroes and Clowns forsooth,
 And many a Pallas without brains
 Compose this motley groupe.

Tho' Vice may Virtue's vestment wear,
 Cheat superficial sight—
 Lo! in novitiate garment fair,
Truth Folly puts to flight.

Such characters as thine are blest,
 Thy charms a goodly shew.
 (Dread critics frown not—) mayst thou rest,
Eliam ex domino.

“ Thou must be an exquisite Poet, blessed with such a peculiar and happy talent of flattery ; but, prithee, be sparing of your jests. I shall content myself with observing, that to you the language of Waller to Charles the Second may be used, when a Poet of your description attempted to ex-

tenuate his panegyric on Cromwell. Accomplished, Sir, you succeed better in fiction."

"I consider myself more than repaid in a smile from the admirable Miss Tankerville," answered the humble attendant on the Muses.

Making a respectful bow, the tattered Poet then begged leave to put into her hands, with all due submission, some poetry.

"You will find," said he, selecting one from a parcel he had tied with a silk ribbon, "a love elegy addressed to a mistress. You already are informed that, since the fourteenth century, in which the fair Laura was mistress to the fond Petrarch, poets have ever had ladies who inspired their writings; and, that I may speak metaphorically, *stirred the fire* of their imaginations."

The elegy was accompanied with a card describing the place where he lodged. On it were the following couplets:

No man sure alive,
 My ills could survive.
 In a garret I live,
 At my means pray connive ;
 For I never shall thrive,
 Miss, while senses are five.

Emma, by the light of a lustre, read the following heroics :

An Ode by a half-famished Poet on his
 Mistress, who is remarkable for her sauce,
 and provides bucks on which wits may
 richly feast, and make trenchers, even
 wooden trenchers, servicable :

My charming Skimmer, pretty mald,
 Dear warm bewitching beauty,
 How shall one of the rhyming trade,
 Expressive shew his duty ?

More sweet than sound of jack's thy tongue,
 Thy skin as soft as chicken,
 Were I an apron round thee hung,
 How exquisite the picking !

O cease, fair maïd, to stir the fire,
 Forbear, I'm burnt to tinder—
 Thou thoughtst me 'chance dead to desire,
 As dull as any cinder.

On me, half-starv'd, but deign to look,
 I'm thin as thy thread-paper ;
 For sop in pan to court thee; cook,
 What crime in one so taper ?

E'en now, methinks, as here I stand,
 I see the mutton roasting ;
 Zooks, could I such nice meat command,
 Vain, transitory boasting.

'Tis done, how lovely red and white !
 I'm vanquish'd, wretched sinner ;
 Grant me, ye gods, one glorious bite,
 That bite shall be my dinner.

Hold ! hold, my chops, break, break, my heart,
 My grief, sure, is amazing ;
 How can I eat thy venom'd dart,
 O love ! thy fire so blazing ?

Yet bones with thee I'd pick, thou cheat,
 Blind, wanton, wretched bungler ;
 'Sdeath, must flames my marrow eat ?
 When lo, I die of hunger !

O were I tied to some tough steak,
 Thy pigeons, love, had in a pie :
 Or had thy heart for pity's sake,
 Or else some fish to fry !

Queen of the kitchen—fire and tongs,
 Shall famine me impede—
 Shall he, to whom the Muse belongs,
 Of roast beef stand in need ?

Queen of the kitchen, on me smile,
 O lead me to the larder—
 Ye Frenchmen laugh, grow fat meanwhile,
 My case, how strange, is harder.

Nice is the sirloin, nicer yet
 Puddings, that Skimmer makes ;
 Nicer than sirloin is my Bet,
 Or puddings made of steaks.

When unto vermicelli thou
 Reduc'd, alack ! shall be ;
 My grief shall flow, dear Betsy, how
 Shall I hold tears for thee ?

Now, if one cutlet be my treat,
 Refresh'd, thy praise I'll sing :
 The Nine, plague take them ! have no meat,
 No liquor, save their spring.

So shalt thou be the earliest toast,
 When 'chance I may carouse—
 So shalt thou, Betsy, rule the roast,
 By many envied spouse.

While our heroine was intent upon comparing life with the scene that was before her eyes, where it was evidently the employment of many to appear in false colours, and, like the ass of Cumæ, put on the lion's skin, roaring horribly; where chastity appeared decked with meretricious charms, and genius afforded criticism to folly, and busy characters entertainment to the sombre, sedate, and prudent dominos; where many of this motley groupe ere long shall be obliged to lay aside their masks, strip off their dominos, and appear in their proper characters. Then will Pallas no longer trip it in the airy maze, and but a mere mortal, instead of the lance, resume the needle; and she who has been employed in retailing sentimental morality will then sip tea, or lose money at dear picquet.

Then, too, will Diana* receive the gilt, wire-wove, and charming billet doux; and, so far from being scrupulously chaste, will metamorphose her dear spouse into a greasy animal that wears horns. Thus also, at a tristful period, will Momus† weep over his steward's accounts. Weightier inferences than these, arising from the busy scene that flitted before her, engrossed the attention of Emma, when a *Diable Boiteux* politely introduced himself.

* The Goddess of Chastity.

† Momus had the honour of being jester among the gods.

CHAPTER V.

Ah, pearly drops, that pouring from those eyes,
 Spoke the dissolving cloud of soft desire!
 What time cold sorrow chill'd the genial fire,
 "Struck the fair urns, and bade the waters rise."
 Soft down those cheeks, where native crimson vies
 With ivory whiteness, see the crystals throng,
 As some clear river winds its stream along,
 Bathing the flowers of pale and purple dyes.
 Whilst love, rejoicing in the amorous shower,
 Stands like some bird, that after sultry heat
 Enjoys the drops, and shakes his glittering wings;
 Then grasps his bolt, and conscious of his power,
 Midst those bright orbs assumes his wonted seat,
 And thro' his lucid shower his livid lightning flings.

Rasco's Life of Lorenzo de' Medici.

"DEIGN, beautiful Nun, to behold a
 devil who summons resolution, notwithstanding the modesty and charms which
 guard your person, to address you. You
 behold in me Asmodeus." A plume of
 feathers added little to his height, which
 was characteristically diminutive; a crutch
 supported his steps, and he was habited as
 a Spaniard.

“ My knowledge, fair lady, perhaps may be useful ; it will tend probably to dissipate the *ennui* which intrudes into places of this kind, in defiance of all attempts to shut out the envious gnome from fashionable amusements.

“ Already,” he continued, “ is an object worthy your notice passing before you. The gentleman in the character of a hair-dresser is a politician, who assumes, from love of the chattering character, the habit of a personage who is generally communicative in the extreme when politics are on the tapis. This war has placed him in the situation of Razor ; ‘ he is completely in the suds ;’ like him, too, he conjectures from the most trivial causes. The frowns of the Minister produce an electric shock, and nothing less than the success of our enemies can be pourtrayed by such ill omens. Turn your eyes, lovely fair one, to that handsome young man in a Turkish habit ; he lately left his wife for the more agree-

example of patriotism before those who are the representatives of their countrymen, the defenders of their rights, the guardians of their safety, and promoters of their prosperity. At the mutiny of the Nore, the conduct he shewed has called forth a deserving eulogy from the Minister, for he never once enquired who the commander was, what were the principles of this or that party. The ship was in distress; a storm, which had been gathering for some time, was bursting on our devoted heads, and involving us in destruction. We were in danger of being wrecked on a hostile coast, where the enemies of order and established government would have shewed no pity, but have given encouragement to the disorderly, and those who might hope to profit by such scenes of confusion. All was dark and dismal; the cloud, heavy with mischief, hung over us, when that gentleman came forward, and acquired, by his disinterested conduct, the name of an independent patriot. It is an eulogy which

the page of history will establish ; it will be, as the Minister observed, more lasting than any praise that he could bestow.

“ When the murder of a late Lord Chief Justice of Ireland was reported in the British Parliament, this gentleman, whose political virtues are exemplary, evinced humanity, firmness of mind, and an unbiassed patriotism. Such conduct, if the times are so degenerate as writers represent, must be grateful to us who are lovers of the first country in the world.

“ But here comes a noble personage.—No other than the P—— of ***** ; adorned with elegant manners, he is not deficient in the most exalted virtues. A noble instance of charity, fair stranger, stands upon record. The widow of an officer led a retired life in the company of two daughters, being her sole comfort, in Hampshire. She was one morning thus surprised by a visit from the *** ** ***** as a private gentleman. “ Madam, I have done myself the honour of calling on you, to which I

have been induced by the report of your excellent domestic economy. These lovely girls, I conclude, are young ladies who have been reported to me as your daughters. I am particularly fond of the piano—Shall I have the pleasure of hearing one of them play an air?” The eldest sat down and played a favourite piece of music.

“Faith, Madam, such rare talents ought not to languish in obscurity. My sister is in want of an attendant. I shall do myself (with your approbation) the pleasure of informing her that I have found such a treasure. In me you behold a sincere well-wisher and friend ; and that, from the very great respect I owe to the memory of her deceased parent, who, pardon my bringing his loss to your mind, was, Madam, as brave an officer to my knowledge as ever adorned his Majesty’s service. I dine at four o’clock, am a close neighbour, and shall expect to see you shortly at a family dinner.”

“So saying, he took his leave of the daughters, most respectfully bowed to their

mother, and assured her that he would shortly call again, and mounting his horse rode home.

“Punctual to his promise, a few days afterwards, and attended by a single servant, he called on the good lady dressed in mourning. After conversing with her some time, he told her, “that she was placed on the pension list; that, in so doing, he had simply performed his duty, by rewarding the widow of a brave defender of his country. And, dear Madam,” said the first gentleman in the land, “as your daughter will stand in need of a few necessaries, and as I should not be willing that she should expend money out of her own private purse, I beg, as a particular favour, that you will suffer her to accept of this trifling sum.” And placing a bank note of one hundred pounds, folded so that the amount could not be seen, on the table, he wished the astonished mother and the young ladies, who burst into tears expressive of their gratitude, a good morning. But this

anecdote is only one amongst many, all equally distinguished for the generous and delicate manner in which this accomplished personage bestows his favours.

“Am I deceived?” said the conductor of our heroine, who was much pleased with his good sense and fund of anecdote, “if not, it is a mask which is familiar to me. The lady is a jeweller’s wife; and while the good man her husband in the morning is trafficking with the Jews on Change, she, in the evenings, is spending the products of his merchandize, and her West India property, in routes, fêtes, and masquerades.

“Those two gentlemen, who have just passed, are noblemen. The one is the Duke of M——; and, if dexterity in rowing deserves a badge of honour, no waterman who rows to win a wherry from his brethren, sons of the Thames, is more deserving. He knows the depth and width of the river perfectly, is acquainted with every shoal and turn of the reaches, and is

as good a fresh water sailor as ever handled a sheet, or feathered a scull.

“The nobleman from whom I had the honor of a gracious salute, is, as you undoubtedly know, Miss Tankerville, his grace the Duke of N———; but possibly you have to learn that he is the patron of a distinguished actor. His grace is employed in the winter evenings, when our Roscius does not perform at Drury Lane, in listening to the native eloquence and masterly delineations of the human passions, as penned by the wise Shakespeare, an entertainment to the mind rational and instructive.”

The friendly Asmodeus would have continued his remarks, had he not been summoned by a party, among whom were some ladies. For, although deformed in person, he still won the affections of many females by his superior mental qualities; and it must be acknowledged that he was a most entertaining and instructive companion:

indeed, he seemed to be endowed with knowledge similar to that of the spirit whose character he assumed that evening.

A crowd were assembled round a man in the character of a lottery office keeper, who was distributing ballads, which were written in the following stanzas:

Since lott'ries engross all the men of the town,
Tho' friendship may counsel, sour critics may frown,
In the lott'ry I'll venture, and if I do wrong,
The stake is but trifling, my friends, a mere song.

Of all men, who venture our poets to blame,
What, tho' he should seek for illustrious fame,
He'd surely be wrong, much gold had he sought,
For the firm of the Muses is scarce worth a groat.

The Mechanic, the Lawyer, the Merchant all try,
Some folks will buy good, reputations some buy.
But all is a chance, to-day Fortune smiles,
To-morrow she frowns, where end all her wiles !

The Courtier, who glitters in silk and brocade,
I am sure by his looks deep gaming's his trade;
At the levee he waits, while cooling his heel,
Bows, squeezes, and smiles, shew he's skill'd in the
wheel.

The Stock-jobber games, now a bear, then a buck,
 He who once was so gay, now limps a lame duck ;
 With cheats throngs the Alley, thus Mister Consol
 Much talk'd of his monish, but meant tol-de-rol.

The Lover, I am certain, games all the while,
 He depends on an ogle, lives on a smile ;
 Secure, pray, the ars'nic, remove all the ropes,
 His mistress chance frowns, how forlorn are his
 hopes!

And Members of Parliament tickets will buy,
 If 'tis but to vote for a nation's supply.
 The game is afloat ; come all take a frisk ;
 Each miss, and each master, must love to be brisk.

The Gamester a fortune at Brooks's would win ;
 The Miser by trying his favorite sin :
 What a fool must he be, each ill has its cure,
 He freely should spend, why don't he insure ?

The Old Maid of fifty, a sixteenth would share,
 How bless'd, could she bring her scheme but to
 bear.

Cheer up, my old lady, the men are not nice,
 Shrewd Walpole affirm'd each man had his price.

Our Sailors and Soldiers their chances have sought,
And obtain'd, happy men, the goods that they
ought,

Their country's applause—be they ever carest !
May the shades of our heroes in happiness rest.

All prizes, no blanks—the scheme is so good,
It needs but be whisper'd, to be understood.
Our country is threaten'd, we'll beat back our foes ;
Fortune favours the brave, the coward o'erthrows.

The good man, who never reluctantly buys,
Must win, for fair Charity gives him the prize ;
Make a trial, my friends, in this scheme 'tis confess,
Tho' puff's little profit, the ventures are blest.

Should sellers their consciences venture to sell,
I know where they'll go to, most likely to h——.
Of this you are certain, each knave, stead of hope,
Should have, what he very well merits, a rope.

Should you, my dear friends, in a lott'ry insure,
May you find Goodluck safe, and Hazard most sure!
If it suits, you'll chances then share with a wife,
Then may wealth banish grief, and harmony strife!

The honorable Mr. Peilet and Doctor
Dash were amusing themselves with some
ladies of haut ton, young fashionables, who

set censure at defiance, by boldly plunging into every species of dissipation, viz. drive curricles, ride in Hyde Park regularly on the Sabbath day, for the purpose of being gazed at by the commonalty and astonished tradesmen, who live in the vulgar part of the town; keep their hunters; give card parties, routes and masquerades; hurry to watering places at the decline of summer, where they amuse themselves with sailing, racing, and attending auctions, &c. &c.

Mrs. Maitland was engaged with an intimate friend in close conversation, when, to complete Emma's misfortune, a mask, habited as a corpulent Prior, approached, and gazing on her lovely person with eagerness, grasped her hand, and carrying it to his mouth, imprinted a kiss, declaring, that he should esteem it a miracle of good fortune, and leading to the greatest happiness, were he permitted to be her confessor.

"Charming daughter," he added, "suffer me to declare the more than paternal af-

fection I feel for you. Your penance for sins committed shall be very slight, and I absolve you, by the power of the church, from all indiscretions; let me then do homage to the cross which encircles that beauteous spot where the graces and the loves reside."

Terrified at his language, and more so at his behaviour, Emma in vain cast her eyes round the saloon for her friends, when a character, masqued as a Spanish Chevalier, came to her assistance, exclaiming, in a voice manly and gentlemanly——

"When the virtues, sweet daughter of our holy church, is insulted, who shall protect such suffering innocence, if the Castilian is forgetful of true piety, and neglects the dictates of courage? And thou, (addressing himself to the mask) whose garb is but a cloak, I fear thy religion lays no deeper than thy exterior, and thou art, to my apprehension, some ravening wolf in sheep's cloathing; as such thou wilt come

under my severe chastisement, if this lady has cause to complain of impertinent addresses from a man who can offend the modesty of a female, and violate the laws of hospitality. This lady, Sir, who ever you are," raising his voice, "I consider as under my protection, and the least insolence which the lawless libertine may offer to her, shall not go unpunished: force me not, I beg of you, Sir, to adopt such methods."

"What insolence!" exclaimed the mask, "it is thus I shew you how little I regard your threats: and I advise you as a friend, valorous Don Diego, to secure your retreat. This lady is refractory, and wants some salutary counsel," attempting at the same instant to ravish a kiss from the beautiful lips of the affrighted Emma.

The Castilian seized the mortified Prior, and threw him with great violence from the fair Nun. The son of the church assumed a boxing attitude, when, after a very short

contest, in which the gallant stranger displayed much English science in pugilism, the Prior fairly gave in, measuring the floor with his length.

And now the friends of each party had arrived on the place of combat, when a young gentleman, whose name was Dauncy, and who was the intimate friend of the Spaniard, dressed in a pink domino fringed with silver, joined the assailants, and interposing, saved the fallen assailant from further chastisement, saying, "Prithee, Harry, leave the mortified Baronet to the compunctions of his self-accusing conscience."

Sir Richard Oliver, for that was the name of the Baronet, was no sooner able to rise from the ground, than he gave his card, and declared he should find some opportunity of returning so gross an affront.

Poor Emma stood breathless with terror during the dispute, and felt little relief when Sir Richard Oliver left the party who had collected together, when they begged

the favor of knowing to whom they were indebted for such signal kindness ?

“ My name,” the mask replied, “ is Sir Henry Moreton, I am dignified with the title of Baronet ; at present I am disengaged, and am seeking for some fair partner in life, but, alas ! in this parterre of roses, how few are those which afford any pleasure to my eyes. Until now, I had bidden defiance to Fortune, and the attempts of that blind boy, who, I find, makes even philosophers, and people of all habits, and all nations, own his power. May I be permitted, ladies, (gracefully bowing) to pay my respects to you to-morrow morning, when I shall not fail making my inquiries respecting your health. It is you, (he added) lovely stranger, (particularly addressing himself to Emma, and resuming his character) it is you who have fixed the heart of your devoted Knight, and a proud Castilian is in one moment your devoted and humble slave.”

He then shewed his love in a more expressive language. The eyes are said to be indexes of the soul ; and I believe that they interpret love's purposes more briefly and more successfully often, than even impassioned oratory and elaborate periods.

The sage Lavater has ventured to decide on the merits of individuals by the most prominent lines of their faces. As for me, I can assure my readers, that I never had the honor of an interview with the Philosopher of Zurich ; nor was my physiognomy from any particular request submitted to his profound inspection. Moreover, I shall at present leave the reader in ignorance, whether my nose is long, or my chin round, or if my eyes speak distrust, anger, joy, hope, or any passion, they will excuse the omission of my portrait, from which they might be enabled to draw conclusions. Nor do I choose to be judged ill-natured, splenetic, or ugly, because I have a particular cast on my countenance.

No! no! Mr. Philosopher, you shall not pass sentence of condemnation on me because I have a particular eyebrow or extraordinary chin. You may decide, with due permission, on the merits of a dead author, whose character has been already published; but your oracles, respecting the living, are, in my humble opinion, too dubious to be relied upon. I am as God formed me.

The reader will pardon this impertinent digression.

Sir Henry Moreton was a handsome young man; his eyes were peculiarly expressive; and whenever he discoursed on any useful or virtuous topic, it was easy for an observer to form conjectures of the most favorable kind. He was good natured, brave, and not selfishly prudent. His black hair and dark eyebrows formed an agreeable contrast with the complexion of his face and regular and enamelled teeth; and when he smiled, few females could refuse the tribute of admiration to a countenance

so interestingly elegant. His manners were prepossessing, and he enjoyed an independent fortune. Young Moreton was really an enviable man.

The parties now took their leave of each other, inviting the friendly stranger to Portland-street to breakfast the next morning ; they then quitted the rooms.

During their ride home, Emma Tankerville spoke highly of Sir Henry Moreton's conduct, and Mrs. Maitland joined in the panegyric. Alrcady had that penetrating lady discovered that her niece was deeply in love.

CHAPTER VI.

A CHALLENGE.—A GOOD SERVANT ALWAYS LOVES HIS MASTER, AND TAKES A PART IN HIS CONCERNS.—QUARRELS OFTEN HAPPEN IN THE BEST REGULATED FAMILIES.—A FEMALE THE CAUSE OF WAR BEFORE HELEN LIVED.

SIR Henry and his friend Dauncy were supping together, when a note was brought to the former, desiring an immediate answer. After toasting the health of Emma Tankerville, the loveliest woman of the creation, in a bumper of champagne, he opened the note, and read aloud as follows :

“ To Sir Henry Moreton.”

“ Sir Richard Oliver presents his compliments to Sir Henry Moreton, and doubts not but he will justify his claim to that satisfaction which his injured honour de-

mands. Sir R. O. solicits the honour of Sir H. M's. presence in Hyde Park precisely at the hour of five to-morrow morning, where it is requested Sir H. M. will appear duly attended."

Thursday evening, 11 o'clock.

"So thus," cried Moreton, "my expectations are fulfilled; and I must not only chastise the Baronet, but take his life, or, branded as a coward, be liable to his further insult. Such are the imperious laws of modern honour. Dauncy, can you prevail on yourself to attend me?"

His friend would have dissuaded him, but knowing the disposition of Moreton, who, with all his good qualities, had some tinge of pride, he was compelled to be silent. The letter he wrote ran thus :

"LOVELY MISS TANKERVILLE,"

"To say that I admire you is a phrase too cold to express the sensations I feel for

you. I love you to distraction, love rages through all my veins. Yet, and this solely embitters my thoughts, ere a few hours shall have elapsed, I may not be able to converse with you, to think on you when absent, to tell you the affection I entertain for you. Heaven forgive my murinuring! I go with the intention of meeting Sir Richard Oliver. My life in your cause will not be thrown away. Should fatal necessity prevail, I intend embarking for the Continent. My destination will be Vienna. Do me then the favour to accept my picture, it will bring me perhaps to remembrance, when I am far from you. Ah, Miss Tankerville, there I am already vulnerable, to be parted from one whom I love. May I presume to cherish a hope, that you will place me sometimes in your thoughts.

"I beg leave to introduce to your acquaintance my friend Dauncy. A more approved gentleman, or worthier man, does

not exist. Bear me in your recollection ; I carry a sweet remembrance, which neither time, nor absence, nor misfortune, can erase. Sweet are the impressions which affection has engraven on the tablet of my heart. They will remain fixed. May your happiness be improved by health, and every possible circumstance.

Thy fond, most sincere, and ever
devoted admirer,

HENRY MORETON."

Grosvenor Square, Thursday evening.

He likewise wrote an answer to Sir Richard Oliver, conforming to his wish, Having made his will, in which he left the greatest part of his fortune to Miss Tankerville, excepting a handsome legacy to Dauncy, and having written a letter to the Earl of Sunderland, he expressed his intention of retiring as early to bed as possible, waving all unnecessary ceremony with his bosom friend.

Dauncy shook hands with him, and promised to meet him early in the morning.

"You will deliver this letter to Miss Tankerville," observed Moreton. "My good friend, you must bring some eminent surgeon with you, to accompany us to the ground."

"Would it were possible," replied Dauncy, "to prevent this misfortune:" the grief which arose in a manly but sensible bosom, stopped his speech, and he energetically grasped his friend's hand, as he took of him an affectionate leave.

Gentle reader, will you please to descend into the kitchen, and learn what was passing among the domestics.

The butler was reading to the cook, who sat dozing in her elbow-chair, tired after the fatigues of preparing dinner, while Nanny, the chambermaid, to whom honest John had shewn testimonies of ardent affection, was working a border to her cap; when, having snuffed the candle, and de-

manded attention, clearing his voice with three successive hems, John read as follows: "Extract of a letter from Brussels.—We expect shortly Monsicur *Burnaparty*, the first *Consol*, (plague take the usperer!) from thence he will visit *Mass-tride*, *Lige*, *Ax la Chapel*, and the banks of the *Rind*. Yesterday a duel was fought between Mr. M—— and Capt. L—— of the navy.—What fools!" exclaimed John, putting the newspaper on the table; "what fools! to fight duels, when, if they had ventured their lives in the *sarvice* of—" "Go on," said Nanny, "dear John."

John took up the newspaper and read again.

"Yesterday a duel was fought between Mr. M—— and Capt. L—— of the navy, concerning a lady."

"Greater fools than I first thought them," said John; "for my part, I would never fight about a female, who changes her mind as often as the weathercock points different ways."

“Ah, John,” said Nanny, smartly, “you forget the time when you and *Tummas*, our coachman, had stripped to fight about me, because I know who was jealous. Don’t you recollect, John, when I came between you, and parted you ; and yet it was a duced hard matter to make you put your clothes on and sit quiet, John, you know it was ; and who, pray, was the fool then ? Don’t I recollect, *Tummas* telling you that your forks were so dirty, that a man might ride to Rumford on them, and that you was always the fiddle of the company ?”

“No matter of that,” said John ; “why don’t they fight with fists ? a bloody nose, or a blow in the bread-basket, is all they would get then ; but here, dang it, Nanny, the very thoughts of it makes one’s blood run cold : gemmen, who ought to know better, as having larning, will fight with barking irons or cold steel. Curse those barking irons, I cannot bear them ; they

suit thieves or pirates, but gemmen to fight with barking irons, as they do, Nanny, is heathenish."

Here the bell rang, and John was desired to get his master's pistols ready. He obeyed, muttering something respecting his detestation of duels. Moreton, to mislead him, told him he was going on a journey, and he wanted his pistols ready on such occasion early in the morning. Had John known the real intention, he would not have obeyed his master, for he loved him faithfully, and was one of the best of characters, a good and honest servant.

CHAPTER VII.

A DUEL.—DIALOGUE BETWEEN A FRUITERER AND A NOBLEMAN OF GREAT FASHION.

AT a very early hour Sir Henry Moreton, with the afflicted and much-to-be-pitied Dauncy, accompanied by a surgeon, went to the Park, where they met Sir Richard Oliver, his second, and a medical man. The ground was measured; when Sir Richard, claiming the first fire, had nearly terminated the adventures of Sir Henry Moreton; for with his death this most entertaining history must have ceased, since it is not in the power of any writer to bring the dead to life; however bold in other respects his style may be.

The ball discharged from Sir Richard Oliver's pistol grazed the coat of his anta-

wounded him, has embarked for the Continent. Sir R—— O—— is dreadfully wounded in the groin. He is confined to his chamber, but we hope, to the great satisfaction of his numerous friends and most respectable acquaintance, that he will shortly be able to go abroad. The seconds were Mr. D—— and Sir T—— W——. This is another instance of duelling depriving society of a valuable member ; his loss must be sensibly felt, as the Imperial Parliament is now sitting."

It is almost needless to observe, that this paragraph was sent to the editor of the newspaper by the MORAL Baronet himself, who was the first to blame duelling, although he had been the aggressor ; but do not others do so ? Too many are obnoxious to this reproof I am afraid, and *ainsi va le monde*, or in plain English, *it is the way of the world*.

The Baronet, the doughty antagonist of Sir Henry Moreton, had absolutely felt ho-

nours thrust upon him by this rencounter; and though a plain and very different statement of facts was recorded in the other papers, yet the circle of his acquaintance, owing to this cause, was enlarged.

It was true, he limped from the wound; but to compensate in some measure for this disaster, Doctor Cynic became his friend, bowed to him when they accidentally met in Bond-street, and noticed him with a marked distortion of his countenance. The Duke of Compass always saluted him, and Mr. Clog-the-wheel, member of Parliament for the very ancient borough of Grumbleton, became his friend; not to mention the kindness of the Marquis of Frippery, he was a welcome guest at the Dutchess of Loo's, and the honourable Mrs. Faro wrote the name of Sir Richard Oliver among those of her regular visitants.

Poor Emma received the letter and present accompanying it, from the hands of Dauncy; but when she heard an account

of the duel, and all its circumstances, she fell back into the arms of her aunt; who herself wanted support. It was fortunate that Dauncy and her cousin, the honorable Mr. Pellet, were present. Essence of salts and assiduous assistance at length restored her to her much hated existence, since she considered herself the cause of her beloved Henry's exile.

How her indignation boiled, when, reading the newspaper, she discovered the misstatement of facts! The silver tea-pot trembled in her hand, and it was with great difficulty that she could pour out the tea.

"May I never win a hazard at billiards, may my favourite horse Potatoes lose the Oatlands, if I am not heartily glad that Sir Henry Moreton," exclaimed the noble Senator, "has winged that rum jockey, Sir Richard Oliver. He is the lily; I protest I never was so glad of any thing, send me into a breach if I was, except at pocketing the red ball once, which won me the game,

when playing with the Frenchman in the subscription room at Brighton last summer. Doctor Dash, you recollect the game, don't you?"

The Doctor bowed.

"The game stood, if you remember, fifteen to ten, odds in favour of Monsieur three and four to one, when I made a cannon, got the white hazard, and, following up my advantage, brought all the bets on my side. It was glorious; it was the lily, was it not? I believe that you won sufficient Spanish to pay your summer expences, most Reverend."

The Doctor endeavoured to blush, and protested that his liberality of spirit had hindered him from getting preferred in the church: though he observed others mounting the ladder, it was his lot as yet to wait at the bottom.

Some few days after, the duel was thus canvassed at Mr. Candy's, the fruiterer, in Bond-street.

Mr. Candy to my Lord Lassitude eating an ice.

"What a dreadful affair! my Lord; it is really shocking to conjecture! The old Earl for certain must be quite stupefounded, my Lord. Sir Henry Moreton was here but two days before eating some fruit in my shop. He wounded Sir Richard Oliver horribly, I hear."

Lord Lassitude. "Sir Henry Moreton is a fine fellow, Candy."

Mr. Candy. "Will your Lordship eat some strawberries this morning, my Lord? They are prodigiously fine. They are only half-a-guinea a pottle, my Lord."

Lord Lassitude. "Yes, Mr. Candy, provided—curse these long English words—you can pronounce them good."

Mr. Candy. "My Lord, shall I send you—I beg pardon for troubling you, (smiling) shall I pack you up in a case some very nice preserves? Here are some delicious strawberries to add to your dessert! Will

you permit me to send them you, my Lord? John, take this fruit to St. James's-square, and, John, pray be particularly careful of it."

Mr. Candy, who never walked, unless in the garden which belonged to his country-house, where he went every Sunday, afforded great pleasure to Lord Lassitude, as he managed his unwieldy bulk round the counter.

Lord Lassitude. "Give me an ice, Candy."

Mr. Candy. "Yes, my Lord. It is remarkably well frozen to-day. What do they say in your house of the French, my Lord? We want the Duke of York to take another Volonciennes. Pray, Madam, be careful: that fruit will not bear handling. Sir John, I must entreat of you to consider the bloom—Ah do, Sir John, forbear. Such is their bloom, that it soon perishes. One loses more money by fingering, Ma'am, than enough. Some ice for the gentleman, John. Your money, you little rascal."

Well, my Lord, what are the French—Oh! has the bill passed the house, can your Lordship inform me?"

My Lord Lassitude. "I have not been there these two months, on my word, Candy."

Mr. Candy. "O then I am very certain you have not; for no one has ever had reason yet to doubt the word of your Lordship."

Lord Lassitude. "This pine should have been kept longer. It is improveable, Candy."

Mr. Candy. "Do try this, my Lord, you will find it more fitter, take my word for it. Did you want any strawberry ice, Madam? Is your horse entered for the cup, my Lord? Are there any more favourites?"

Lord Lassitude. "I have not enquired of Steelyard; he makes my betts for me. Reach me the racing calendar, Candy." (*Mr. Candy moves and gives the racing calendar to my Lord Lassitude*). "Here, my

Lord. Will you be pleased to be seated, ladies and gentlemen? John, two glasses of ice water. The ice will be here directly, Sir, (*smiling*). Patience, Socrates said, was a virtue, young gentleman. You learnt that at Eton, of Dr. Goodall."

Mr. Candy. "We should send some troops to Egypt, before the rain comes on in that part of the world."

A Stranger. "The Nile, Mr. Candy, fertilizes the land, and the Natives have no rain."

Another Gentleman. "What have I to pay?"

Mr. Candy. "Nine shillings; one basket of cherries you had."

The Gentleman (*astonished*). "What do you call them?"

Mr. Candy. "Dukes, Sir."

"Dukes! Emperors you mean."

Mr. Candy, laughing, takes up the money. "I wish you a good day, Sir,—we shall have some more emperors to-morrow.

Ah ! ah, ah ! oh, oh ! A stingy queer gentleman that, a very odd sort of man ! My Lord Lassitude, I am very much obliged to you. I will take care and send you some of my finest peaches."

Lord Lassitude. " Your servant, Candy."

Mr. Candy. " Good morning to your Lordship. John, make out Lord Lassitude's bill ; his taylor was dismissed without being paid the other day."

CHAPTER VIII.

Non aure estive, o rivi tolti a lunge
 Noi nutrit 'anno, ma sospir d'amore
 L'aure son sute, e pianti d'Amor l'acque.

Nor summer gales nor art—conducted showers
 Have nurs'd our slender forms; but lover's sighs
 Have been our gales, and lover's tears our dews.

Rescoe's Life of Lorenzo de Medici.

NOT many days after Emma had fallen into such low spirits, that the prudent Mrs. Maitland thought it expedient to consult her physician. Sage-tea, balm, sago, port-wine, an admirable recipe for raising the spirits, and all Dr. B—h—n's maxims, had been tried to no purpose. This beauteous flower was declining, when the Doctor advised her to make the experiment of a change of air, and thought it right that she should retire into the country. Mrs. Maitland considered his advice as judicious, and the next morning quitted town for an

estate, which her niece possessed in the west of England, and which required somebody to look after it.

It was here that Emma gained the love and respect of the poor, by clothing their half-naked children, and administering to their wants. She seemed an angel sent down from brighter regions to poor and infirm mortals. The blessings of the aged attended her, the widow spoke her praise in the most exulting strains of native eloquence, the poor idolized her, and the little children gambolled before her, and lisped the name of the good lady Emmy, who was so kind to them—this was, in reality, the luxury of doing good.

She filled many vacant hours in the cultivation of those talents which nature had entrusted to her care. Often would Mrs. Maitland surprise her in tears, with the picture of her deliverer in her hand, pressing the lips (as if those lips could feel) to her lips, or else reading the letter, which

had been sent to her before the fatal period which bore him away from England, and from her embrace ; for love is not a harsh critic—love can pass over many faults; and those words which seem worthy of censure to others, are to the lover's indulgent and fond mistress delicious beauties.

Flowers delighted her elegant imagination ; to behold and contemplate how man was provided for, and how his happiness and sensation were consulted, were to her a source of unspeakable pleasure. She would admire the vivid colours of the fragrant geranium, the green myrtle, the blushing rose, the stately sun-flower, and variegated carnation. She watered the plants with her own hands ; and in the shaded arbour, where eglantine and jessamine, winding honey-suckles, and various fruit-trees, excluded the searching rays of the sun, she enjoyed the luxury of shedding tears for her Henry. It was the summer season of the year ; the birds warbled their

lively notes, and, at a distance, in the neighbouring park, the dapple deer were feeding, or climbing the upland slope—while flocks of sheep and herds of mottled cows filled the umbrageous landscape.

As she traced back past events, she recollected the time of the year when wayward destiny had dated her sorrows. She sighed, and sat down to put her thoughts into the form of verse, and penned the following stanzas:—

Now lovely flowers grace the field,
And earth, and sky, new prospects yield,
And gentle Zephyr scents the air:
'Tis then that Fashion waves her hand,
Around her move the giddy band,
And oft is wisdom fetter'd there !

When clusters grace the green clad tree,
' The lily, crocus, primrose, see,
How empty is the beauty's pride !
No passion makes these colours fly,
Nor does the youthful rose-bud die ;
They toil not, care not what betide.

In richer robes the violet see
 Array'd, than eastern majesty ;
 This pleasing gem what charms adorn !
 So charms the maid who lives in fear :
 Such blossoms who would rudely tear,
 In time beware the goading thorn.

May I the treach'rous cup refrain,
 Shun pleasure purchased with pain,
 Nor sweet enchantment lull my sense;
 Reject the cup of vice, afraid,
 Nor may I love the masquerade,
 But woo thee, lovely Innocence.

Vain joys Intemperance bestows,
 Wither'd, alas ! the crimson rose
 Now sickly droops upon the bed :
 Its roseate hue, its bloomy flush
 Are pallid leaves, and the stripp'd bush
 With thorns, the sharpest thorns are spread !

Yet, ah ! if chintzes, cyprian dew,
 And painted scenes sole glad the view ;
 If these can please, misguided fair,
 Then flowers in vain adorn the field,
 And earth, and sky, new prospects yield ;
 In vain then Zephyr scents the air.

One day, as she was walking in the garden about the hour of dinner-time, she was surprised by two ruffians, who carried her in their arms over the garden pales into a chaise and four, in which she found Sir Richard Oliver, who told her "that she was by good fortune his prize, however dearly she had cost him," and bade the drivers put forward on pain of his utmost displeasure. The unworthy ravisher proceeded to take unwarrantable liberties with her. Emma argued with him on the cruelty of his actions, and how bitterly he would lament his conduct hereafter. She conjured him to pity a supplicating orphan.

The post-chaise overtook a man in a cart coming from a market town, accompanied by his wife. Emma screamed for assistance. The man would have interfered ; but the carriage passed with increased velocity, while Sir Richard Oliver held a pistol from the window of the chaise in a menacing po-

sition. Again was Emma in her ravisher's power, when the travellers passed a troop of soldiers.

Unfortunately, Sir Richard Oliver was acquainted with one of the officers who rode by the side of his company. "Jack," said the Baronet, with the countenance of the arch deceiver, "how are you? This is an unexpected pleasure, seeing you. I have got a young lady here, whom I have stolen from Berner's street—You know Gamble; he keeps her."

"Believe him not, Sir," said Emma. "I beg of you, good gentlemen, not to pay any credit to his words."

It was to no purpose that Miss Tankerville expostulated with the villainous Sir Richard Oliver, who succeeded in quieting the suspicions of the officer, and ordered the postilion to make all possible expedition.

Emma's aunt missed her immediately, for she was extremely punctual in every

thing; and I leave the reader to imagine her grief and surprise. By the fragment of her gown, she conjectured that violence had been offered her. She immediately dispatched a note to Dauncy, who was on a visit to a gentleman in the neighbourhood.

Dauncy, on learning the intelligence of Miss Tankerville being carried off, gave orders that his horses might be got ready; and taking a trusty servant of his own, and another of Mrs. Maitland's, he travelled with the utmost speed towards Sir Richard Oliver's mansion. They had already fatigued the spirited horses, and the poor animals were on the point of sinking under their burthens, when, on ascending a hill, they discovered a chaise and four overturned, and one of the leaders, as well as one of the wheel horses, fallen on the ground, and the drivers assisting each other to disentangle the animals from their incumbrances. They now spurred on their horses; when Dauncy, bidding the postilions stand

still on the peril of their lives, rescued Emma from the Baronet, and then bestowing the discipline of a postilion's horsewhip; telling him, that "even such a wicked man as Sir Richard had proved himself, must be convinced that Providence never deserted the virtuous and suffering female." Then taking Emma under his protection, he carried her to a neighbouring inn, and, after permitting her to collect her scattered senses, conducted her safe to Tiverton, where her estate was, and the house which Mrs. Maitland at present inhabited.

Notwithstanding this fortunate rescue, Emma felt so much from the rude assault of Sir Richard Oliver, that a fever attacked her, and a delirium was the consequence. Madness now raged through her frame, and established its horrible and sad reign. She called repeatedly on the name of Moreton, and no discourse but that of her beloved Henry was soothing or pleasing to her distempered reason. Yet there was

some method in her madness—it was perceivable that love was the cause of her malady. Her physician, a most humane, candid, benevolent, and intelligent man, used the gentlest methods for her recovery, and disclosed to the good lady, the aunt of the lovely Emma Tankerville, his undisguised sentiments.

In her lucid intervals, she would amuse herself with drawing the fatal masquerade in Berkley-square. There was the Castilian, in the very dress in which he was habited, redressing the insult she had sustained; the surrounding groupe of figures applauding his conduct, and condemning the vanquished and humiliated Sir Richard Oliver. Besides the pencil filling up hours of wretchedness, her taste for poetry was not unamusing to her. She composed one day the following stanzas :

Source of my grief, yet frequent joy,
Who all my pensive thoughts employ,

On me thy execrations pour,
 Who made thee leave thy native shore.
 Yet must thou, much-lov'd despot, reign,
 And shall I, Henry, bear thy chain !

Whence springs this quick-consuming fire,
 From gratitude or fond desire ?
 Ah, love ! why force me to explain ?
 Of Henry's absence I complain !
 Ah, could'st thou o'er my passion reign !
 From thee alone I'll bear the chain.

The pink, enamell'd, seeks support,
 And tender vines espaliers court ;
 No force or danger should I fear,
 Wert thou, my guardian angel, near !
 Lov'd of my soul, complete thy reign !
 I'll gladly bear thy marriage chain.

Ah, should'st thou fickle, Henry, prove,
 Return unkind, forbid it, love !
 Forbid it, hope ! for know, fond boy,
 Thou dost my pensive thoughts employ.
 I'm sick for thee !—complete thy reign ;
 Come ! come !—I'll bear thy marriage chain.

Returning health invigorated her en-
 feebled frame ; but it was very visible that

melancholy still preyed on the fair Emma, who, even in her smiles, shewed that her heart was ill at ease.

The excellent physician who attended her recommended a change of air, and advised travelling as a better succedaneum than any medicine he could give.

“If you wish, dear Madam,” said this benevolent man to Mrs. Maitland, “our amiable charge to be restored to her health effectually, a remedy beyond the power of medicine must heal the canker which feeds upon the diminished roses of her cheek—a canker which threatens to bring her to an early grave, and destroy those fond hopes which you have formed. Be it far from my profession to flatter where it may be prejudicial. I must not be deterred by any consideration from speaking my sentiments. The good young lady is suffering under a passion for a man of considerable worth and talents. Be it your business (and I am confident, Madam, your good

sense will suggest the expediency of my proposal) to give her your assistance. Sir Henry Moreton is in Vienna at present. As she is to travel, a change of objects, and the place which holds what is dear to her, will be the most prudent steps you can take."

Mrs. Maitland agreed with the good Doctor, and, knowing that she had some particular friends residing at Vienna, determined to intimate her resolution of departing for that city, accompanied by Emma.

"My dear," said Mrs. Maitland, "I have a proposal to make. The physician thinks travelling will be of great service to you. Your happiness and health, my dear girl, are my first concern, the object nearest my heart. I know, my love, some tender affection embitters your present happiness, with the cause of which I am equally well acquainted. Is not Sir Henry Moreton the favoured lover; the man whose hand you would not refuse? Come, Emma, my

dear, be explicit. You blush, and I believe you will do me the justice to say, that I have not less penetration than the generality of my sex? What say you to my plan?—We intend shortly visiting Vienna, seeing the curiosities and productions of the country, and, above all, getting an insight into the customs, laws, and habits of the people. I have also considered and weighed in my mind that Sir Henry Moreton is there at present. Whether he has sufficient influence to attract, and the journey is agreeable to you, you only can decide; but unless I am much deceived, an opinion formed in his favour is not erroneous. I certainly, Emma, shall not oppose your wishes; but, acting as a faithful guardian of your right, shall give to that young gentleman my unqualified suffrage. Come, child, I will venture to pronounce, from your downcast and bashful looks, that I am not wrong.”

“My dear aunt,” said Emma, while a

rising blush overspread her countenance and gave her new beauties, "your judgment is almost infallible. I confess that I love Sir Henry Moreton—it is not merely from his conduct, and the service he did me at the masquerade, but the character of his virtues has augmented an attachment which I feel for him. I have not acquired the art of disguising my sentiments.—Indeed," and the lovely Emma deeply sighed, "though left an orphan in my early years, I have felt that loss, great and afflicting as it was, diminished by your kindness. O, my dear protectress, my amiable friend, may I ever continue to shew myself sensible of your maternal kindness! Your commands, your wishes, shall direct me, and I shall endeavour to anticipate them as far as possible."

CHAPTER IX.

A MORNING OCCUPATION.—HUMANITY IS NOT UNBECOMING FEMALE BEAUTY OR FASHION—A SCENE OF DISTRESS, WHICH IS HUMELY RECOMMENDED BY THE AUTHOR TO THE OPULENT FOR THEIR PERUSAL.

PREVIOUS to her departure for the Continent, Emma one morning was employed in purchasing necessary articles, or, in the language of the metropolis, shopping; a custom which needs explanation, in order to make it intelligible to fair residents in the country.

Shopping, then, is an amusement in which many fashionable females, wives and daughters, are daily occupied in the forenoon, to the great profit of the civil tradesman, who employs, behind his counter, powdered

jessamines, who take the bread from the mouths of the indigent female; measuring out linen when they should be handling a musquet; and cutting ribands, and selling lavender, when they should be adding to the British flag, fresh trophies on the seas, increasing our security at home, and our national glory, instead of being tools for the luxurious.

Her attention was arrested by a bustle in the street. A remarkable handsome and genteel young man, whose appearance was prepossessing, as well as afflicting, on account of his visible misfortune, was arrested by two bailiffs, who had just familiarly tapped him on the shoulder, as he was endeavouring to elude their salute.

So does Grimalkin, insatiate as the grave, wily as the Egyptian crocodile, rush on her helpless prey, whom she has espied from afar, capering and gambolling, enjoying thoughts of home and tender family. Alas! he no more will nibble old Cheshire or rich

Stilton, or wet his whiskers in excellent hash, or frisk his tail in the crowded pantry. She taps him gently with her claws, but so as to make him feel her power. He is already under the grasp and in the clutch of a sanguinary and stern foe, more implacable than Pelides, more sanguinary than he who fed his horses with human gore.

Thus fared it with this young gentleman. Fruitless were his attempts to go home to his wife and children. He offered the small sum of five shillings, all the money he had, to be allowed the sad indulgence of taking a farewell of those unhappy sufferers.

One of the fellows, in a sneering manner, told him that the money was too little, laughed in his face, and said that he was his prisoner, and that the law must have its course.

“ It won’t do, Master ; five shillings now a-days goes little towards house-keeping—a crown will barely drive the wolf from the

door; however, such gemmen as you should be better treated, and I am main sorry; but times, you must know to be sure, are main ticklish."

Emma, who had a heart feelingly alive to the distress of every fellow-creature, a hand as liberal as the fruitful stream, cannot be imagined to have viewed this scene with callous apathy, or the indifference of some pretty females, whom fashion will not permit to perform the vulgar duties of charity.

"I know not," observed she, "whether the law sanctions deeds of cruelty and treachery; but of this I am confident, gentlemen, nothing ought to prevent us from ministering to the unfortunate. I perceive that you are going to enforce the power which the law gives you on that unhappy young man; I will be bail for your prisoner—will you take the bail of Miss Tankerville, friend?"

If, to command greater respect from one's

banker, it be necessary to be well dressed; by a parity of reasoning, an equipage must produce obsequious deference from the avaricious slaves of justice, who may be reasonably said too frequently, I am afraid, to deserve the name of necessary evils.

“ Why as to the matter of that,” answered the better looking of the two, though a regard to truth compels me to say that both of them wore the appearance of felons rather than officers who served his Majesty’s court, “ I am good-natured enough when there’s bit coming forward; but provisions, as my fellow officer Dick says, are so dear now a-days, that let a man be ever so industrious, I defies him to get an honest living, and pay every man his due. For my part, I pays as I goes, and therefore I can’t in justice, do you see, Miss Tankerville, afford to lose. Times are main ticklish, as brother Dick says; but, howsomever, tho’ I can’t take your bail, I would go a mile to oblige you, Miss. You are such a hand-

some, fine young lady, and withal look so good humoured."

The sensible Emma shrunk from the compliment paid to her by Mr. Geoffrey Cudgell.

Although his appearance was not prepossessing, his companion was a foil to him. Nature had been sparing of the gift of external beauty to him. His countenance, as before observed, was not merely forbidding, but calculated to raise fearful apprehensions in the minds of the passengers even in the broad face of day.

An old round hat, with a velvet band and large gilt buckle, almost concealed from sight a short head of hair, which was as white as that of a Coldstream guard. His grey eyes, redder than the ferret's, shewed cunning, while his face, deeply seamed with the small-pox, received additional fierceness from a pair of long, black, and unseemly whiskers; a Belcher handkerchief, tied in a flashy bow, encircled his neck; a light-

brown coat, which was purchased, a cheap bargain, from the wife of a prisoner, who was left with a young family ; a red cloth waistcoat, ornamented with two rows of yellow buttons, once seen hanging from the window of a sale shop in Monmouth-street ; a pair of thick corderoy breeches, known frequently under the name of double damnables, formerly the property of an itinerant Methodist preacher ; ribbed worsted stockings, and very short and dirty half boots, constituted the dress of this formidable catchpole.

Such a person was the companion of the well-known Geoffrey Cudgell, and as such could not be congenial to the feelings of any female, especially as he was employed in the discharge of an office unpleasing to all parties, with the exception of three—namely, the creditor, the catchpole, and the master of a lock-up house.

Emma desired Mr. Cudgell to wait a few minutes, while she wrote a draft on her

banker for the sum owed by Mr. Lester (for that was the stranger's name); and amidst the applause of the surrounding multitude, begging Mr. Lester to precede her, was handed by that gentleman into her carriage.

When seated opposite the loveliest woman his eyes ever beheld, Lester would have poured forth a torrent of thanks, had she not interrupted him, by requesting to be informed where his wife lived, that the coach might convey him to the house.

"You are too good, Madam," answered the distressed young gentleman. "It is in Westminster, in Little George-street, that I have left my deserted family. My Elinor, your unfortunate husband is the cause of your calamity. My child, you have to curse your parent. My unhappy, innocent, and suffering wife! My helpless child!" The sighs that he uttered seemed to arise from

the bottom of his heart. He instinctively placed his hand over his face; he was visibly afflicted.

Emma let down the glass, and ordered the coachman to drive slowly.

“ If to give comfort to the afflicted, to save a family from the pangs of bitter agony, can, as I am sure it must, afford satisfaction to your sensible mind; that satisfaction, Madam, is yours, and you have indeed atchieved a noble act. Oh! how can I repay you?”

“ My good Sir,” said the gentle Emma, “ I am a fellow-creature; pray do recollect that. You seem to forget that charity should be common. I confess I see nothing so extraordinary in what I have done, only it has furnished an exquisite pleasure to myself. Most probably I may enjoy a sweeter sleep for it at night.” Her eloquent eyes sparkled with joy. In any other situation the admiring Lester would have fallen on his knees to have thanked her.

"Your appearance, Sir," said Emma, "bespeaks the man who has known far better fortune."

"I will not deceive you, Madam. At a future opportunity I will relate to you my melancholy and checquered history."

"If I can be of any service to you, good Sir, I do assure you I shall be inconceivably happy."

The carriage stopped at the corner of the street. Emma was handed out by Lester.

"It is here, Madam, that I live. Can you deign to visit the abode of the wretched? surrounded with opulence and splendor, can you condescend to wipe away the tear of sorrow from the indigent?"

"Do, good Sir, shew me the way to Mrs. Lester's apartment."

Emma was preceded by the husband.

"These stairs are in dangerous decay, Madam; do let me entreat you to take fast hold of the rail. Pray use particular cau-

tion as you ascend these steps. Hold, Madam—I hope you have not hurt yourself these stairs indeed are very rotten and unsafe; but you would visit my wretched lodging.”

It was into a room on the attic story that Lester shewed Miss Tankerville; the apartment was mean, and wretchedness might be said to have set its mark upon it. The naked walls were in various places patched with plaster. A few culinary utensils, but bright as silver, stood on the mantel-piece. The candlesticks reflected the light, and wore most beautiful polish. The tea-cups were arranged in nice order, and the floor was as clean as labour could make it; but what attracted her attention, was a lovely woman making shirts, while a little girl was attending to the cooking of the dinner.

“I know, my dear George,” said the amiable hostess, not regarding any one else, “that you are very fond of what trifles I have been preparing for you: the ex-

pence they have cost has been supplied from the profits arising from the sale of my gold repeater ; and a look of satisfaction from my dear George will amply repay me. Come, do, my good husband, take your chair. Betty, set the dishes on the table. My dear, come, be seated—I am sure you must be tired : alas ! you look so ; are you hungry, my love ?”

“ Elinor, you do not then see this angel that has honoured our habitation,” saluting his wife, while Emma’s reflection was absorbed in enjoying unspeakable transports. “ You do not see,” interrupted Lester, “ the charming Miss Tankerville, of whom you have heard mention. It is she in person, who has rescued your husband from the hands of bailiffs, and this morning saved him from prison.”

Emma conceived herself sufficiently rewarded in the look of gratitude which beamed in the countenance of the beautiful woman who stood before her.

She curtsyed, and received her with an air of elegance and good-breeding, which, in her apparent situation, was more admired.

Lester offered a chair to Emma, but she refused. Then seating herself on a bed which was hung with neat linen curtains, she took the little boy on her knees, who said "he should always love her, because she had been kind to his papa, and would not let the naughty, naughty man hurt him;" lisping innocently, "that he would, when he grew up a big large man, give her some money; a good deal; and he had heard papa say, that God would always be good to those who were kind-hearted to the poor."

He then clambered down from Emma's lap, went to his father, looked him in the face, gave him a hearty shake of the hand, kissed his mammy, and hid his face in her gown; the little wanton then looked up, and smiled archly.

"You are a good boy," said Emma, "and I shall beg you of your parents for a little time on a visit to me. See, now, what I have for you; here is something, my dear, to buy you playthings."

She put a guinea into his hands.

The boy took it to his father, and, because he would not take it, burst into tears; so that his father, in order to pacify him, was obliged to take the money, saying that he would keep it for him.

Emma now extorted a promise from Lester, that she should see him the next day.

CHAPTER X.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood;
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse; and with them go
 The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
 By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.
 Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
 Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
 Not circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.
Gray's Hymn to Adversity.

MR. LESTER'S HISTORY OF HIS LIFE.

IN the morning of the following day,
 Lester called upon Emma. He was shewn
 up stairs. His son welcomed him by the
 most expressive signs of joy, danced about

the room, took him by the hand, gave him a kiss for his mammy, shewed him all the play-things that Miss Tankerville had bought him, his large horse and gun, and his great big drum and trumpet.

Emma received Lester with the greatest affability, and studied how she should avoid making him perceive that she had obliged him. Some great people might have kept him standing, bowed superciliously, and, if they noticed him, used the most frigid words and distant behaviour they could possibly adopt, tossing up the head, and forgetting that they absolutely were of the same species, subject to the same passions, liable to the same incidents, obnoxious to the wheel of fate equally with themselves. On the contrary, Emma held out her hand to him, as if she had been acquainted with him for a long time, desired him to be seated, and then, after ringing the bell for some wine and sandwiches, begged, as a particular obligation, if it

could be done without distressing his feelings, to relate his history.

Lester began in an articulate and distinct manner, thus :

“ My life, Madam, short as it has been, has passed subject to misery, and I have truly known what bitter and humiliating sorrow is. With my name, Madam, you are already acquainted. My mother died in my infancy, and left me to the care of a good parent. My father was a merchant of great respectability and wealth. The cold hand of penury never afflicted him. He was, I thank God, an honest man ; and if to be honest is a feather in any man's cap, he might be said to have worn it with the joint suffrages of all who knew him. He might be said to be the noblest and proudest work of God.

“ My father was so punctual as never to depart from his word, though conscious that he was pursuing methods contrary to his present interest. In this he was most firm ;

and while he wrote the favours and obligations which he received on tablets of brass, his injuries were easily erased. His friendships were lasting, his enmities perishable. The consequent advantages arising from his strict attention to keeping his word and his engagements sacred, were incalculable. He enlarged his connexions, his fortune became increased, and he was pointed out as one on whom the commercial man might depend, and the foreign merchant employ as an agent. Mr. Edward Lester was known in the city, as well as elsewhere, to be a good man ; yet without this jargon he was virtuous, industrious, economical, and temperate ; by his example, he shewed me the way to gain the good wishes of men. I do not know a man who had fewer faults. I never knew him guilty of any one excess ; but, after leading a life productive of benefit and usefulness to mankind, I had the misfortune to be parted from him. He is

gone where all honest men are, and where kindred spirits reside."

Here he uttered a deep groan, and Emma felt a tender sympathy for the pious feelings which he expressed.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Tankerville; but you must look with kindness on those feelings, of which destitute, I should be ignorant and undutiful in the extreme. No, Miss Tankerville, I could never forgive myself, were I to forget the reverence I owe to the memory of the best of parents. But I will proceed with my history.

"It was in Huntingdon, during the race week, that I was at the house of a friend; when chatting over some wine, he asked me, 'if I felt inclined to go to the ball in the evening.' I am more minute in recounting this circumstance, as much of my future life was to depend upon it; a circumstance which has made me at once the most miserable, and (bowing to Miss Tan-

kerville) the most happy of men in the creation."

"I know many beautiful young ladies in the town," continued my companion, "and I am confident that you will be entertained in their company. You are not engaged this evening, George, and a handsome Adonis like yourself must do execution." I promised that he should find me ready to accompany him to the ball.

"We drank freely of different wines. My spirits were exhilarated. As yet, while my father was living, I had never felt the wounds or malice of fortune, had never experienced the ingratitude of man, 'whose tooth,' to use the description of a favourite poet, 'is keener than the winter's wind;' nor had I found 'a friend remembering not.'"

"I have ever loved the bards who have forcibly depicted the passions. Alas! the scenes and transactions of my life have been what I little thought they would, a sad theme for the plaintive poet!"

Emma pressed him to take a glass of wine. He poured out one for Emma, and afterwards drank one himself.

“ To the ball we went that evening. I was introduced by my friend to the honourable Miss Harcourt. Health and modesty added a deeper tinge to her cheeks, which already glowed with the colour of the crimson rose. Her nose was taper, and slender as her lips, her blue eyes languishing and soft, her elegant and pleasing form was symmetry itself, while those parts of her polished limbs and body, which dress did not conceal, vied with the virgin snow or Parian marble. Her good sense was conspicuous, her wit good-natured, her periods elegant, her voice enchanting and melodious ; but you have seen my lovely Elinor, Madam, and can judge in some degree how her beauties might have affected me. Consider, Miss Tankerville, this was before grief had preyed on her cheek, or perceptibly wasted her form. Yet, even now,

Elinor to me is more lovely than she was when I first saw her.

“Love at first sight is not strange or unnatural, in my opinion. Prejudices favourable, or the contrary, will arise in the breasts of most of us; nor am I the only one who has been subject to them.”

Here Emma betrayed herself, and shewed that his remark was but too just. She drew out her handkerchief, complained of the heat, and wiped a tear away, fond tribute of affection to the idol of her heart.

“As soon as I saw her, I found that I was much in love. Labouring and trembling under the tortures of suspense, I begged that I might have the flattering satisfaction and happiness, if she was not pre-engaged, of being permitted to lead her down a dance. She complacently smiled, thanked me with easy and elegant politeness, and gave me her assent.
miring spectators gazed on her as she danced; many whispered, some

a vain imitation, thus paying her the greatest compliment. Every time I touched her white hand, her ivory arm, my soul thrilled within me. I conversed with her, and conversation served farther to convince me that I was undone ; for how could I expect to gain the consent of her father, who was the proudest among those who are proud of their nobility. But the fascinating Elinor gave me encouragement. Why should the poets and painters, I have often thought, describe or paint love as blind ? No eagle is half so quick-sighted. I saw, by the sparkling animation of her eyes, that she felt more than common esteem for me, and I had the audacity to promise myself future bliss. For success, I depended on these favourable symptoms of her passion, and my great expectations of having a future settlement from my affectionate father. My friend tapped me on the arm, and told me I was in the high road to good fortune.

“ Miss Harcourt introduced me to her

brother in the course of the evening. I never met with so agreeable a young man ; throwing aside all reserve, he shook me cordially by the hand.

“Lester,” said he, “I love your manners. I already feel prepossessed in your favour. Hereafter let us be friends. I hope that you will stay long in this part of the country. Our house shall be yours, and Elinor and myself will be always glad to see you.”

“I was struck with his impressive manner, and engaged myself to breakfast with him the next morning. In such company, you may conclude, my charming and sensible benefactress, that the hours passed swiftly. It was late before I left the assembly ; and when I had made a bow to the party, who quitted the rooms at the same hour, my soul felt a vacuum which the presence of the amiable stranger could alone supply.

“Love drove away sleep from my eyes:

Till yesterday, I had never seen one female who was to be compared with her.

“ The next morning I breakfasted with her father the Earl of Harcourt. He received me with such reserve and frigid politeness, that the touch of the torpedo could not have benumbed my faculties more effectually ; yet nothing could be more politely attentive than the behaviour of Elinor. Her brother’s spirits seemed more exhilarated on seeing his friend, as he chose to call me. Still there was some constraint visible in their actions, owing, as I rightly judged, to their father’s presence ; and I was wicked enough to wish that the gout, to which I found he was subject, had confined him to his room, that I might have enjoyed the uninterrupted conversation of my newly-acquired friend and adorable mistress.

“ Do you ride this morning, Lester ?” Harcourt said to me in a half whisper, and apparently embarrassed.

"My sister Elinor and myself intend to take an airing at twelve; will you accompany us on horseback—how do you feel disposed? We shall make but a short excursion, and I shall be able to shew you some improvements that the Earl, my father, has been making on his estate. Elinor, I can assure you, my good friend, has been speaking of you in favourable terms, and she has given you an opportunity of being her 'squire on a second occasion."

Then raising his voice, he said to me, in continuation: "Mr. Lester, when do you threaten to leave this part of England? I hope, Sir, that you will call at Harcourt-lodge before you take your final departure."

"I could not forbear answering his last enquiry in a despondent manner, and told him that I was afraid my visit would be very short in Huntingdonshire.

"I then closed an engagement with him in half whispers. After this, having been made to observe the Earl's old ancestors,

drawn in the costume of the times, the works of eminent artists, and which jutted out from the wainscot, shadowed with massy gilt, and dusty frames of a very ancient manufacture, I made a most respectful bow, and, paying humble obeisance, had the honour of saluting the ceremonious Earl of Harcourt, and wishing him a good morning.

“ At the appointed hour, I met my polite and noble friends. The morning was fine; Elinor Harcourt was in a hunting dress. The winds gave her a more lively bloom, which made her countenance appear still more captivating; her heart seemed joyful, and her lovely face was dressed in smiles.

“ We had not proceeded more than two miles from the house, when the horses, which were high-spirited animals, suddenly took fright, plunged excessively, and set off with the curricule at full speed.

“ I clapped spurs to my horse; and, being a bold and experienced rider, had the

address to ride him before the horses' heads, so as skilfully and effectually to stop them in their full speed, as they were already on the border of a steep bank; in which course, had they proceeded, they must inevitably have dashed the carriage to atoms, and more particularly endangered the lives of the honorable Mr. Harcourt and his sister, who was soon left alone in the curicle, as her brother jumped out for the express purpose of saving her, whom I now dare to call my beloved wife.

“I received her safe in my arms; but, from excessive fear, she fainted away. Ambitious to assist, while the brother remained half distracted, the servants procured water immediately, which, from necessity, was brought in the brims of their hats folded up. When the amiable Elinor recovered, she cast her eyes expressive of tender sentiment upon me, and thanked the saviour of her life: such was her manner of noticing me, for simply doing my duty. However,

I shall never forget the incident—a reward I could not resist, the impulse of boldly taking a kiss. What a delicious moment! Well was I repaid for any services that I had rendered, and any difficulty which I might have undergone. At that time she excused the liberty which I had taken, or was unwilling to express displeasure. On our return, I had the honour of receiving the thanks of the Peer.

“Harcourt shook me by the hand, declared that he should consider me as the preserver of his sister, and would esteem himself more abundantly honoured and happy in my friendship. For my part, I blessed the effects of an accident which procured me one favourable glance from her, on whom I found my future happiness and tranquillity must depend.

“Our meetings after were frequent: and, about this time, a circumstance took place, which the oddity that was attached to it will excuse my mentioning. A country

gentleman, of large landed property, a neighbour to the Earl of Harcourt, not in the least intimidated by the distant manners of his intended father-in-law, was numbered among the many suitors who aspired to the honour of deserving my Elinor's hand. From my frequent visits at Harcourt-lodge, I had for some time been a cause of jealousy to him. He met me one morning when we were hunting, and, without any ceremony, held his horsewhip in a menacing manner at me; telling me 'that I was an impudent *varmint*, and that such tatterdemallions as I ought to have my coat dusted; that, as he was in commission for the peace, he hoped ere long to see me had up before him, and that he would have me take an honest man's advice, and keep clear of the county jail.'

"This was triumphantly said in the hearing of many of the neighbouring gentlemen, some of whom were acquainted with the friendship with which the honour-

able Mr. Harcourt and his fair sister received my visits at the Lodge.

“ I therefore rode up to my resolute rival, and asked him if he seriously designed to insult a stranger who had never intentionally offended him ; and if he had uttered the abuse, which he had so liberally bestowed on me, by way of exciting laughter at my expence among his dependents, who, I observed, were backing the courageous 'squire ?”

“ What I says, I stands to. There's not a man in the county of Huntingdonshire of whom I am afraid, thank God, or care the snap of my finger for ; I can tell un that, let un be as big as a Patagonian—”

“ Did you mean to insult me, Sir ? If you did, are you willing, Sir, to make me a satisfactory and proper apology ? I am sometimes inclined to be peremptory in my commands, and, at this time, am not willing to be trifled with.”

“ The word “ bully” was uttered by a

gentleman of spare habit, and who wore a smart red hunting-coat, and had on, I believe, a new pair of buckskin-breeches.

“Willing to shew the 'squire that I was not to be derided or insulted with impunity, I dismounted, gave my horse into the charge of my groom, and having dislodged the companion of the 'squire from his seat with some difficulty, for he strove to sit fast on the saddle, I rolled him in the field, to the great diversion of many of the spectators; while his patron, who beheld the woeful condition in which he rose, covered with dirt, his jockey cap, coat, and buckskin breeches soiled, stayed no longer in the field, but, putting spurs to his horse, took French leave. The rest of the company continued the chace, which had been interrupted by this adventure.

“I was not, I confess, a little surprised, some few days after, to receive a challenge from this redoubtable hero. I imagine, from the character he bore, that he was ad-

vised to undertake so bold an atchievement as the penning of a challenge, contrary to the wise saying, ‘ in the number of counsellors is safety.’

“ I was desired to give him satisfaction for daring to love Miss Elinor Harcourt, and for insulting his friend, and putting him in bodily fear by rude and outrageous language ; although I cannot charge myself with any thing of this sort.

“ I met him in a common adjoining to the town of Huntingdon at an early hour. The air was keen. The ground was measured. Elinor’s brother was my second.

“ I desired him to fire. I perceived his hand to tremble violently : the ball lodged in the ground at many yards distance from me.

“ It was my turn to fire. I then asked him, if he was prepared. He replied, in scarcely articulate words—‘ y—y—yes——Why—y—y—y yes, I am prepared ; but, for God’s sake, Sir, don’t take my life away

—Wound me if you must, Mr. Lester, but I beg of you not to kill me.’

“It was not my intention to claim my right of firing at my antagonist. I explained, by telling him, that I had met him to give that satisfaction which he demanded; that his friend had insulted me by a gross and intemperate expression, and for which he really merited severer chastisement from the hands of a gentleman; that with respect to the fair lady, concerning whom the dispute had originated, although he must acknowledge, in his cooler moments, that on my part there had been very little offence given, and none malignantly, he was left at liberty still to pursue his courtship. But surely,” I added, “with the permission of the honourable Miss Harcourt, I may aspire, Sir, to the freedom of her acquaintance, without dread of punishment from any man; and I humbly conceive that it is for that young lady to decide whose suit she prefers. And now, Sir, as

the very keen air of the common has given fresh edge to my appetite, and this affair has terminated so happily, will you honour this gentleman, the brother of Miss Harcourt, with whom you are acquainted, and myself, with your company to an early breakfast at my lodgings.

“ He stared at me with a look of astonishment some minutes, strided to me eagerly, fell on his knees, and thanked me for my forbearance and mercy shewn to a wretched sinner, and told me I deserved the young lady. Then rising, gave my hand a violent shake, and concluded with taking from his pocket-book a card on which his address was written, and swore that his dependant should beg my pardon in person. I then informed him, that I would readily give up that, as I was quite satisfied with the acknowledgment already made.

“ The 'squire was not the only person of the party who was elate on this occasion. The honourable Mr. Harcourt expressed his

pleasure in friendly and affectionate terms, while he could scarcely check his comic mirth, by occasionally quizzing the less ardent Squire.

“ With the consent of Harcourt we were privately married, and I had the happiness of receiving my desirable partner for life from his hands. By his advice, we planned speedy retirement to some pleasant village in a distant county, where we might live until I had acquainted our parents with our union. The pardon and consent of my father I expected to obtain ; but I never thought that the Earl of Harcourt would be brought to sign his consent to a match, in his opinion so unequal.

“ Nor was I mistaken in the sequel. Seeing me so intimate with his daughter, he discovered symptoms of disquietude and fretfulness, and threw out hints that my departure would be agreeable to his wishes.

“ My Elinor, whose love increased with time, dreading the anger of her father,

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pressed the necessity of our retirement. Her brother urged the most forcible reasons for adopting the same measure. In short, we departed for the county of Hertfordshire, to a country-box which Harcourt had procured.

“The house was situated on the eminence of a hill, at the bottom of which flowed a meandering stream. Here the eyes of the traveller beheld pleasing and sloping uplands dressed by the rich hand of nature, woods pendent over woods, thick copses, fields, and white and fleecy flocks, grazing in the luxuriant vallies; here villages, there loftier spires, which denoted parish-churches, the indexes of larger and more populous towns. The country was in its greatest beauty, and the horizon terminated an earthly paradise. Often would my Elinor and myself wander together on a summer's evening, when the moon rose majestic in the east, and darted her oblique rays across the valley, and over the green

hill, playing on the surface of the water, while the brighter orbs of the fixed stars blazed in the azure firmament: all nature seemed to pause in astonishment at the grandeur of the scene. Then would we drink deeply of mutual love; and then, pressing her to my bosom, I used to ask her if she would always love her husband as she now did, and whether I might dare to nourish so sweet an anticipation, so fond an expectation of future joy. At other times we would plan measures for the happiness that we promised ourselves we should possess; we talked of events likely to be produced by slow but improving time; and in reading the most entertaining and instructive authors we passed many more of our hours; for it was a pleasure to me to hear my Elinor make her remarks, simple and unaffected, but interesting and instructive, in as much as they were the emanations of a polished mind.

“It was with pain that I wrote to my

father, informing him of my marriage, and pleading the strength of my passion. That indulgent and good parent sent me an answer by return of post, giving me the most salutary counsels that parental affection could suggest. He began his letter, by saying, that, as I was embarked in a new situation in life, it was necessary I should attend to his advice ; that it was unnatural to suppose otherwise than that he was my best friend ; and that, while I followed his advice, God's blessing would attend me in every action of my life. He advised me to be minutely upright, to keep my word most religiously, and never to swerve from the paths of honour ; adding, that, as I might expect to have a family, I should avoid extravagance, for the extravagant man was dependent on others, often rapacious and destitute of common honesty ; besides, for a man to incur debts, when he knew there was not a possibility of discharging them, was more criminal and knavish than going

on the highway to rob. If I wished to have the continuance of Heaven's blessing, I should behave to others as I would wish they should act to me under similar circumstances. Above all things he cautioned me to avoid excesses, and to be industrious, as essential to honesty, virtue, and benevolence; for how could I know how to reward the industrious without being so myself. He concluded a long letter with wishing me every degree of happiness in life; bade me remember that I had always a friend in him; that, at his death, I should inherit all his property, and that, even during his life, he would settle on me a handsome allowance; so that Elinor and myself might live independent of the Earl of Harcourt, of whom he had conceived no very exalted notions. 'When you have a son,' added he, 'give the young rogue the christian name of his paternal grandfather.'

"Whatever my good father's objections

might have been to our match, he concealed them, and endeavoured all that was in his power to serve me.

“ I wrote to the father of Elinor; but the Earl was implacable. He declared, that his astonishment and anger were equally great; that the downfall of his noble house was threatened by such contamination of blood; and that the world must pity him in this, that a child of his should disgrace herself by so unworthy an alliance, so degrading an union, throwing aside duty to her father and his opinions. He added, that he never would give his daughter a farthing; nay, that she might starve with hunger, ere he would give her one morsel of bread, or acknowledge our brats: a prediction which that hard-hearted man lived and endured to see nearly fulfilled.

“ I could not refrain from considering myself as the cause of my Elinor's misfortunes, and the means of her suffering from the implacable resentment of her father.

Her brother wrote to me a letter shortly after, saying, that he had quarrelled with his father on my account ; that the house had become insupportable ; and that he was on the eve of taking his departure from England on a voyage to the West Indies, where he intended serving his country as a military officer in that unhealthy climate.

“ This augmented our misfortunes ; but my faithful Elinor suffered her sorrows to abate in my company. She then seemed to forget them, unless it was when she felt for me ; she then repeated her tender and emphatic declaration, that I was a husband, a father, and brother to her ; that she lived for me only, and would share all my vicissitudes of fortune.

“ Thus we continued to love each other, as we did when our nuptials first took place.

“ My father affectionately invited me to town, and admitted me as a partner in the firm of his house : but, alas ! what a storm

was preparing, what misfortunes were impending over my devoted head!

“ It has been observed, that when we are led to imagine we are most secure, we should in such seasons be most on our guard.

“ The first severe blow that I felt was the death of my beloved parent. With a heavy and foreboding heart did I enter into the management of his affairs. Young and inexperienced, friends, or at least such as bore the prostituted titles of friends, but who are in truth the property of every rich man, flocked around me.

“ The needy borrowed of me, the prudent and speculative plundered me at the gaming-table, or on 'Change. To one man I advanced ten thousand pounds, to another I was security for double that sum; the one failed in business, and, treating my debt as a friendly loan, paid me no part of it, contenting himself with paying his other cre-

ditors threepence in the pound; the other absconded, after inviting me a few days before to a sumptuous dinner; when, in his bill of fare, among other luxuries, was a ham stewed in claret, a haunch of venison, and a little chicken turtle. Of him I have not once heard; but, Miss Tankerville, whether he be living or not I cannot inform you. I perceive that you are shocked at his duplicity. I confess I was much hurt on finding such moral depravity; but in the school of Adversity the philosopher is formed; and this rigid instructress, while she humbles human pride, teaches her pupils salutary experience.

“ In a short interval of time my money was dissipated, my connexions distrusted me, some of whom abruptly told me that they must employ other merchants. Like the wounded stag, I seemed to have had a mark set upon me, and, like that poor and distressed animal, was shunned by more prosperous acquaintance and fellows.

. It is to be lamented, I have often thought, that some fostering hand is not ready to shield the deserving and industrious, or those whom the chances of fortune and a good-natured disposition, which has not learnt how to blunt its feelings to the voice of distress, have reduced to narrow penury. A little seasonable relief might be of important service in retrieving their disastrous affairs, and contribute to set them up once more in business.

“ My wife was brought to bed of a boy. We called him Edward, after his grandfather. At any other time this pledge of our union would have afforded me infinite joy ; it now added to our distress.

“ Creditors poured in upon me with repeated demands and fresh accounts ; and a commercial man, whose bill I had accepted from pure friendship, was the first to post me on 'Change. When I met him afterwards, he passed by me as an unconcerned man ; bowed to me with respect ; had the

same smile of friendship on his countenance that he ever had, and offered me his hand. I guarded against the proffered friendship, and, shuddering at the deceitful viper, utterly disclaimed his acquaintance, and left him to his feelings.

"I had received a classical education. It was now that I wished to put it to some account; but I experienced what my father had often told me, that I should find Latin and Greek of little use, if I should fall into distressed circumstances, which he prayed God might never happen. The mind, when afflicted with misery, which is the cause frequently of the disease of the body, loses a great share of its wonted vigour; not that my misfortunes prevented my application to booksellers for the purchase of those writings which I had produced in the much to be commiserated character of a needy and half-famished author; but when I recollected that Otway,

the Poet of Nature, had, in this country, literally died from impatience to feed the demands of ravenous hunger; that Butler regretted, in neglected poverty, the ingratitude of the Stuart family; that Savage was the victim of unnatural caprice, the illegitimate child of misery, deserted by all but the pious and feeling Doctor Johnson; that Lloyd had written many of his witty and classical compositions in the Fleet-prison; that Chatterton was not pitied till after he had terminated his unhappy existence; and that Dermody had lately died in obscurity and beggary, ineffectually endeavouring to quiet the clamorous demands of an unfeeling woman, to whom he was indebted for the hire of a garret; that the expences of his burial were disputed by ignorant, selfish, and hard overseers; nay, the funeral of the unfortunate youth was only defrayed by the joint subscription of a few distinguished, liberal, and philanthropic

gentlemen, who admired the poet, while they felt for their fellow-creature:—I confess, when I reflected on these discouraging precedents, my resolution was staggered. Necessity, however, drove me to try the experiment. I went to an accoucheur of literature with some select poems which I had written. He looked at them, read them over, applauded them as efforts of genius, but closed his observations as follows: “I thank you for the sight of them, but there is not quantity sufficient for two volumes. How much do you expect to get for as much more as you have written? You will at present only get a trifle, though the style is far from bad. In the condition in which you have brought your writings to me, they are not saleable.”

“And will not these poems be acceptable because they are few in number, and those closely written?” I replied.

“My dear Sir,” said he, asking me to sit

down, "you seem quite ignorant of the trade. These, I grant you, may pass a magazine, or perhaps the Editor of newspaper, provided he has room, and you can prevail on him to spare part of column, may insert them from time to time in the Poet's Corner."

I told him, that I had begun writing novel, and asked him if he would purchase it?

"Shew it to me," was his answer. "I must read it, or let some friend peruse it before I can enter into definitive terms. Is it like the style of Fielding, Richardson or Smollet? If so, it will not do. Novels now-a-days, unless they are excessively sentimental, don't sell. Romances are more in fashion; and these must have ghost mysteries, subterraneous caverns, suffering Matildas, heroic Fitzallans, villainous Ormonds, persecuted Reginalds; they must be lighted up with torches, be loaded with

fragments of decayed and mouldering **castles**, haunted with male or female **spectres**, have their pages stained with the **acts** of cruel barons, and be interspersed with a little licentiousness; such as will **provoke** the passions of the younger part of the **sexes**."

"He then shewed me, as a specimen of the style which would be sure of pleasing, an extract from the MS. Romance of the 'Bloody Mysteries of the Infernal Banquet,' by Mrs. Gloomly. I turned over some **pages**, and, in the middle of the seventh **volume**, read the following passage:

"Stranger, said Frederick, art thou of **heaven** or **hell**? Why have thy canonized **bones** left the quiet, the silent sepulchre; **the** grave of thy deceased forefathers? I **conjure** you to answer me. The night was **dark**, the moon was obscured by sable **clouds**, the rain descended in torrents, and **the** leaves of the wide spreading larch-tree **were** agitated by the rising tempest. Fre-

derick, although unused to fear, felt his mind perturbed. The spectre, for so it appeared by the transitory flashes of the vivid lightning, made no answer. Already his hand was upon the hilt of his sword, he drew it forth from the scabbard, and, thus armed, prepared to follow whither the poor troubled spirit seemed to beckon him to proceed."

"And if this is," I exclaimed, "a subject suited to the modern taste, I perceive I shall be no favourite. I thank you for your kindness, Sir, and wish you a good day."

"I was going out of the shop, when the bookseller called me back. "Stop," said he, "your ingenuity deserves encouragement, young man; I am a poor man in trade, and my profits are but barely enough to support my family, which is large; but your merit has a claim to what little encouragement I can bestow. Though I am not qualified to be a Mæcenas, young gen-

“Gentleman, I cannot view your situation without pity, as I have not passed by your talents without commendation. Here are ten guineas, Sir, to encourage you to go on in the path of literature, which will lead you to honour.”

“I was hurt at his not receiving my verses, and refused the sum he was so kind as to offer me. We are, Miss Tankerville, even the wisest of us, subject to pride, and our venial errors deserve lenity. By the advice of a man who lodged in the same house with me, I applied to the editor of a newspaper; but I found that I must give up my principles, however just, write at the expence of my conscience, and gloss over particular actions; for which I should be paid an adequate salary. This was not congenial to my idea of rectitude or virtue, and by no means suited my temper.

“I went next to the manager of the

summer theatre, Mr. George Terence, junior, and offered him a play.

“ He looked at it, and told me if I would permit him to alter the manuscript, he would bring it out at his theatre ; but otherwise he must beg leave to return it, as he already had plenty of his own for the summer. One essential advantage at this theatre was, a long run ; for he could always invite guests who would ensure that what was set before them should go down with applause. I declined the offers of this despotic caterer for the public, who will only give his own plays ; not what the audience like, but what he chooses. He is undoubtedly a man of rare talent, and has written comedies which will ensure him reputation ; but he should recollect that, in his official capacity as manager of a place of entertainment, he is to lay aside prejudice and caprice as far as lies in his power, and to endeavour to please the public. Shakespear

will not always please ; nor, though his seats may groan with loads of his favourites and hirelings, will the plays of Mr. Terence, junior, nightly repeated through the season, please the independent, critical, and fashionable part of the audience.

“ I next resolved to call upon a maiden Aunt. She was advanced in years, and was reported to have a great deal of money in the funds. Her sister, who had an independent fortune, lived in the same house with her. After waiting some time at the door, I was shewn up stairs. They received me coldly ; one of them, desiring me to be seated, observed, “ that I was very negligent, that my shoes were covered with dirt ; and, in an insolent strain of lamentation, reminded me of some people of their acquaintance, whose names they could mention, not having followed their relatives’ advice ; but they hoped that I had seen my folly, having bought my experience very dearly ; and, though I had been headstrong

and foolishly extravagant, that I had at length sown my wild oats. Was their poor dear brother, my ever-honoured parent, to know of my extravagance, nothing could exceed his anger ; but he was to blame for having left such vast sums of money in my sole management, a youth of no experience. Had I followed their counsel, there would not have been grounds for people saying what they did ; but I could not say that it was for want of being well advised."

" I was not in a humour to receive sharp admonition, eked out with proverbs, when the healing voice of friendship and sympathy might have been expected. In return, I made a low bow, and, on leaving the room, politely wished them a good morning. Yet there was a time when these good creatures could bear to see even their Turkey carpet soiled by the hopeful son of the opulent Mr. Edward Lester, their own dear brother ; could even endure my being covered in their presence, and never ended a

remark but with the softened appellation of my dear, and my good George. But I was doomed 'to bear the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong;' and that frigid distance which the poor meet too frequently from the rich, and which can be better conceived than expressed.

"In the hopes of meeting with some employment, I frequented a coffee-house, although the money that it cost me to discharge my reckoning could be but ill spared. I had contracted a gloomy and reserved habit of temper, and seldom joined in the discussion of politics, a subject which was nightly introduced. Among the society was a leading character, a man whose name was Jones, violent in declaring sentiments hostile to the existing government, which he loudly censured under feigned names. He had at school learned that Harmodius and Aristogiton were noble characters among the Greeks; that Brutus, when he sacrificed his children to the love of his country,

acted in the most exalted manner ; that the heroism of Decius, in devoting himself to inevitable destruction, was exemplary ; that Marius, who deluged his divided country with blood, was a great personage, a bright luminary. He had been taught, too, while kept almost in total ignorance of the doctrine of his Saviour (if I may mention so awful a character in the same breath), that the assassin of a benefactor, who had given life, safety, and patronage to his murderer, was most virtuous ; and he could pity the zealot and ingrate Brutus, who, instead of lamenting his seduction from fidelity, exclaimed vauntingly, in his last moments, that virtue was no where to be found.

“ These early lessons had sown the most dangerous seeds. The poison had tainted his mind too strongly for any efficient antidote ; and Jones afforded a striking example to many, of the danger of reading, without proper instruction and observation, characters of patriots as drawn in the com-

standing language of ancient classical writers, ere the mind is fixed, and at a time when the imagination is not duly regulated by the judgment.

"One evening, when I was going out of the room, he rose from his seat, followed me, and in the passage gave me his hand with a look of sympathy painted on his countenance.

"Lester, my friend, you seem to labour under misfortunes; grant me your pardon if I am more explicit. Already am I acquainted with your wants. While the poor and honest man can scarcely procure subsistence, the rich roll in pride and are pampered with luxury. Are we ever to be so?—For my part, I would rather lose my life in the cause of virtue, and die in procuring the rights of my fellow-citizens, than be the slave of petty tyrants, who listen with frigid apathy to the groans of their fellow-citizens, and wrap their delicate limbs in costly silk. While the husbandman

and labourer moisten their tillage with the sweat of their brow, they indulge their pampered appetites with superfluous delicacies, and display their fashionable, elegant, and nicely scented persons at operas, play-houses, parks, and genteel walks; but the citizen is forced to go on foreign service, to plant the standard in inhospitable and destructive climes, to pour out his blood, sad sacrifice to aggrandisement, and, O cursed inequality! merely to gain a scanty pittance. O patrician and unnatural oppression! But a grand stroke will soon be made, my friend. Liberty will be given to our wives, children, and brethren. What a glorious prospect expands to our view! Regeneration and national felicity! England, under such auspices, will perform every thing that becomes her. Independence, prosperity, peace, universal peace, will arise from our glorious exertions. The tree of liberty will be planted in our native soil, amid the loud plaudits of enlight-

enced philosophers, uncorrupted patriots, godlike heroes, exalted legislators, and un-venal freemen. On its sacred altar we have sworn to aid the cause of liberty, and to become a band of patriots linked in the closest ties of fraternal amity and civism. What say you, my friend; what say you, Lester? To-night I will introduce you to our commander, under whom we are to be organized. He is an enlightened, sensible, and courageous man.—No Spartan, Roman, or Republican of France, ever had greater zeal for the cause of freedom. Strike, and we must be free. Let us be firm, and we shall be happy.”

“ I followed him, actuated by curiosity, to a room where, among the portraits that were hung round the wainscot, a large painting of Brutus was suspended over the fire-place; and a representation of the insidious and profligate Voltaire was placed in a conspicuous point of view, in the act of dictating those sentiments which have so

fatally subverted the principles of religion and natural government. A tall elderly man, of genteel and conciliating address, invited me to the honour of a sitting. His harangue, or, to use Mr. Jones's word, proëmium, was as follows:—

“ Mr. Jones' having introduced you, Sir, is sufficient assurance for me that you are an honest patriot. We shall have reason, I flatter myself, to congratulate our department on the acquisition. That the glorious system of republican government will be aided by you, Sir, I have very little doubt.”

“ He then, with a complacent look, placed in my hand a paper of the last resolutions made at a recent sitting of delegates.

“ The style was inflammatory and insidious; it was calculated to please the seditious, and alarm the peaceable citizen; it spoke to the passions of ambitious and profligate men; and the designs that it held

forth were daring, but not even plausible. The Tower was proposed to be seized, the horse-guards were to be attacked by another division of citizens, and of the artillery immediate possession was to be taken. Our beloved monarch was next to fall ; he, whose virtues have instructed his subjects, whose piety has edified a rising generation, who has proved himself an affectionate and faithful husband, a good and tender father, a kind and unshaken friend, a courageous, benevolent, and patriotic sovereign, was to be suddenly attacked on his way to St. James's. The stream of the New River was to be poisoned, the houses were to be set on fire by the republican Frenchmen who had obtained an asylum in this country as emigrants in the cause of loyalty and persecuted religion. At the same moment great movements were to be made in Sheffield, Leeds, Birmingham, and Dublin, and in most of our manufacturing towns. The French were to attempt a landing in Ire-

land, where they would be joined by numerous and determined allies. "View," said the friend of Jones, and the president of the department for London, "this plan; nothing is so practicable. It will be an attempt worthy of enlightened citizens. They must be happy."

"And yet," I replied, "what a number of families will be suddenly and miserably implicated in this revolutionary system. When I reflect on the happiness of individuals, when I consider the number of men who have been trained up to support the laws of their country, to add to the administration of the existing government, to inculcate morality and religion; when I view the decent pride of family, the modest female, the youthful family, and noble and ancient institutions, the shops of the citizens abounding in opulence, the product of successful industry, the consideration that these should be pillaged by a licentious rabble, raises in me distrust and dis-

may. What a scene of terror happened in the memorable year of seventeen hundred and eighty, when the mob, aided by an intemperate fanatic, threatened destruction to civil society ; when they took possession, by storm, of the lobby of the house of commons, emptied the prisons of those whose habitual crimes had rendered them dangerous to the community, burnt the magistrates houses, and destroyed the house, books, furniture, pictures, and, what was a severe loss to the public, the manuscripts of the learned and eloquent Lord Mansfield ! Six and thirty, separate conflagrations blazed at once, leaving smoking ruins and vestiges of blood. And you may recollect, gentlemen, that more were the victims of drinking and licentiousness, than perished by the powers which the existing government had found it necessary to call in to their aid : this is the information that I have received. For my own part I was not witness to the scene, I was too

young ; but I have heard parents of families, and respectable men, speak of it with disapprobation and horror. From the past you have little success to expect, much danger to apprehend ;—besides, Sir, I address myself to you, who seem to be the manager of this system ; are you certain that the people wish to have their government changed ?”

“ But we intend to change it at all events. We must judge for them ; it is our duty to instruct them. We have sworn to do it. Tremble, O ye supporters of despotism ! I have weighed the subject maturely, and am fully prepared for the momentous struggle.”

“ I replied, by arguing on the futility of his plan, that his intended system was repugnant to sound doctrine and common sense ; that it had neither reason for its guide, nor truth for its support ; nor was it founded on experience, but on such a sandy basis as could never be said to exist for any

length of time, but always tottering and obnoxious to every blast and commotion of the discordant and tempestuous elements of which it was composed. An ancient and discerning writer has observed, that, however specious the name of democracy, it bears little resemblance to the real import of the word; but monarchy, or, as in our constitution, an aristocracy, lodged in the hands of a few, under the controul of one, however harsh it may sound, imparts real advantages to the state. For, as true virtue falls but to the portion of few, it is less difficult to find one excellent man than many. And even allowing that a tyrant may hold the rod of empire, assuredly one such master is preferable to many more, who may be equally criminal with himself.

“ Let us consult the page of history, and we shall find how soon this visionary system was laid aside by its most sanguine and ardent abettors, and that this theory might be said to be only *in nubibus*: but ten years

had elapsed from the expulsion of Tarquin, ere the infant and aspiring republic of Rome created a dictator. Jealous as she was of her liberty, she gladly had recourse, in the hour of difficulty, to an absolute power.

“ France, bleeding from the wounds inflicted by her own citizens (if a licentious rabble, the blind tools of ambitious and interested men, may be thought worthy of the name of citizens); France, I say, suffering by cruel and hot parricides, in the midst of a dangerous and external war, again demonstrated how capricious, unstable, and inefficient are popular governments. Nay, Sir, frown not; facts must be admitted. She who could not endure being ruled under a limited monarchy, by a head of her own family, if I may say so, the mild, pacific, and alas, unfortunate Capet, the descendant of the royal line of Bourbon, now willingly acquiesces in the despotic management and protectorship of a foreign consul, or rather dictator!

“Does not nature, through all her works, (I argued) abhor equality? While the industrious subject shall receive greater encouragement than the idle, so long will two distinct classes of people exist. While infirmities incapacitate the sickly, so long will the healthy man be found of more value to the state than the invalid, and receive a proportionate reward. Some are fond of the naval service, others are born to defend the innocent, and bring the guilty to justice at the bar. Is there no difference, I pray you, whether the people, as tenants to noblemen, enjoy the fruits of reciprocal attachment, founded on the basis of ancient and established usage; or, under a military government, are obliged to submit to the opinions and commands of general officers,—a tyranny worse, Mr. Jones, than even the infamous despotism of the thirty tyrants at Athens—a tyranny which once happened in this country, but which I hope we shall never see again?

“ But you, gentlemen, (pardon me if the subject leads me into peculiar warmth) because a man has not complete health, or an entirely sound constitution, would advise, nay force him to tamper with his very existence, and shorten his life by rash experiments. Why should we alter our government, because it is not that of Utopia? That is the best which has the fewest faults; and is the English government (to speak candidly) experimentally bad? Are not the avenues to the state laid open to the industrious? Property is defended—the Englishman’s house is his safety. In the courts of law, the meanest and most indigent citizen has justice, for the judges are independent. To reformists I may address the story of an Italian, who had written over his tombstone the cause of his death. ‘I was well; I wished to be better, and I died.’ I beseech you, by our prosperity; by the reverence that the good ought to pay to the laws of their country; by that abhorrence which every humane man must

have of bloodshed and civil war; by our love to our fathers, families, brethren, and children; by the respect that we ought to pay to established and venerable institutions; by the gratitude we owe to our ancestors, who, at the risk of their lives, but with the sense of the major and better part of the community, have transmitted to us a glorious constitution, the admiration of foreigners; the source of national safety and prosperity, the essence of our commerce, the wonder of ages—let us not engage in so rash and wicked an enterprise! Every good man will tremble for the consequences which innovation may produce.”

“The hearers seemed astonished at my boldness: but it was in vain that I argued with such passionate admirers of democracy. I left these misguided patriots, and, in a few days, heard that, through the evidence given by one of their party, they were surprised at one of their meetings by the runners from Bow-street, had their papers

seized, and having been found guilty of holding a treasonable correspondence with the disaffected in Ireland and England; and those aliens who were to set fire to the houses in which they were lodging, were sentenced to public execution. While I pitied their conduct, I applauded my own firmness, and felt an unspeakable and inestimable satisfaction in not having joined a faction of seditious, dissolute, and blood-thirsty patriots.

“ It was now that I was taught lessons which adversity ever enforces upon the mind of the sufferer. I envied the lighter-man and carman their offices, have thought coachmen happy; and looked at the porter, who was sinking under his weight, with wistful eyes. I would indeed have engaged myself to manual labour, but was in too weak a state, having been a long time without nourishing food.

“ Often have I, disturbed in my imagination, unable to sleep, left my garret at

night, and my fond Elinor's arms, who, suffering innocent ! little suspected my intention, and strolled through the silent and solitary street : and, as I have passed the different houses, have exclaimed, Here are marks of opulence, but will the inhabitants of these houses, to-morrow, employ me, to procure sustenance sufficient for my family to exist one day ? By the light of the lamps, I have read bills announcing plays, operas, and galas, at public places ; and yet these, I have said, will be thronged with fashion's train, who are regardless of economy, and are nice in their choice of superfluities. And now, would it gain belief, a wretch, a citizen of a wealthy metropolis, in this enlightened age, amongst all this gaiety, is literally starving and wandering in distress about the streets, whilst aliens have received money from mistaken and deluded charity. Yet—and I have been awakened from my soliloquy by a shivering wanton, who has asked me for

a trifle to buy her a glass of liquor, p
 testing that she has had nothing all c
 Not being in a temper of mind to refl
 that these wretched females are more :
 serable than myself, I have clasped
 hands in agony, blindly presumed to
 postulate with an eternal and graci
 power ; then placing them on my forehe
 have said, ' Merciful, omnipotent Bei
 let me not lose the little portion of rea
 that I still have left !'

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH MR. LESTER CONTINUES THE
HISTORY OF HIS LIFE.

“ I WILL go on with my adventures, of which none but those who experience the like can form an adequate idea.

“ As I was going out, on the landing-place I was met by my fellow-lodger, who presented me with an order for the play.

“ Nonsense,” I exclaimed ; “ you know my situation.”

“ True,” said he, “ but grief may be diverted at public places ; its sting may be rendered less pungent.”

“ He forced on me an order for admission at Drury-lane Theatre.

“ At the hour of performance I went ; the representation was the inimitable comedy of The School for Scandal.

" I was let into one of the boxes in the second row ; a young lady, elegantly dressed, occupied the front seat. She politely made room for me.

" I could not forbear observing that she was highly entertained with the comedy, and pleased that Lady Teazle escaped the dangerous seduction of the crafty and designing Joseph Surface.

" Unhappy daughter of misery ! (I apostrophised) and with such sentiments art thou fallen into an abyss of woe ; how tormented with horror and sharp torture ! Has some villain seduced thee ? and, if not rightly accompanied by some Lothario, who pays thee the fee of shameless prostitution, the price of thy health and happiness ; thou hast to seek the abode of infamous splendor and insupportable sorrow, where, left to remorse and bitterness of conscience, thou weepest till morn !

" I cast my eyes round, and a gentleman had joined her. They entered into

familiar discourse; and I found that, though such women might admire virtuous sentiments, and sympathise in the dangers to which the innocent of their own sex are exposed, they have not fortitude enough to put in practice the principles which they have sense sufficient to admire.

“The afterpiece was *The Purse*; or, the *Benevolent Tar*; and she applauded the generosity which her favourite actor, ‘*Jack B——r*,’ shewed in the character of a British tar.

“I was about to leave the theatre; when, as I was lifting up one of the benches, she slipped a billet into my hand.

“By the light which the sconces gave, I read the following words:

“If you will call to-morrow at three o’clock in the afternoon, at No. 7, Suffolk-street, you will meet a friend.

Your’s most affectionately,

MARY AMELIA SPENCER.

“I doubted whether I should return the

billet ; but, being desirous of arguing with her on the folly of her course of life, I resolved to pay her a visit.

“ At three o'clock I called in Suffolk-street. A maid-servant opened the door, and let me into the passage.

“ Is your mistress at home ?”

“ Miss Molly is at home ; but she is engaged.”

“ Her name, I was told, was Mary Amelia.”

“ What a fuss,” she replied, “ is here about a name ? I knew her in the country, when she was called by those who were related to her Polly, and more often Polk. And, as for the other name, it was given to her by no parson. She christened herself ; and, probably, if she goes on as she does, she will bury herself ere long. There's not a day passes over her head but she is ‘ how come you so ?’ Miss Mary so loves the dear creaturc.”

“ Nature, who had denied the Abigail

beauty, had given her abundant vivacity. She was as ugly as vice, but very talkative.

"This morning," she continued, "Miss Spencer told me, that being on the high lounge up Pall-Mall, in company with her friend, Miss Anna Matilda Hunt, her attention was caught by a gentleman dressed in a very fashionable coat, fashionable thick buckskin breeches, and boots, in conversation with the Duke of —."

"Her companion, Miss Hunt, told her, that the gentleman in the fashionable coat was the honourable Mr. Pellet.

"The following conversation between the Duke and the honourable Mr. Pellet was overheard by my mistress.

"I think your horse won the cup at Epsom. My horse was beat."

"Yes, Sir; and the sum which your Grace lost has helped to enrich me."

"I am glad for you, Sir; sorry for myself. But pray is your lovely sister, Miss Tankerville, to remain single all her life, and bid defiance to the attacks of the blind urchin?"

Emma deeply blushed—and the young gentleman continued his story.

The honourable Mr. Pellet laughed.

“ My Mistress was fascinated with the honourable Mr. Pellet. Never was such a handsome coat ! Never did any one look half so dashing ! With a complexion almost feminine, the honourable Mr. Pellet is certainly a pretty man. The honourable Mr. Pellet now quitted the Duke, who, at the end of the Mall, returned home, while Pellet turned up St. James’s-street. My mistress had followed him. At the pastry-cook’s, at the corner of the street, his two grooms were waiting with his curricule, and a pair of fine spirited chesnut horses ; but if my mistress loved him before, how was her passion fatally increased, as she viewed the curricule, chesnut horses, silver furniture, and grooms ! Such liveries ! Such a handsome coat ! Such a thick pair of buckskin breeches ! Such a man ! There was no parrying the stroke.

Already had he placed his foot on the step of the curricie, and now had he taken the reins in his hand, when he cast his eyes round, and saw Mary Amelia Spencer. It was a critical moment. He dissipated the embarrassment of my mistress by addressing her.

“ I have seen you before, at the theatre.”

“ Probably, Sir, I have had that pleasure.”

“ Do you feel disposed, Madam, to take an airing this morning ?”

“ He dismounted, gave her his hand, placed her in the carriage, and away they drove up St. James's-street, through Piccadilly, and into Hyde Park. She, but a few minutes ago, returned with her new acquaintance, who, not content with taking a lounge with her in the Park, and putting her down at her own door, has followed her up stairs into her apartment, where she now is. It is certainly the full of the honey-moon with the honourable Mr. Pellet and Miss Mary Amelia Spencer.”

"I wished the servant a good morning, and gave her my thanks for her civility. It was all that I could give her. Beggar that I was, I might have said, I am even poor in thanks."

"In the evening a note was brought me by this maid servant. In it was inclosed a fifty pound Bank note, and I read the address. The note I have by me. Permit me to read it to you, Miss Tankerville."

"DEAR LESTER,"

"Possibly you will be surprised at my knowing your name. But we women know more than you are aware of. It was a woman who was first seduced to pluck that cursed apple; consequently, you must allow she had the first bite. But, dear George, (you see I already know your more familiar name) I write to you, to tell you I loved you last night. Till then, I thought my dog pug, little divine creature, had engrossed all my attention; but, alas! I knew not what sentimental love was. Though

I can vouch for the truth; yet it may appear strange to hear women of my sort talk so. Yesterday I met the honourable Mr. Pellet. Such a coat he had on! Such horses he drove in his curricule, and with such skill! Besides, he pulled out a most elegant repeater, with two such large gold seals! could I help loving him? Add to all this, his horse won the cup at Epsom; and I, my own self, with my eyes, which I assure you, are very pretty and blue, saw him talk with his Grace the Duke of ——. I must not forget to tell you, my eyes are shaded with such a beautiful wig; I bought it at Ross's new, the beginning of this winter. Miss Anna Matilda Hunt is quite envious; she declares she never saw such a tasty one. But who could withstand the attractions of Jack Pellet? Can you blame me? Inclosed, I have sent you fifty pounds. I have informed myself, dear George, of your circumstances. I hear you are a hot-headed gentleman; but don't be angry at the

freedom I take. Do not thank me ; that is all I require of you : and keep my friendship for you secret. In a month's time, or six weeks at furthest, my lover will be discarded, and my heart will be open to you. I shall be sick of him in a short time, I predict. I had almost forgot to tell you, I have taken out an admission at Covent Garden, although there are four guineas difference in the price of the ticket ; but the acting company is much better than at the other house. I shall only miss Harry Johnston, who is certainly a favourite.

Yours truly,

MARY AMELIA SPENCER."

"I inclosed the money in her note, which I returned sealed, having written at the bottom of it.—

"DEAR MARY,

"Look around you, and consider, I pray you, that the female who has beauty without chastity lives in misery. Repent, good

girl. I thank you for your offer ; but circumstances of the most delicate nature preclude my acceptance of the sum. Besides, how can I employ to any good purpose the wages of your iniquity, purchased at the price of your happiness—ineestimable comfort ! Believe this as a truth from one who is what he signs himself,

YOUR REAL FRIEND,

L.”

“ I should not have mentioned this circumstance to you, but I take a pride, and trust it is an honest one, in disclosing to you the struggles I had on account of my Elinor. This was not the only victory. Similar temptations were offered to me, but I withstood them all. Affliction makes us better men ; and those men are to be envied, who, in trials of this kind, act virtuously in the eyes of him who exalteth the meek.

“ In order to communicate my distress, and the state of penury in which I was involved, I paid a visit to a young man whom

I had once intimately known, and who was acquainted with my father. For me he had ever professed the warmest friendship; I had been his convivial companion. With him I had travelled into various parts of the country; indeed I had kept the same house with him. This gentleman was a poet, an admirer of sentiment, and a most profound reader of novels : he was charmed with the character of Sir Charles Grandison ; conceived that Tom Jones might have been drawn with less vice and *more generosity*, and he would then have made an amiable character. Pamela's and Cecilia's merits and virtues were discussed over the tea-table, previous to his light repast in Berners-street, after bringing home a wanton female from the play-house. He read the character of Telemachus, as drawn by the learned and pious Fenelon for a model, with admiration. He would exclaim, while he stamped his foot on the ground, and screwed his mouth up to a narrow compass or point, his eyes appa-

rently sparkling with rapture, Beautiful passage! elegant thought! most accomplished prince! amiable son of Ulysses, most incomparable Fenelon! most virtuous bishop of Cambray! He was moreover charmed with the friendship of Pylades and Orestes, and similar histories. ‘O would I had been born,’ I have heard him say over a bottle, ‘would I had lived in those days, so fruitful in virtue! Assuredly, friendship is a most exalted virtue, but in this age there is no such thing; every man changes like theameleon, and a real friend, George, is a rare gem.’ Shakespeare had not in general drawn his characters perfect enough for his refined taste. It was in Tasso, Ariosto, and Spenser that he looked for the feast of reason.

“I will call on my friend, Elinor,” said I to my wife.

“Why did you not think of it sooner, George,” she replied? “but the distress you are in may wound his nice feelings too

sensibly I am afraid—you had better use caution, my love, with your sensible friend, and break the sad recital to him by degrees.”

“ On seeing me, he was pleased to express sentiments of the utmost pleasure. ‘ It is an age,’ he cried, ‘ since I have seen you. Plague take you, George, my dear fellow, where have you hid yourself? in what part of the globe terrestrial have you been? Have you been to the Antipodes, or on a long voyage to Herculaneum after curiosities? Or perhaps you have been on a tour, enjoying one of your pleasant excursions to the Hebrides? It was plaguy unkind of you not to let me hear from you. Well now, my fine fellow, George, we will have some glorious fun; I’ll order my curriele to be ready in a quarter of an hour. We’ll go to Brighton, positively, this evening. A promenade on the Steyne, and a supper at the Castle, will do us no harm: faith it will be an excellent scheme. In the

mean time, here is some novelty for you, my dear George, to peruse. They are verses addressed to you. Some few lines of poetry in my way; you know I am a tolerable poet."

"I knew my friend had no little vanity. Following the maxim of an elegant writer, which is, to please, when it can be done at little expence, I took the paper in my hand, and read aloud the lines, which had for their title,

ADDRESSED TO GEORGE LESTER.

Friendship, dear George, whatever folks may say,
Is not so rare, I've found it ere to-day.
That man's your friend who feels your inmost woes,
And when you are pleas'd, a heart-felt pleasure
knows;
Thinks as you think, preserves the germe of life;
Sweet plant, so sensitive, that shrinks from strife.
Neither to circumstance nor time gives place;
Absent, will shield your name from fell disgrace:
Acts as you act, seeks virtue, honour, fame,
And fans with gen'rous thoughts the hallow'd flame.
Will not with compliment or praise aver,
Like the smooth Gaul, that you, Sir, cannot err:

Nor will with Cynic scowl, or Stoic pride,
 Your foibles harshly blame, your faults deride ;
 Will drop the pitying tear, as he of old
 Wept for his country's fate, the God foretold.
 Humane, yet manly, like your good surtout,
 Warm lin'd within, tho' *dry* and rough without.
 That man's your friend, O do not such despise;
 Dear George, then closely guard the useful prize.

“ When I had read the lines, I returned them with a smile, complimented him on his exalted sentiments, and declared that such thoughts shewed his native goodness of heart. Now, Lester, I said, you are sure of succeeding in your suit ; when a man writes lines like these, he must have an affectionate heart. I am much deceived in my judgment, if this is not the case with my friend. You are in high luck.—But when I unfolded to him my situation, he at first affected to be incredulous to my tale of sorrow, smiled, and asked me if I was as gay as usual. Indeed, with the remainder of my money, I had redeemed some of my best suits of clothes, that I might make a

more respectable appearance; for by this time I had found that the world judges by appearances, and paid some attention to those individuals of their acquaintance, who did not seem absolutely to want their support. But this man baffled all my experience, though, on account of the reason above-mentioned, I was still his dear friend, a second Pylades.

"I undeceived him, assured him of the truth of my statement, that it was no coinage of my fancy, and requested his assistance by the friendship that he professed for me. You would have smiled, Miss Emma, but it would have been with indignation, to have seen how this *real friend* (who had professed himself not to act like the smooth Gaul, the harsh Cynic, or the proud and conceited Stoic, but to resemble my good surtout, warm lined within) changed his tone, and divested himself of his lining. 'Are you serious?' said he, shuddering, as if he had heard the vengeful rattle-snake,

or seen his evil genius, which had already met him at the place of appointment. 'Are you serious?' he repeated; 'good God, the son of the rich Mr. Lester a pauper! but it cannot be true; you are joking. I should as soon believe the stream to have flowed backwards to its source, as that chill penury should have been the lot of the only son of the rich Mr. Lester.' But when I reassured him in the most convincing terms of the truth, and urged him with pathetic remonstrances to grant me some aid, he reprimanded me for being so extravagant; entirely changed his note; said that I might still share his confidence; assured me that he had predicted this sad change some time ago, and it was out of the great esteem and friendship he had for my deceased father, that he now ventured to remonstrate with me; a task very disagreeable to a man of his known principles and tender feelings, and universal benevolence and sympathy; for he knew how headstrong I

was, and subject to *passion*; for such rare jewel of a friend was pleased to call my warmth of temper. He moralized further: no unpleasing task, as I have observed, to people who are full of sentiment; affirmed, that he had always lived within his income, and trusted no man; that he could not, to speak the truth, (for which no man had a greater regard than himself) afford to lend me money at present, it was so much an article for speculation; but he would suffer me to be his debtor for five shillings, to buy me a dinner, and procure me a lodging at night; hoping, however, that he should never see me on a similar occasion. He then looked at his watch, which he had held in his hand from the time he was first informed that I was in narrow circumstances; laughed in my face, and told me he had an immediate engagement, for which he was going to dress, but I might amuse myself, until he went out, with two or three books and a Review, which lay on the side-board.

Stung to the quick, I know not what I said ; but treated him with merited contempt, consoling myself in the natural resentment of injured pride.

“ To such a wretch, it would have been wasting time to relate the distress of my poor Elinor, who was indeed much to be pitied; and my little suffering innocent, who that very morning had devoured the last roll that was left in the house, and was, probably, asking at that moment for more bread. My lips quivered while I asked him if he intended to take another convenient companion to Brighton, in the place of his once dear George, for whose father he had entertained formerly such esteem, and for whom he had once professed such friendship; one who would bear part of his expences, walk with him on the Steyne, and sup with him at the Castle?

“ One evening, with my last shilling, I went to a coffee-house in my neighbourhood : I was drinking a cup of coffee, and

looking over the advertisements in one of the morning prints, when, opposite to me in the same box, sat an elderly gentleman, who seemed attentively to survey me.

“ You seem, young man, in great distress,” said he feelingly.

“ The tears stood in my eyes, and I told him, explicitly, that no one could be more miserable than myself in the universe.

“ Forgive me,” answered the old gentleman, “ I do not mean to be impertinent; I intend being your friend.”

“ Moved by his pathetic manner, and captivated by his benevolent look, I replied,

“ At this moment, I have no resources, no money to take home to procure sustenance for my family, suffering from dreadful want. O God of Heaven! (I apostrophised) look with pity on thy poor, helpless, and visited creatures.”

“ Ceremony is not my forte,” rejoined my companion. “ Much time has passed

away since I have left it to boys and young men, who have to make their advances in a world which I am afraid is often base, and but unworthily recompences merit. Nay, shun me not; though I am serious, and apt to moralise from reflection and experience, I am no deceiver. My fortune is made, I thank Heaven. In commerce I have been successful, and have accumulated a more than sufficient competence for me and my heir. Who that will be I am at a loss to say at present. I may be forced to leave it to some good charity, if I cannot find a deserving young man. But it seems, unless I am very, very much mistaken, that I have, young gentleman, met with one to-day." He offered to shake me by the hand, in token of friendship, extending his across the table, while his face was a pleasing picture of his humane mind. Pretending that he had a cold, he pulled out his handkerchief, applied it to his eyes, and I observed that he wiped the tears from

them, while he addressed me in a compassionate manner.

“ My name is Barret; will you favour me with yours in return ?”

“ I informed him, that my name was **Lester.**

“ What ! the son of Ned Lester, the merchant ?”

“ The same.”

“ Zounds ! what my old honest friend, who lived in New Broad-street ? And are you indeed, young man, his son ? Well, tell ; he might, in faith, have been proud of such a boy. And,—waiter, bring me some punch—I will, I am resolved, drink to your good health, and our more intimate acquaintance. Faith, you shall, my boy, notwithstanding the chances have been against you in the world, drink success to trade. Eh ! I beg pardon, is not your christian name George ?”

“ You seem to have known me, Sir, formerly.”

“ Aye, George—’tis not in mortals to

command success. But *you may* do more, deserve it.

“Waiter, James, quick, bring me, this instant, a bowl of good punch ; make it strong, and put plenty of sugar and spirits in it. Why, zounds ! I did hear that you was distressed, and had married a beautiful young woman. Yes, it is true, I heard that your wife was a very beautiful creature, and that she was, the more is the pity, the daughter of the Earl of Harcourt, who is as proud as Lucifer. I suppose he shuts himself up in his house, and blockades it as if he was afraid of being taken by surprise. I did not know you at first, for you are grown out of all knowledge ; you are not the little curly-headed play-fellow I remember, when you was as high as the table.”

“The punch was brought, and we drank copiously of it. It invigorated my spirits, and the old gentleman’s heart was laid open ; so generous a man I had seldom found.

“ Will you sup with me to-night ? Bachelor’s fare, no wife or children, no — Eh ! what’s the name of old Lucifer’s daughter ? I beg her pardon for abusing such a hard-hearted rascal as her father is.”

“ Her name is, my good Sir, Elinor.

“ Elinor ! aye, so it is. Well then, here’s good health and happiness to Elinor. Come, let me fill your glass : when I was as young as you, George, your father, honest Ned Lester, and myself, have drank many a pint bumper of this excellent beverage. It was the fashion to envelope ourselves in clouds of tobacco, and to get merry with this tart, but pleasant mixture.”

“ The old gentleman seemed to admire the liquor he had been fond of in his youth.

“ A servant came to tell him his chariot was waiting.

“ He called for a bill; having discharged our expences, he shook me by the hand with a warmth which I had seldom experienced

of late, and putting on his hat, and placing his hand on my shoulder, he kindly said, "I am most happy to have met with the son of my friend. You must allow me to call him so. You may tell the world, that old Zachary Barret knows them before to-day ; knows, ay, every individual character of them. Eh! George, you shall laugh at them as much as you like ; I will make you heir to all my property. Thank God, we have honest men left, who will think they are simply doing their duty, when they save a fellow-creature from destruction. But whip me the selfish fellow that will not. If you are, young gentleman, but as excellent a man, and have a heart made of as tough and good materials as my old friend had, your honoured father, you may look any man in the face, whatever his condition may be, and say you do not care a Birmingham halfpenny or a brass farthing for him : aye, let him be the first in the land : eh ! George."

" Who shall go about
 To cozen fortune and be honourable,
 Without the stamp of merit ? Let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity.
 O that estates, degrees and offices,
 Were not derived corruptly, that clear honour
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer !
 How many then should cover that stand bare,
 How many be commanded that command ?"

" But come, my good fellow, you cannot
 live upon poetry ; your dear father used to
 say, Pindar, and Homer, and Shakespeare,
 and Tom D'Urfey, would not answer
 drafts ; mere Grub-street."

" He pulled out his watch.

" Early to-morrow morning, without fail,
 I will take the opportunity of calling on
 your wife, and see you settled comfortably.
 Where do you live ? In the joy of my heart
 to see the son of an old friend, and to shake
 hands with a play-fellow, I never once asked
 you where you lived."

" I acquainted him that my lodgings
 were in Little George-street, in a miserable
 garret.

“ Why, Sirrah, how came you reduced to such lodgings? you have been letting generosity get the better of discretion; but it is not in the power of man to recall past events, eh! my friend George? We must alone guard against the future, eh! my good fellow? No putting old heads on young shoulders.”

“ I followed the old gentleman into his chariot; he took the precedence of me, with the old maxim of age before youth; and saying, as it was his intention to be a parent to me, it was but right that I should behave to him with the duty of a son.

“ We soon reached his house. He desired me to walk up stairs. We entered an elegant apartment, fitted up most sumptuously. He then went to his escritoir, and, taking out from a drawer a bank bill of a hundred pounds, placed it in my hands, excusing himself for not giving me more, by saying, that it was all the money he had in the house, but it would serve me possibly till the next day, when, if I would

do him the pleasure of breakfasting with him, he would shew what friendship he had conceived for the son of honest Ned Lester, whom he assured me he loved for the spotless and firm integrity of his character as a British merchant, and a private gentleman.

“ I was obliged to take the money ; he would have me his debtor.

“ You, Miss Tankerville, who have a susceptible soul, may form some idea of what my feelings were, at my finding such a good friend, such a worthy character, such a disinterested attachment.

“ It was late before I quitted him. To a great knowledge of the world, he added a most generous spirit and openness of manners. And how pleasant is consolation to the afflicted. Unburdened of my weight of sorrow, I hastened home, having taken leave of my good and valuable friend, to communicate the intelligence to my wife. For her I now purchased some of the necessaries, and a small share of the conveniences of life.

“ After redeeming from the pawnbroker's the remainder of my clothes, and having dressed myself, I called the next morning on my benefactor to breakfast with him; but what was my surprise and grief, when I was informed that the generous man had died suddenly in the course of the night, that he had been seized with the most violent spasms, that the servant, in answer to the bell, had found Mr. Barret struggling in a strong fit, of which he soon died.

“ Disappointed of paying my grateful acknowledgments to my benefactor, by this very sudden calamity, I returned home with a dejected and melancholy countenance, oppressed with additional grief and misfortune.

“ My wife perceived that I was afflicted. ‘ My dear husband,’ she thus endeavoured to give me firmness, ‘ when the clergyman pronounced the marriage ceremony over us, and united a fond pair together, (may heaven forget me when I forget its duties) I promised to share your ill and good

fortune. Shall I now turn recreant in the hour of danger and trial ? No ! I will rather endeavour to set before your eyes a pattern of fortitude. Tell me, George, wherefore is it you sigh, my dearest, why are you, my love, thus agitated ? It is unkind now not to tell me your distress. I am your wife, and you ought to acquaint me with your sorrows : I have a right to know them. Who has so good a title ? An exile from the world, pursued by meagre indigence, to what place canst thou fly but to my bosom ? Did you not support me, George, when you was in affluent circumstances, and shall I now disown my indulgent husband, or prove less faithful to him in the hour of affliction ? Our misfortunes, it must be owned, my dear, are great.' Here she stooped to kiss her infant Edward, who was sitting at her feet, while the big tear of maternal affection stopped awhile her utterance. Ashamed of shewing this tenderness, she proceeded : ' True, our

misfortunes are great ; but constancy, resignation, and virtue, my dearest, are in our power. Lester, why are you so downcast ? cheer up, my love. The goods that I have mentioned to you are your own ; treachery cannot deprive or wheedle you out of them ; fortune cannot rob you of treasures of the utmost importance, believe me, to your honest and noble mind. Cheer up ! cheer up ! my George, who knows what another day may bring. And you, Edward, go my little love, do go, and kiss your poor father—go, and, alas ! strive to comfort him, my child.’

“ The child obeyed my Elinor, ran to me, kissed my face, and prattled about his new shoes and white frock, which my wife had purchased for him, and his little story book, with nice, pretty prints in it.

“ With energy I clasped my hands together, and, on my knees, supplicated the all-gracious and benevolent Deity to take the bitter cup ; out of his inexhaustible mer-

cy, from the hand of his helpless suppliant. I entreated Heaven to make me worthy of my exalted and affectionate wife.

“ Our benefactor is dead, Elinor !

“ My Elinor wept, and paid the tribute of a deep sigh to the memory of Barret.

“ With a voice inexpressibly sweet, she thus lamented our departed friend, as she upraised her languishing and soft blue eyes to heaven.

“ Thou art gone, then ; thou, whom I have never yet had the happiness of seeing ; but thou hast been a friend and benefactor to my beloved George—to my poor George thou wast kind, and heaven reward thee for it. I had thought to have shown thee my little Edward dressed in the clothes your beneficence purchased for him ; but it is the lot of mortality to cherish hopes which the wisdom of Providence destroys. Thou wouldst have bound up the wounds of us poor travellers, whose feet have bled with the unevenness of the flinty path. Good man, thou shalt have the full

and joyful reward of thy righteous stewardship! (her heart throbbed.) May my child,' said Elinor emphatically, 'may my poor helpless babe emulate thy virtue!'

"Be comforted, my Elinor, my life, I interrupted. You promised to shew me a fortitude worthy of Arria, or any heroine whom the page of history has immortalized. Have you attempted to suck the venom from my heart, and shall I leave you to suffer a martyrdom by your kindness, and to perish? Shall I try no antidote, while there is one at hand? The father to the fatherless still beholds my jewel, my pretty Edward, my dearest boy.

"This detail may be troublesome, Miss Tankerville, I am afraid."

"Not at all, dearest Sir," replied Emma. "What a charming wife must Elinor Harcourt be. I am really myself in love with her." She blushed, as she passed a merited eulogium on the wife of Lester, who proceeded.

"Well, charming Miss Emma, of the

remainder of the money which I had left from the bounty of Mr. Barret, I determined to be very careful. Experience, I thought, had taught me wisdom; when some demon suggested to me a speedy way of getting immeasurably rich. That way led to the gaming-table! Not having sufficient stock to risk my money at hazard, I preferred a game of which I had once been very fond, and was reckoned an adept. I went to a fashionable billiard-table in St. James's-street, took up a cue, and commenced my trial. I betted on my own play. My opponent disguised his play; and was cool and collected. My mind was irritated, impatient, and distressed. I had been drinking some wine at home, by the persuasion of my faithful Elinor, which, from my not being used even to a small quantity, had raised my spirits. My adversary, who I afterwards learned was a professed gamester, got his living by playing billiards, drank only water, and closely followed a regimen. My nerves, in

addition to these opposite circumstances, were shaken, of course the play was in his favour. When I had lost my last shilling, and fortune had declared me stripped and pennyless, I received intimation that I had been duped by a cajoling sharper. I had sufficient philosophy to attribute the effects to the right causes, that is, to self-love, and the utmost weakness, conceit, and error of judgment ; and I blamed myself that these causes had conspired to reduce me to my desperate situation.

“ I had promised my Elinor better fortune. Ashamed to look her in the face, I returned home frantic with grief and vexation. I will return to that asylum, said I, the peace of which I have most ungratefully destroyed. Fool, wretched, blind, and arrogant fool that I am !

“ That angelic woman was as indulgent as ever. She embraced me, and folded me in her arms. ‘ I have determined, in your absence,’ said she, ‘ to call on my father.’

She then assumed a gaiety of spirits, and, with her brilliant sallies of pleasing wit and genuine eloquence, endeavoured to entertain me, and lull the phrensy which possessed me.

"Little Edward was dressed in his best clothes, and accompanied his mother to the Earl of Harcourt.

"She knocked at the door, while her sensitive soul throbbed with agony. She shuddered at the thought of seeing her father for the first time since our union.

"A powdered lacquey, dressed in a splendid and costly livery, while the daughter of his master wanted the necessaries of life, opened the door.

"Your name, Madam, if you please."

"My name is Lester."

"I have received particular orders from my master to admit no one of that name."

"I am his daughter, Sir, and must see him."

The honest man was moved.

“ Though I should incur the Earl’s displeasure, Madam, and lose my place, I will let you see him.”

[“ Good creature,” apostrophised Lester “ thou wilt be rewarded at some future time for thy behaviour to the daughter of that harsh and unfeeling nobleman !”]

“ My wife fell on her knees at the feet of her father. She endeavoured to embrace them ; a flood of tears bespoke the agony of her soul, and shewed her penitence for our rash but tender and affectionate union.

“ Her inhuman father pronounced curses on the head of his devoted child, calling her the disgrace of her family ; reproached my distressed Elinor for her want, cursed her penitence as the vile cant and hypocrisy of an unfeeling strumpet, and, with violent menaces, bade her quit the house, and take her detested little vagrant with her—ordering the servant, who had admitted her, to follow the cause of his dismissal.

“ My poor wife, who was far advanced in a state of pregnancy, miscarried from this additional grief. What remained for me to do? The few articles of value which I had, I converted into ready money; and, driven to a resource from which, in reality, I formed no very sanguine expectations, I called on a school-fellow with whom I had once been intimate, and to whom I had more than once done some service in business. As I only went to him for the purpose of obtaining advice, I doubted not but I might succeed; at the same time aware, that if I should solicit him for pecuniary relief for kindness conferred, on the plea of former intimacy, the chances were a hundred to one that I failed.

“ At the outset of our interview he looked discontented; but when I had made him understand that to borrow money was not my intention, but that I only came to him for advice, his countenance cleared up. He bade me welcome, and invited me to dinner:

‘to be sure he had not been apprised of his having the pleasure of my company, or he would have prepared something better; but I must put up with pot-luck’—ending his protestations with these words—‘Do, my good Sir, let me entreat you to be seated.’ In short, a stranger would have supposed him the most faithful friend that a man could possibly have; and not that I had merely pleased him, by flattering him with requesting his advice.”

“And so, good Sir, I imagine you propose going into business.”

“I have not sufficient capital, I replied, for such an undertaking.”

“O, money is no object.”

I expressed my great astonishment.

“No object, I assure you,” he continued; “you can hire a shop and house on a long lease, let ready furnished lodgings and board, at two guineas and a half a week, which will more than repay you, even supposing that you should only have one gentleman in your

house. Then purchase goods of an opulent tradesman in town, one who can afford to give the longest credit; charge exorbitantly for your goods; make your customers, if you can, pay ready money, by pretending to allow them a discount; to turn the scale is fair in trade, you know, Sir; and if you cannot discharge the lease of your house, or pay for your stock in trade, at the time settled, why you must declare yourself a bankrupt; avail yourself of the indulgence and protection of the law, which is luckily in your favour; consign what money you have to a confidential friend, and pay threepence in the pound—not an unhandsome dividend; or else, complaining of the hardness of the times, request longer credit. If you succeed in trade, turn merchant; and, to keep the penny going, as the old adage has it, buy a ship, freight it with sham packages of saw-dust, sand, or ballast, go shares with the captain, who is to sink the vessel, and cheat the in-

some who will pay you for the ship that is supposed to be ACCIDENTALLY lost, and her valuable cargo.

" But if you do not like these methods, there are many other ways of enriching yourself, all equally safe and easy. What think you of attending the courts of law? There are attorneys who will be generous enough to fee you with money at the price of a little equivocation. You may take in a young tradesman and minor partner, by asking him to give the names of the firm of his house, and thus deeply and successfully involve him."

" I had let him proceed thus far, to see how black a villain he was; but I could not prevail on my reason to hear more. Darting a severe frown of indignation and abhorrence, I abruptly quitted the presence of a man whose look became intolerable to me.

" Being unable to meet my wife, or listen to the artless caresses and supplicating en-

es of my child, which, I knew, would
 d me to the heart's core; reduced to
 itterness of poverty, I at length, with
 ible sophistry, had argued myself into
 ropriety of suicide, when the bailiffs
 rday arrested me in the public streets,
 e bond that I had given in security for
 radesman who had invited me to dine
 urtle, and a ham stewed with claret,
 ous to his absconding; when you,
 ring and kind Miss Tankerville, res-
 me (here the countenance of Emma
 ged to a deep crimson); when you,
 the gentle voice of sympathy, restored
 o seeming happiness, and to the arms
 / grateful Elinor. I trust I shall never
 t the obligation."

: had finished; but not before Emma
 epeatedly complained of an intolerable
 -ache and intense heat, and put her
 ened handkerchief to her streaming

Then, smiling like the sun in the
 of watery April, when he looks through

the clouds, she addressed him courteously :
 “ And how much are you in debt, Sir ? I must insist on knowing it.”

“ The sum, Miss Tankerville, is great. Eleven hundred pounds will barely cover the demands.”

She took a pen from a glass inkstand, and wrote on a slip of paper, which she gave into Lester's hands.

“ Be pleased, Sir, to accept my draft for two thousand. Come, no excuses, Mr. George Lester ; pardon me—no, it must not be returned—I positively will not take my draft again. Good heaven ! So you will not let me do a good action.—Let me tell you, Mr. Lester, if you do not receive it from my hands, you will make me very angry with you, when I have so much reason to be pleased with your general conduct. No, Sir ; I will not be persuaded to take it again—let not false pride get the mastery of laudable affection for your suffering Elinor and your poor little Ned.”

She placed, with the utmost entreaties, the draft in the hands of the grateful and speechless Lester. "You will dine with me to-day, and I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to my aunt, Mrs. Maitland, who is in love with your little cherub. You will not fail to oblige me also with the pleasure of an introduction to Mrs. Lester. I know your father-in-law. I have the happiness of a familiar acquaintance with him; and have heard him, notwithstanding his harsh and almost unpardonable treatment, mention his daughter with evident marks of sorrow. I have no doubt, haughty as he is, of reconciling him to you, and promise you my hearty assistance. I can assure you, my aunt Maitland is an excellent politician. Lester's eyes sparkled with gratitude—he made the most sincere acknowledgments, bowed, and retired.

At dinner in Portland-street that evening, were seated Mrs. Maitland and her niece, the amiable heroine whom I intend

to immortalize, and Mr. and Mrs. Lester. A more happy party there could not be—the desert was gratitude, and inexpressible pleasure, which fell to the share of Emma.—She had pressed the bashful but elegant Elinor to reciprocal friendship. In them, she viewed her own future happiness, and that of Sir Henry Moreton, if unfortunate destiny threw nothing in their way to oppose it. She likewise revelled in the luxurious thought of having saved a faithful pair from misery, and opened a prospect of their future felicity.

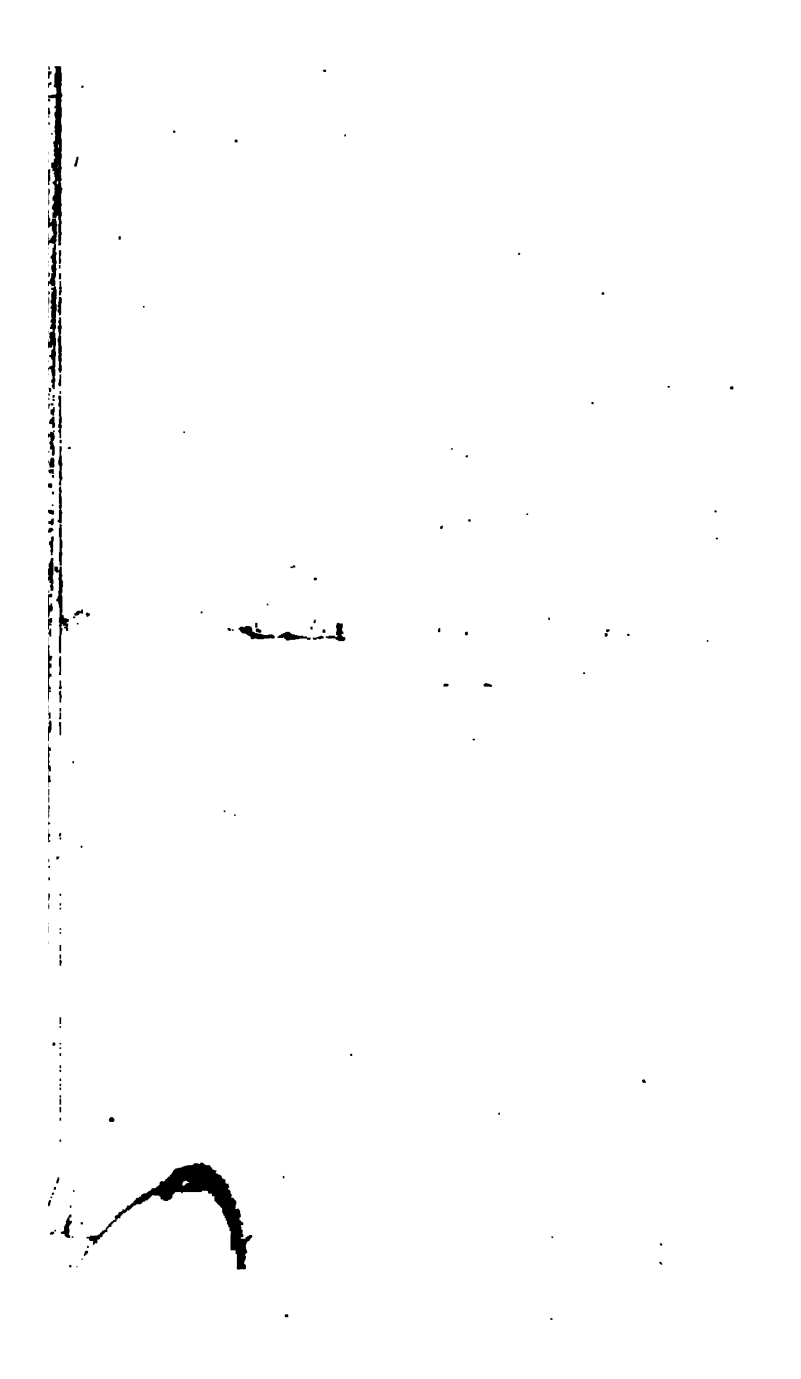
END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

T. Gillet, Printer, Salisbury Square.

▲

PICTURE FROM LIFE

VOL. II.



A
PICTURE FROM LIFE:

OR,

THE HISTORY

OF

EMMA TANKERVILLE

AND

SIR HENRY MORETON.



QUID DECEAT, QUID NON; QUID VIRTUS, QUID FERAT ERROR.
HOR.

BY HENRY WHITFIELD, M.A.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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A NEW LOVER.—A MODEST DECLARATION OF LOVE.—THE INTRODUCTION OF DR. ANAPEST.

THE honourable Mr. Pellet, who entertained a real affection for his cousin, determined to pay her a visit, and declare his intentions of offering her his hand and fortune. He concluded this as a matter already granted, and that he had but to make known his suit; and he was confident that his cousin, beautiful as she was, could not withstand his charms.

As he surveyed himself in a glass the

morning he determined to call on her and declare his passion, he uttered the following soliloquy :

“ Emma ’s too fine a girl to remain single. Who must she marry then ? Why the matter is obvious ; the argument runs thus : Emma is single ; single women may be courted, and their consent won if followed with perseverance. I intend to court Emma, and to persevere until I gain her consent ; ergo, I must be married to my cousin Emma, who is a single woman ; *cadit argumentum, rectè respondisti.*” Excellent logician ! He had forgotten, however, how superior truth is to all the jargon of logic, and that the lady could set aside his arguments by a single negative : but when he cast down a look on his fashionable buckskin breeches, his waistcoat about twelve inches in length, and his elegant coat, he considered the case as absolutely certain, imagining that the match was agreed upon, that the bride-clothes were bespoke, and only dreading the fatigue of the ceremony

which he must undergo on this momentous occasion.

Having rung the bell for a servant to bring him a decanter of brandy, he drank a large glass of it, hitting his boots, which were particularly neat, with a switch ; then again surveying himself in the glass, and humming an opera tune, prepared to storm the fort ; occasionally saying, as he walked along Portland Street, " Emma's no fool ; no, damme, there will be no resisting a man of my appearance ; that's certain." He found Emma reading a favourite and instructive poet ; but on seeing him she laid aside her book, and the following conversation took place :

" How do you do, cousin, to-day ?"

" I am tolerably well," Pellet replied, sighing ; " and it is in your power to restore my health completely, Emma."

" Do tell me how, cousin : I shall be extremely glad to know."

" Why," rejoined Pellet, hesitating, then

going to the glass and surveying himself attentively, afterwards bowing superciliously and with great affectation to his cousin, “ why, in one word, I wish to marry you; to make you my wife ; and, upon my soul, I flatter you in my choice. You are, Emma, the only girl for whose sake I would submit to fixing myself in the noose of wedlock ; but you can as sure prove deuce-ace are not crabs, as make the odious idea tolerable.”

“ My good cousin, there are two or three cogent objections to the plan. In the first place, you must win my consent ; which were I disposed to grant, could you promise me faithfully and conscientiously that you would not prefer your horses and dogs to the care of your wife. Would not the incomparable Somers-town, the beautiful Flora, your favourite Dido, take up a great great deal of your time ? and what would your poor wife do ? For my part, I take no pleasure in leaping a five-barred gate ; and should feel, I fear, little interest in listening

to your accounts of how many shots at partridges you have had, and in what field you put up a hare ; or, in the fishing season, how many rare and most excellent bites you had. Such recitations, good cousin Peller, give me not that exquisite pleasure which you may imagine and may flatter yourself they ought to produce. As for guns, I hate them ; dog-whips are my aversion, and powder-horns I abhor ; nor can I endure the constant sight of shooting jackets, hunting coats, spurs, and riding caps ; besides, John, you must expect to find me frequently occupied in reading the unrivalled Shakspeare, the descriptive Thomson, the plaintive Goldsmith, the didactic and critical Pope, the moral Fordyce, the ingenious Hume, the intelligent Rapin, the pathetic Beattie, the refined Hayley, the comic Sheridan, the laughter-moving Reynolds and Morton, the descriptive and chaste authoress of Cecilia and Evelina, the imitator of nature and the panegyrist of female

the same evening, I found an extraordinary
assemblage of persons, the learned Doctor
Harris, the learned barrister you with
many others, and the member Milnes,
the young French, the musician Cowley,
the elegant painter, &c. &c. of the prize
poetry of the evening.

"I found, I said, that I should
have to have a picture of the words of the
poet, the historian, the poetical Robins,
the poetical Robinson, the portraits of
several of the great men and some paint-
ings of the same."

Here the honourable Mr. Feller ran
through a favourite whiff: that finished,
he exclaimed, "A good thing that I find
I can do."

"And another insuperable objection is,"
said my fair cousin, after she had indulged
herself with a laugh at his lengthened coun-
tenance, on which astonishment and disap-
pointment were portrayed: "How do you
know that I have not previously engaged

myself to enter into a state of matrimony with a more fortunate lover? though I must confess, he is one who does not *show* half the dashing features of life that you do; and as for his excellencies, I have had the greatest difficulty to discover them; for, excepting one particular instance, he has, dear John, kept all his good actions concealed from me; nor should I have known his virtues, but from the panegyric passed on him, during his absence, by his bosom friend. My suitor is a man, without drawing any invidious comparison, of the strictest virtue, and possessing that basis of all moral excellence, prudential conduct, and regular economy."

"Oh, I know," said Pellet; "I am not so blind either, though I cannot see into a millstone; yet, as Hodge says,

'I am not such a fool, tho' I says it myself,
But I knows a sheep's head from a carrot.'

"I hav'n't driven four in hand for nothing; kept a curricule with dashing lamps

at Cambridge; thrown in six mains running at Brooks's; attended all the meetings at Newmarket, fleeced the knowing ones, made a handicap, fixed a match, or won a sweepstakes; drank four bottles of burgundy, two of old hock, and three of claret, at a sitting. No, no, Miss Emmy, I may be a d—d bad one, I agree; but I am no fool, either. In a word, cousin Emmy, the match is not a good one, the bite won't take; I shall be dished if I attempt to stand 'the hazard of the die,' as Shakspeare has it, and so I'll be off. And now, as our old poacher has it again, 'a little more than kin, and less than kind,' what say you, my beautiful Olivia, to going to Newmarket races to-morrow at nine o'clock a. m. precisely, by my gold stop-watch? If so, say the word, pack up your clothes, sweet Olivia; and, instead of the Comedy of Errors, I mean a trip to Gretna Green, for the purpose of sacrificing on the altar of Venus, where old Cyclops, a priest borrowed from

her husband's workshop, forges plagued hard chains,—we roll over the Beacon, pass through the Devil's Ditch, and arrive at a place where Hermes, the god of thieves, is duly and most punctiliously worshipped. Believe me, sweet little witch, you will see plenty of pigeons there; and I beg you will take notice that I have not forgot my classics. While seven's the main I shall always recollect Horace. To resume the subject, there will be excellent sport, I do assure you; I have myself three matches."

"It is rather sudden, coz; but since you have *goodnaturedly* pleased me, I will endeavour to accord with your wishes, and I will go to the races."

"That's a good girl," rejoined Pellet; "and may Laura never win me a race, may Mary be distanced, and Louisa bolt, and may I throw crabs a whole evening, if I ever mention love to you again; though—" hitting meanwhile his boot-tops, which could scarcely deserve the name, as they

covered nearly the whole calf of his leg, he vauntingly boasted — “you might have fared worse, let me tell you; but you are a good girl, and so adieu for the present. Does old madam Stately go with us? I take it she will, without a division or a protest on her part, unless the important news that arrived in London by the last night’s mail should detain her. Well, adieu, Emmy. Plague take this Comedy of Errors. Good luck to you, girl; though you should not have a *prince* of men for your husband, you may have Sebastian, ‘my lovely Emma. May you never meet a worse offer. Yet, to speak truth, you are a jewel; no compliment; a lurch is a lurch, call it as you like; and a love-game, Emmy, is a bad game I find. Let sir Henry Moreton, who must know his cue by this time, play it in my stead, touch the Spanish pocket himself, and make you happy; and, since you cannot shine a jewel in my diadem, charming mistress, you may dine with your beloved at

the Horns. You understand me. Come, don't be angry; I owe you a turn for that confounded long catalogue of authors, whose names and qualities you gave me; as racers, capital hunters, and draft and saddle horses have their different points and excellencies eloquently described when they are put up to the hammer at Tatterfal's or Aldridge's. Adieu, my lovely cousin."

Mrs. Maitland came into the room soon after Pellet was gone, and Emma was reading to her some passages from the author she had taken up to peruse, when doctor Anapest presented himself to the ladies.

Doctor Anapest had been educated at Oxford, and was formerly the preceptor of the honourable Mr. Pellet. One peculiarity he had, which I cannot forbear mentioning, an aversion to all Cambridge graduates. Bred up at a public school, doctor Anapest had distinguished himself for his knowledge in classics at a very early age. He could trace a verb through all the simples, com-

pounds, primitives, conjugations, dialects, paradigms, tenses, and moods. It was on account of his wonderful sagacity and profound skill in etymology, that he had acquired from his comrades the distinguished name of Walking Lexicon.

Quotations from the old bard of Chios, the sly rogue Horace, his modest friend Virgil, that shuffler Ovid, flowed as fast from his mouth as he could speak the *επεα πλεονεκτα*, *irrevocabilia verba*, or signs of our ideas. His learned and complex discourse resembled the incessant noise of the bird of ill omen, and he carried an Elzevir classic in his coat pocket, as it is the custom with other men to carry almanacks. The present race of mortals was, in his dogmatic opinion, *progenies vitiosior*, and his circumlocution of language was perambulatory to fastidiousness. In the company of females, noblemen, or merchants, his colloquies were indifferent. He vented his bile on those who were hardy enough to dispute with

him in extemporaneous sallies of a classical imagination ; and to indulge in reciprocation of reproaches and clamorous altercation, seemed to him a source of pleasure. Yet he was blamable that he supposed his knowledge to be congealed by the frigorific power of timidity, and never published any elaborate composition. However, he, by this silence, escaped the censure of the unsparing critic, as he avoided ‘ the frigid villany of studious lewdness,’ ‘ the calm malignity of laboured impiety.’”

His shoemaker and taylor spoke of him as a man of vast *larning*, and a great *scholar*, take their words for it. Notwithstanding his dread of publishing the effects of midnight study, he would frequently speak abruptly of himself in faithful imitation of the authors of note among the ancients. He indeed knew more of the Trojan or the Peloponnesian war, the war between Mithridates and the Romans, than the battles of Marlborough, the Ameri-

can war, or the present contest in which we are engaged. Of the situation of the Hellespont and the Peloponnesus, the doctor was well informed; he could place his finger on the isthmus of Corinth; but he was totally ignorant of the latitude and longitude of Quebec, Louisiana, Martinique, Guadeloupe, St. Lucie, Denmark, and Sweden. Was a stranger to the nature, climate, and inhabitants of the North, and those countries which are not mentioned by the writers of the Augustan age, or not described by Pomponius Mela. Cellarius was the only modern geographer he had carelessly consulted. No Grecian was better acquainted with the merits of the Athenian admirals, Conon and Themistocles; no man could discourse more elaborately on the industry of the merchants of Phœnicia, or the trade of Carthage; nor did any Roman understand their civil law better than the learned doctor Anapest; yet of the merits of a Nelson, Duncan, or lord Vincent, he was totally

ignorant. Did a stranger ask him his opinion of certain important acts of parliament; particular trade, the East India, slave, or Turkey trade, he was told that the Roman ships were constructed with benches for oars; that power over slaves was allowed by the Roman law; and that he was not acquainted with such a place as Turkey. Of the sect of Aristippus, doctor Anapest had learned to eat at the tables of the great, where he delivered, from an ore rotundo, streams of eloquence, which he had pumped up from their genuine springs. Chorusses from Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus; but his resources were unfurnished with any passage from any modern play. To speak the truth, which no consideration shall induce me to violate, he knew not that Otway or Sheridan had written plays. He had, indeed, from curiosity, perused, accompanied with a Horace and Cicero, the plays of Cataline and Sejanus, by honest Ben Jonson. But the criticisms of modern plays

he received with a true sardonic grin, as if men of this degenerate age could write.

Waddling, unwieldy, enormous in his gait, doctor Anapest entered the room. Having been tutor to Emma's cousin in his childhood, he was immediately known by Mrs. Maitland and her niece.

"How do you do, doctor?" said the former lady.

"Suaviter ut nunc est, domina, atque omnia quæ vis."

"Cannot you contrive, good doctor, to translate the Latin in which you are such an adept, for the benefit of unlearned females," answered Emma, with an arch smile on her countenance.

"Yes, fascinating nymph, beauteous rosebud, I will explain to you the English indefinitely, bravely as times are, and all things co-incident to your volition."

"Say rather entirely at your service, that is, with your approbation, doctor," rejoined Mrs. Maitland.

The doctor obsequiously inclined his body ; but, in the act of conducting his corporeal inclination, the foretop of his wig, which had been skilfully raised by a friseur, shook out abundantly pulverised fragrance, and his feet tripped, being impeded in the carpet, and letting his stick fall, which he had bought at a great price of an artful merchant, who had told him that it came from the grove of Ilyffus, he, in endeavouring to prevent its being damaged, measured the ground with his length, falling prostrate at the feet of the blushing Emma.

Me miserum dicturus erat—when a French lap-dog laid hold of his coat, and Anapest, afraid of his garment being damaged, was obliged to oppose his adversary. His countenance was overspread with a deeper saffron ; again did his hat fall on the ground ; and it was with difficulty he could stammer out any apology.

“ Madam, Miss Tankerville, forgive me ; acquit the unhappy Anapest of intentionally

offending you ; you, who have from Venus,
the goddess of beauty, the

“ κέστον ἱμάτια

Ποικίλιν ἐνθα δὲ οἱ θελήκηρια πάντα τέλειτο,

Ἐνθ' ἐνὶ μὲν φιλοῖης, ἐν δ' ἡμέρος, ἐν δ' αἰσίου

Παρθένῳ, ἃ τ' ἐκλεψε νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων.”

Mrs. Maitland, who was acquainted with the Greek, and had frequently read the *Iliad* with Pope's translation, smiled at the doctor's forced compliment paid to her niece, and repeated the lines from that exquisite translation.

“ the zone

With various skill and high embroidery grac'd.

In this was every art and every charm,

To win the wisest and the coldest warm;

Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,

The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire.”

And then asked him, if to say an unmarried young lady, possessed of this celebrated cestus, could be called a desirable panegyric.

“ I know not,” said the doctor, “ how to

commend your niece in vernacular diction ; nor can I sufficiently extol her merits ; but, as for you, 'Ω πόποι, *dii boni, deæque omnes* ! you are, I declare madam, the phœnix of literature, the most favoured of Pallas ; let me have the honor of paying my respectful homage to you. You are one of the nine, undoubtedly, madam."

" You do me great honor, sir, but undeserved ; those lines, doctor, are Pope's."

A newspaper was lying on the table, and Emma read in the leading article in large letters, some remarks concerning Bonaparte. " Is it not true," said Mrs. Maitland, " that such glory as the Corsican usurper desires to enjoy, is to be considered no otherwise than an evil ? Juvenal makes Hannibal exclaim,

" Actum nihil est, ni pœno milite portas
Frangimus, et mediâ vexillum pono suburra."

" When I look at the number of our volunteer companies, our militia, and our

large standing army; when I consider what a number of patriotic men, emulous of true glory, are ready to resign the comforts of life, their interests, and their lives, for their country's sake; I am inclined to think that our small island is destined to be the check of inordinate ambition in the hands of Providence, who delights to humble proud man, dressed in a little brief authority."

"I recollect, madam, that Hannibal was obliged to sue for protection in the courts of foreign princes: the poet tells us so in his golden satire:

" O gloria vincitur idem,
Nempè et in exilium præceps fugit, atque ibi
magnus
Mirandusque cliens sedet ad prætoria regis,
Donec Rithyno libeat vigilare tyranno.
Finem animæ quæ res humanas miscuit olim
Non gladii, non saxa dabunt, non tela sed ille
Cannarum vindex ac tanti sanguinis ultor
Annulus. I demens et sævas curre per Alpes
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias.
Unus Pellæo juveni—"

"I beg your pardon, madam, but the subject and the verses are equally fine; and they incite me to repeat them before so excellent a judge."

"Proceed, I beg of you, doctor Anapest," answered the learned Mrs. Maitland.

The doctor proceeded :

"Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis :
Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi
Ut Gyaræ—"

Gyaros, madam, was an island in the Ægean sea.

"Ut Gyaræ clausus scopulis parvâ Seripho."

Seriphus, as well as Gyaros, was one of those islands called Cyclades."

"Pray oblige me, doctor, with the beautiful verses of Juvenal."

Doctor Anapest hemmed, cleared his voice, and continued :

"Cum tamen et figulis munitam intraverit urbana
Sarcophago contentus erit."

The doctor had finished his quotation, and Mrs. Maitland observed, that the most beautiful and natural reflection followed :

“ Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.”

Mr. Pope has made some useful remarks on this subject in his *Essay on Man*. The neatness and harmony of the lines will be sufficient excuse for my introducing them: besides they are apposite to a great character:

“ Look next on greatness, say, where greatness lies;
Where but among the heroes and the wise?
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede:
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
Or make, an *enemy of all mankind*.
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
All fame is foreign but of true desert,
Plays round the head and comes not to the heart.
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid flarers, and of loud buzzas;
And more true joy *Marcellus* evil'd feels,
Than *Cæsar* with a *senate at his heels*.”

“ But is Buonaparte to be compared to the conqueror of Italy ?” exclaimed the doctor, in pompous solemnity. “ He is but an homunculus, madam, in comparison with the general, whom, however, Juvenal censures, defeated the Roman legions, sent bushels of rings down the Tiber, and softened the frigidic Alps with vinegar.”

“ And pray, doctor, how could Hannibal carry that quantity of vinegar in his baggage, sufficient to thaw the snow-clad Appennine? And have you to learn, sir, that this modern chief has subjugated Italy; that the battle of Lodi was decisive; that Milan yielded to his conquering arms; and that the strong fortress of Mantua could not resist his tactics and genius?”

“ I really,” rejoined Dr. Anapest, “ did not know that Buonaparte had been so successful. I have indeed heard from various report, and from the voice of men, that he is a native of Gaul.”

“ You have been misinformed, Dr. Ana-

pest; he is a Corsican," said the learned Mrs. Maitland.

When Emma reflected on the learning of Dr. Anapest, and his ignorance of the affairs that were transacting in the world, she thought that it resembled the information of an old almanack, which is marked with old dates, and gives accounts of events which were interesting many centuries back.

Dr. Anapest, uncomfortable in the presence of women, left the ladies, desiring they would remember to present his salutations to his former tyro, the right honourable Mr. Pellet.

Dauncy had received a letter from Moreton, and called in Portland Street for the purpose of showing it to Miss Tankerville. She received him with the kindness due to his merit; besides, he was the friend of him who had pleased her fond heart, whose absence she regretted, and for whom she often wept.

After chatting some time with her, 'giving

ing her an account of the new plays, and that news was floating in the gay world, he issued her a good morning.

With trembling but delightful solicitude she unfolded the letter and read the contents.

“ My dear Dauncy,

“ With my tears I nearly blotted out the words of your last letter. I consider myself as the cause of the misfortunes which have wounded the tender and sensible mind of my beloved Emma Tankerville. I am to blame, the fault was mine, and I am the sole cause of her misery. What must have seen the sufferings of the gentlest of her sex, during so fatal an illness; but you comfort me, dear Dauncy, by saying that the physician gives you great hopes. Barbarous and cowardly sir Richard Oliver, was not your profligacy to be corrected by such anguish and suffering virtue; and you, my friend, how shall I recompence you!

“ As for me, had I received my death's wound in her cause I should have blessed the moment that rendered me her protector. Dauncy, do you know what it is to love ? The pain that the lover feels would be insupportable, did not hope fill his bosom with sweet consolation. The amusements of this place, which is very populous, are but dull. I feel a vacuum, which requires the society of her I love, to fill. These women have not the graces of my Emma ; they are more phlegmatic and reserved. As the rose appears among the gaudy and dull holly-oak, so shines in my mind the beautiful Emma. In comparison of inferior planets a most glorious constellation. May I one day have the pleasure of being united to her by the dearest and most kindred ties !

“ I walk, or sit, melancholy on the banks of the Danube, or penetrate into the thick forest. The trees rustle over me. The waters of the Danube are agitated, but not so troubled as my soul. While the bird

wings its towering flight, I envy it, for with those wings I would cleave the liquid air, and seek rest in the bosom of my gentle and affectionate Emma. It is evening, and the shades begin to lengthen; and already the lofty spire of St. Stephens is obscurely seen; already the neighbouring castles are obscured with the dense fog. Oh Emma! why art thou not here to lull the agony I feel. I would follow thee as that star that would light me to the mansion of rest. Why do I not fold thee to my arms, and kiss thy face dressed in enchanting smiles? those looks which have moved every tender sensation of my soul. Now the grey night arises, emblem of my journey through life, a journey dark and long. I am a fugitive over the solitary heath. But lately a gay and noble prospect was present to my view. It is now passed away.

“ I saw the name of sir Richard Oliver among those visitants who grace the rooms of splendid fashion. It was at a certain

lady's in St. James's Street. I am yet pleased that he lives; but I admire how he can show his face. He is then recovered from his wounds. I thank God that I did not send him into a future world, at a time that he had dared to offer violence to lovely innocence.

"How do you employ yourself, dear Dauncy? Has glory enlisted you in the field of war? Are you enrolled among these hardy sons of my native country, who are armed to defend their rights? My passion leaves no place unfilled in my bosom, but love possesses it unrivalled; and the idea of Emma Tankerville employs me night and day, and I wake from my dream to feel real misery. When I would describe to you the manners of the Germans, tell you of their customs, paint to you the beauties of the palace of Schonbrun, or the Belvidere which stands in the neighbourhood of Vienna when I would write you an account of the army assembled in the Eastern Galicia,

love fills my thoughts, directs my imagination, and love is all powerful.

“ Ah, if she should come to Vienna during my stay, how grateful should I be. Remember me to her repeatedly, and assure her of my most ardent affection. Make my kind respects and profound acknowledgments to Mrs. Maitland ; but, Oh ! fail not to speak of my affection to her who now occupies my thoughts.

“ I am,

“ Your sincere friend,

“ VIENNA, 1803.

“ HEN. MORETON.”

CHAPTER XIII.

See, side by side, his jockey and fir John
 Discuss th' important point of—six to one.
 Go on, brave youths, till in some future age
 Whips shall become the senatorial badge;
 Till England see her thronging senators
 Meet all at Westminster in boots and spurs.
 See the whole House, with mutual frenzy mad,
 Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad:
 Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,
 And guide with equal reins a steed or state.

Warton's Poetical Works.

AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT, BY WHICH
 A BET OF IMPORTANCE IS DECIDED AT
 THE RACES AT NEWMARKET.—VARIOUS
 CHARACTERS DESCRIBED THERE, BY A
 OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

ON the following day, the honourable Mr.
 Pellet, riding his own hackney for a wage
 against time, accompanied by the Rev. Dr.
 Dash, the honourable Mr. Tom Vortex
 and my lord Shuffle in a chaise and four,
 left town for Newmarket.

Tom Vortex, who thought that the horses did not gallop fast enough, caused the carriage to be stopped, insisting that he would give the leaders. He then proceeded to pull the post-boy off the horse he rode, for refusing to give up his office; the lad was much hurt, and left by the road side, Mr. Vortex damning him and his whole tribe of impudent scoundrels. The companion of Tom Vortex, Lord Shuffle, declared that he was ready to swear, should an action be brought for the assault, that the driver was mortally drunk, and that it was done in self defence, as they were afraid of their lives if he had been suffered to drive.

The day was exceeding hot, and Vortex found himself tired with driving; he alighted, and, by dint of threats and dreadful imprecations, prevailed on Facile to supply his place, as Vortex conceived it would be high fun to see a quiz of a Frenchman ride. Facile, after driving some miles, wiped his

forehead, and piteously exclaimed, "Begr, monsieur, il fait chaud!"

"Drive on, drive on," was the only answer he received. "Drive to the devil; au diable, entendez vous?"

"Yes, far," Facile replied, and then grinning sarcastically, begged to be informed if his lordship, lord Shuffle, would accompany him.

"Do you want this stick laid about your shoulders? *ce baton*?"

"Indeed, far, I do not." Facile shrugged up his shoulders as apprehensive of a blow. "*Il fait chaud, en verité*," added the poor persecuted Frenchman, again rubbing his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Depechez vous, and no more of your d——d French; can't you speak English, you great coquin."

"*Il s'en mordra les doigts*," muttered Facile.

The horse which Tom Vortex had rode, was formerly a spirited racer of supe-

rior fleetness, and had carried off many plates from his competitors. In the language of Tatterfal and Aldridge, he was still a free goer, though reduced to the miserable state of a post horse. This once spirited animal now appeared extremely distressed, and dropped down in his harness, to the great discomfiture of the Frenchman, who in vernacular language and broken English lamented his untoward destiny.

A farrier was sent for, who bled him, and he was walked about half a mile, staggering during the way, when he fell down a second time, panting from exertion; got up again, seemed exhausted, almost lifeless; struggled for a short time, fell again, groaned and expired. What distressed the young gentlemen was, that they should have to pay for the brute. His place was speedily supplied, and they proceeded on their journey, bestowing curses on the innocent cause of their detention.

A writer of wit and eminence has ob-

served, that those who treat posthorses in the manner they do in this country, ought to undergo the same treatment in the identical shape of a posthorse, allowing that metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, might take place. Was this to happen, what numbers of noblemen, heroes, senators, courtiers, and men of fortune, would swell the list of criminals doomed to a future punishment; severe indeed, but not inconsistent with justice, for it must be allowed,

"Non lex es justior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.

The inventor of the brazen bull,
Most justly had his belly full."

The parties arrived on the race ground, the honourable Mr. Pellet having won ^{his} wager by this unforeseen circumstance. ^{Here} they found Emma and her aunt, who ^{had} arrived some time before them. ^{Here} were to be met men of business in the strict sense of the turf vocabulary.

The weather was remarkably fine, and the sight was novel as well as interesting to Emma. The fine air on this champaign country, while the sky alone bounded the view, gave health to the delighted and animated spectator. Groupes of comic and tragic figures were worthy of observation; from the expression painted on their countenances they would have caused a smile even from the chariest vestal. Their anxious looks, while they assembled in a croud round the betting post, would have called into action the talents of the profound Lavater; nor could the pencil of Bunbury have been better employed with more taste and humour than in sketching the groupes of horsemen on Newmarket heath. The beautiful animals seemed impatient for the contest, and hardly to bear the rein. The horses were not yet out of the stable, when Pellet rode up to the side of the ladies' sociable, and addressed them. "I beg leave to introduce to you my friend Mr. Harris."

A gentleman bowed respectfully from a postchaise, and Emma discovered it to be the person who supported the character of the devil at the masquerade. Mutual civilities passed on both sides, and the ladies invited him into their carriage. Emma was pleased at his accepting their offer, as she hoped to derive much pleasure from his description of the scene, and his portraits of many of the principal characters assembled at that place; and much profit from his remarks.

Emma began the conversation by remarking, that the English were particularly fond of this sport. "What pity is it then that the laws should not check the licentious spirit of gaming which seems to predominate in these places! the scenes of villany and thieving that are exhibited on a race ground! If my information has been correct, I believe I am justified in expressing myself in such harsh terms. What idleness is the fruit of racing! How many parents, wives, and children, how numerous the

respectable, ancient, and virtuous families are there, that bitterly execrate the follies and vices that this system of fashionable degradation produces. Did the legislature wisely interfere, correct me, I intreat of you, sir, if I am wrong, the bills of mortality would be diminished in the fatal account of suicides."

"Those misfortunes which you have mentioned, Miss Tankerville," observed Mr. Harris, "are, it is to be lamented, too frequent; the evils that arise from horse-racing and gaming are, in their consequences, ruinous and contagious. Many are the fatal examples daily presented to our contemplation. Would men but consider; yet, alas! (pardon a devil for quoting scripture) 'Will the leaf adder hear, or will the waves of the sea, agitated by the storm, submit to be controuled by the feeble voice of man?'"

"I have been informed," rejoined Emma, "that towards habits of gaming marked has been the detestation of men, who have

lived, it might with propriety be said, among packs of cards piled together, loads of dice boxes, lifts of races, and other works of a similar tendency; who, from hard reading in such books, (a college term given to students, as I have heard my cousin Pellet say,) and from long experience, and with a large share of uncommon penetration and acute arithmetic, have subsisted on the roll of a die, the shuffle of a pack of cards, or the honour of a jockey. These men have left their fortunes on condition that they would neither marry a gamester, nor play with dice."

"You are correct, madam," said Mr. Harris. "And now permit me to point out to your notice an example of the truth of your information. That young gentleman in a green coat, whose appearance is elegant and prepossessing, is a sad instance of the mischievous tendency of this vice. He is a gentleman descended from a very respectable family in the county of L—. He games, because it is the fashion; a man

of reason should be ashamed of acting thus. I wish such men would attend to the moral play of The Gamester, and from the much-approved production of the learned and pathetic More, and from the well-painted suffering and fate of the infatuated Beverley, avoid the snares of Stukeleys, who infest these resorts of artifice and plunder. I never see such unguarded men but I pity them. I wish that they would recollect the many distressing and tragical events proceeding from such connections, where every idea of true friendship is banished. For, let me ask them, what honourable motive can suggest the idea of ruining, or impoverishing that man whom they call by the sacred name of friend? The gentleman, whom I have pointed out to you, was once intimate with the P——; he has had many good horses, been lucky on the turf, but very unsuccessful at the destructive and fascinating game of billiards, and the still more pernicious hazard.

“ You observe that nobleman, mounted on a small black poney, his hair blanched with age, is long and tied, his beaver is cocked, the nap of which the rapacious hand of time has stripped, he is dressed in a suit of black, and has on a pair of boots; his eye, if you observe, is remarkably quick, his countenance has the marks of penetration and acuteness, and he has the appearance of having been in the prime of life a handsome man; his manners are elegant; at this moment he is placing his hand upon his breast, protesting to sir Frank Steady his great friendship, and begs that his horse may be considered as his own. It is his grace the duke of ———. I need not inform you that he was once, premier of this country.

“ That little sturdy man in black, who is offering to take fifty to forty on Louisa, was once a butcher, and literally carried a tray on his back. Mr. Steelyard is now an opulent man, he is a gambling broker: it

may be necessary to explain what this office is. Gentlemen amateurs of the turf, sometimes find themselves unable to attend the races; these therefore commission the *little man in black* to bet on the different horses by commission, naming what horses they choose, and how deep they mean to embark. Mr. Steelyard executes their orders, pays and receives their money; if the horses which he backs should win, he is paid a certain additional sum; if they lose, he is also paid for his trouble.

“He was once unfortunately embarrassed on the turf, and having a great deal at stake, and being about to be roasted, he trembled in every joint, for his creditors were preparing to inflict severe discipline upon their unfortunate victim, when, putting spurs to his horse, he bolted from the course, outstripping the rapid *Æolus* in his flight, and thus was enabled to save his bacon, while the name of Steelyard was uttered with marks of contempt, and denunciations of

the most dreadful vengeance. Great men rebound from their fall; and he is now the leading man among his associates, connected with whom, he keeps an EO table, hazard, et cetera; and is respected by many fashionable men, who know him; add to this he finds his market in the inexperience of those whom he gently salutes by the title of *volatile* young men.

“ What a mixed assemblage ! Nobleman and thieves; gentlemen of fortune, and beggars; peeresses, women more modest than the nymphs of Diana, and kept mistresses. To instance the truth of my remark;—that fellow, talking to a jockey, a man whom the pupil of Lavater would instantly pronounce a rogue, (you observe what a forbidding, pale, cadaverous, and villanous aspect he has,) was once guilty of a trifling offence. Having found himself considerably the loser after a day of business, he indemnified himself by stealing the very jubilee cup for which the horses had run.

As Scipio was called Africanus from his glorious exploit, and lord Duncan received the title of Baron of Camperdown from his naval victory over the Dutch off Camperdown; and the great Nelson distinguished with the appropriate title of Baron Nelson of the Nile; so this honourable man (may I dare to mention him in the same breath with those heroes) has been since known on the turf under the appropriate epithet of Jubilee Jack.

“Virtue as well as vice is to be found in these places. The honourable Mr. Honeybourne, who is betting at the post with Mr. Sallow, is the son of viscount H——, a nobleman who has graced the polished scenes of life. His brother, who was educated at Eton, passed through that great school with honour, and displayed great genius. From thence he went rewarded with the approbation of his masters, and the love of his schoolfellows, to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was entered as a fel-

low commoner. He did not suffer his talents to lie dormant; he increased his fame, obtained many rewards, and was pointed out as an elegant speaker. He has written poetry since his departure from College. One of the best dramatic writers has brought his talents into notice; and his writings testify that panegyric has not been unduly attributed to his talents for composition. Uncommon good-nature and firmness of principle are among his virtues.

“The antiquated peer seated on the box of his coach and four, from whence he is swearing at his coachman, you have, Miss Tankerville, met at public places and fashionable assemblies. Happy are those females who are unacquainted with him.

“The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to *his* grace.
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes,
The canker gnaws the infants of the spring.”

“But pray, sir,” said Emma, “who is

that gentleman in close conference with my cousin Pellet?"

"It is captain College, good Miss Tankerville; his life resembles that of many who are gamesters by profession. He has been confined in the K—'s b—h, but having been liberated, he is able to pursue his system. His mind has become blunted after alternate and sudden changes from prosperity to adversity, and again from bad to good fortune. These frequent and rapid changes must inevitably deaden the good qualities of the heart, produce disquietude of soul, bodily ill health, and premature death; for you may observe the marks of disease strong in the countenance of gamesters, and that they are frequently cut off in the midst of their projects, are evils the next in succession arising from this fatal passion. And this is the goal, which gamesters, after the most indefatigable and severe exertions of the mind, which men of this description certainly sustain, which they

toil to reach, to attain which, they have practised the greatest restraints, and these are the rewards. The exchange of all that is amiable, for all that is abhorrent in human nature, the defeat of virtue, and the triumph of vice; in short, for contentment and peace of mind, misery and remorse of conscience. Surely, ladies, you will deem such men to act by rule, the parts of madmen. Every other extravagance has its boundary prefixed; but gaming knows of none. A man when he stakes his guinea may in as short a space of time lose his thousands. The gamester should sit down contented with his first loss, resolving not to strive after a visionary phantom. But, as I have before said, many launch into this pernicious vice from no ostensible reason. A young man, to acquire the distinction of being a man of wit, spirit, and fashion, starts as a candidate for the honours of the turf, where he soon falls into the snares laid for him by the cunning and artifice of jockeys, and the ingenuity

of blacklegs. The progress he makes is gradual. Betting, from being an occasional whim or amusement, is now a perpetual employment and fatigue, perhaps a necessary support; nor does he discover his error until he is gone too far to recede. His principles, let them have been ever so firm, become shaken; he neither loves mankind, nor has he one friend; he is, indeed, an associate with professed gamblers, an infernal flock, who, like the fabled harpies, will plunder the hungry. He lives in constant violation of the laws of his country; the inordinate desire of gain is solely prevalent in his mind. Both by the light of the sun and the midnight taper, he sacrifices to the shrine of lucre that homage due to virtue, and that peculiar happiness arising from a rectitude of conduct. No longer does an ingenuous blush overspread his features; and in sullen apathy and peevish care he robs the young and inexperienced. O philosophy, how art thou degraded! and to

what base purposes art thou sacrificed ! Possibly you think that I am too severe a censor. I wish that I was able to prevent one person from plunging into this dreadful and miserable abyss of destruction ! I would call so loud that my efforts should at least gain some patient hearing."

"It is a pity that good and honourable sentiments," replied Emma, "should be thrown away, when discourses, which serve to inflame the passions and encourage vice, meet with unparalleled success. O heavens ! what a fate, as you have described, must the gamester suffer !" She sighed as she uttered these words, for she feared lest Henry Moreton, in spite of his good sense, might be attracted to the gaming table ; and to see so noble a work of nature marred, indeed would be pitiable to all who knew him.

Mr. Harris smiled, "Not all come here for mere gaming. There are some who love the sport that horse-racing affords,

and are desirous of encouraging the breed of horses. Such are the duke of ———, the honourable Mr. Honeybourne, and a few others. You see that gentleman talking to a man in thickset breeches and jockey boots; his name is fir E—— W——, his manners are as coarse as his waterproof fur-tout. He has a large estate in Cambridgeshire, which he has lately purchased, where he spends many studious hours in perusing Beckford on Hunting, and the luminous pages of the Sporting Magazine.”

“ Pray, Mr. Harris, oblige me with the name of that gentleman with a sagacious aspect; he is disputing with a gentleman with whom, I dare venture to say, fir, he is very much enraged indeed.”

“ He is the author of a novel called Vaurien; a man of ability, but of no fixed religion. Yet I will venture to say that he is a good-natured creature, and has more of the milk of humanity than many orthodox Christians.

“ But, pray observe a character on the outside of the betting-post, apart from the company. Mr. Drug is one of the constant bettors. He was once a respectable chemist and apothecary; but Fordyce, Bell, Cullen, and Buchan, are exchanged for the Racing Calendar and Taplin’s Farriery. He is the owner of the horse Malta, which is now about to start.”

A lady in a curricie bowed to Emma. Handsome, free, and cheerful, the youthful Georgiana was listening to the gallantry of a young man whom fashion boasted as its admiring votary. Heaven seemed to smile in her countenance, and innocence lived in the dimple that adorned her cheek.

“ Miss Tankerville, you know that young lady,” observed Mr. Harris.

Emma answered, “ She is an acquaintance of mine.”

“ I am sorry,” Mr. Harris rejoined, “ that she is in company with a libertine, who sets censure at defiance. The prudent fair will

always avoid the appearance of ill. Self denials in themselves are transient, but their reward is lasting. Were I to keep up the character in which I had first the pleasure of seeing you, I should, charming Miss Tankerville, abhor that consummate ornament of your sex, chastity; but, devil as I am, I cannot contemplate the ruin of female honour, without shuddering at thinking of the consequences. Heavenly virtue! how fallen is that wretched woman who loses thee! Chastity is certainly the purest of virtues; it may be distinguished as the essential virtue of unmarried women."

Mrs. Maitland begged leave to return Mr. Harris thanks, in a strain of merited eulogy.

The noise of the bettors, in various parts of the circle, prevented further discourse. The honourable Mr. Pellet, who had just quitted Mr. Vauxhall Priest, of the fraternity of blacklegs, informed them that the horses

were out, and would pass the very spot where they were.

Some young dashing Cantabs drove their tandem in contact with the carriage, and would have demolished their own vehicle, and done much mischief to the sociable in which the ladies were seated, had not Pellet ridden to their horses' heads, and turned the leader. A rough blunt man, of corpulent make, dressed in a greasy coat and waistcoat, fustian breeches, and an old hat, who in Cambridge followed a trade, and let out horses to the academicians, jeered them in strong terms for being flats.

The cries of the multitude fully engaged the attention of Emma, vociferating confusedly,

“Malta for ever!”

“Louisa will win, for a hundred!”

“Peckham-Gap for my money!”

“I’ll take you, two to one!”—“Done,
“Done,”

Other cries rent the troubled air, when

Peckham-Gap, who was not expected to win, won by a neck. The knowing ones looked confounded, and assumed a conspicuous length of visage. The reverend doctor Dash vented his sighs, and groaned inwardly. Pellet dug spurs in his horse from spite and vexation; and the honourable Tom Vortex bestowed loud and repeated imprecations on Fortune, the company, the judge, the jockeys, and the winning horse Peckham-Gap.

While the horses were being rubbed down, covered with foam, and wincing from pain, Emma viewed with concern, mixed with admiration, the fine-spirited animals, loaded above their strength for the purpose of affording sport, and making good matches.

There were many races afterwards, in which Pellet was more successful. The doctor, before the races were ended, had suffered his countenance to brighten: indeed it was before dismally overcast; and the honourable Tom Vortex was in higher spirits,

laughed in a greater degree, talked louder, and swore more heartily than ever. Facile, who was the butt as well as servant of the joint community, rather than the private property of the honourable Mr. Pellet, reaped the fruits of good fortune. The honourable Tom Vortex presented him with ten guineas, saying, "Here, you b—st, here are ten pieces for you!" Facile thanked him, making a low bow, assuring him of that profound respect he had for the friends of his master, the right honourable Mr. Pellet; and put the money carefully into his pocket, laughing in his sleeve that John Bull was so great a dupe.

A gentleman, at first unknown to Emma, rode up to the sociable, and having bowed to the company, addressed Emma, saying, "Pardon me, madam, but I have the pleasure of knowing you."

"Indeed, sir, you have the advantage of me."

"Do you not recollect a stranger in Berk-

ley square, in the character of a poet, who had the honour of presenting you a trifling love elegy? I am that bard; and I now, with your permission," taking a paper out of his pocket, "put into your hands a copy of verses on an unfortunate young man of my acquaintance, who is mentally deranged. Yes, great have been thy misfortunes, poor hapless boy!" said the poet, wiping his eyes, then in the midst of tears; and again with energy exclaimed, "God will have pity on thee, will restore thee to the rights of society, will place thee in a state of happiness and safety. The waters of destruction now overwhelm thee."

"And pray, my good sir, who is this unhappy sufferer?" said Emma, with feeling eloquence.

"He is a young man, who went mad when he heard of the death of Laura, whom he loved. I have attempted to delineate his sufferings; a tribute of friendship to the

poor youth. Farewell ! light be thy sufferings !”

He placed the verses in her hand with respect. Emma bowed. The poet put his handkerchief to his eyes : he wiped off the tear which trickled down his cheek. The ladies invited him to dine, and spend the evening with them. “ My heart is too full,” he replied : “ I have but indifferent health, and I am much worse since my poor friend has been ill. Heaven calm his mind, and restore him to his senses !”

He took his leave of the party, promising to call in Portland street, and rode into the midst of the throng.

The last races being finished, the company drove into the town of Newmarket, the resort of saddlers, jockeys, noblemen, officers, cantabs, horse-dealers, blacklegs, swindlers, and thieves.

Pellet that evening made an assignation with the maid at the inn where he slept. Having made known to Facile that his at-

tentions were unnecessary, he waited for the kind Abigail to light him to bed. When he talked of love to the fair maid, she coldly repulsed his suit, insinuating, that "if she should be ruined, she could not say what would become of her."

"My charming Sally, if you trust to me, I'll take care that you shall not be dishd this time."

"Ay, but I know you are all base men. O dear sir, do, I must entreat of you, be quiet. Mercy on me, how you pull me about! I shall be very angry, 'pon honour."

Pellet, who knew that Philip of Macedon had subdued states with gold; that Jupiter in a golden shower had wooed the daughter of the wary Acrisius to his embraces; that its efficacy had been successfully tried in all nations, and by characters of every description; now essayed what all-powerful bribery would effect.

"Is it true that you love me, sir," sighed Sally, as she caught a transient view of the

gold in his hand. "Well then, I *vows* and *purtests*, I *thinks* you, fir, a very, very handsome gentleman."

Pellet, had no sooner dropped the money in her hand, than Sally declared that she was afraid she should be missed, and "she was mortal sorry, but she must go."

"Nonsense!" Pellet cried; "this kiss convinces you how I love you."

His kisses, it is true, were sweet; but they would not find her in tea and sugar, which she had to buy herself.

Pellet remonstrated, he pleaded his purchase-money: the girl laughed at him, was more coy than ever, and had her hand on the lock of the door, with the intention of quitting the room. When her lover found that entreaties were useless, apprehensive that forcing the fair damsel would only alarm the inn, he coolly dismissed her, saying,

"The longer my purse is, the more ardently you will love me; but faith, you would drain the purse of a nabob. So fare-

well, Sally. But if you catch me again, I'll give you leave to pronounce Pellet the d——d't flat that ever came into the devil's territories, Newmarket."

CHAPTER XIV.

She is my saint—to her my prayers are made,
With oft-repeated gifts of flowers and tears.

HAMMOND.

IN the course of the following evening, Emma read the verses which had been given to her on the race-ground, by the gentleman whom she had first known in the character of the Poet.

They were entitled, “Verses on an Unfortunate young Man, a Lunatic;” and she read as follows :

———“ Sure ’twas the Maniac’s voice,
Which oft at night my broken slumbers cross.
Again, as Luna shines, I hear the groan,
And notes surpassing Philomel’s sad moan,
As when she warbles to the listening grove,
Robb’d of the tender pledges of her love.
’Tis Florio’s voice, well have I known the youth,
The child of virtue, the firm friend of truth.

His eyes expressive shew'd the soul's recess;
 Blest in himself, he knew each friend to bless.
 Those eyes, with joy which once were wont to beam,
 Now round his chamber dart a dismal gleam.
 His cheeks fair health once ting'd with rosy hue,
 His form as lofty cedar fair to view,
 His gait express'd the image of his God,
 Subject to death he like an angel trod.
 His forehead open, iv'ry row of teeth,
 His sunburn hair and sweetly smelling breath;
 All these, impressive, shew'd the plastic art,
 His form was perfect, noble was his heart.
 Where are the jests that tables fet in roar,
 Where is that wit that seem'd to heaven to soar?
 Beauteous he was, as some sweet flowers of May,
 Which scent the air when Phœbus darts his ray.
 He raves! he raves! I hear the clanking chain,
 Grief gnaws his heart and turns his joy to pain.
 How wide the difference now, unhappy youth,
 Weep, O my muse! declare the fatal truth.
 That Being, oft, his tongue knows not to seek,
 Who, cloth'd in majesty, upholds the weak.
 The sun to others sheds his cheerful rays,
 In gloomy nights he wastes unnumber'd days.
 For what are years to him? Months, hours, the same,
 He'd raving rend his horrid ghastly frame.
 The sun shines not on him, but thro' his grate
 Just gives one ray to shew his mournful fate.

Nor will the hapless youth his wounds disclose,
 For how can he distinguish friends from foes?
 In the dark cell he lies stretch'd out on straws,
 Sad alien even to his country's laws.
 Pale are his cheeks, his eyes are set in night,
 Or else bespeak grief, anguish, madness, fright.
 Left to himself in solitude to weep,
 He rarely tastes the friendly gifts of sleep.
 Hither your tortures bring, your iron lock,
 And at his quivering heart, barbarians, knock:
 Force may do much, yet sure he's human still,
 Your brother—proudly add not ill to ill.
 Chang'd is that form which pleas'd, those looks of fire
 That beam'd with joy, or fann'd the warm desire.
 Relentless fate! love drives him to and fro,
 And death's the source from which his sorrows flow.
 Laura, he sighs; alas! she hears no more,
 A youthful victim on an unknown shore.
 O fatal change! sweet prey of fell disease,
 This the destroying angel must appease.
 This, that thy friends the stricken deer should fly,
 Bid thee go weep, leave thee on straw to die,
 Unhous'd, uncomforted, yet still unchang'd,
 Thy mind bright thoughts can utter; but derang'd.
 Alas, he's mad! in his distemper'd brain
 Judgment oft links the yet unbroken chain.
 Half famish'd, tasting half enjoyed rest,
 From his drear cell has Florio love express'd.

Say, Sheen, shall I never see more
 Thy beauties, or bid the Thames flow?
 Tell Laura my grief, make the shore
 Resound with my deep-toned woe.

Ah, well a-day! but drop one tear,
 For Pity's sake, on Laura's bier;
 Fresh flowers strew, while Fancy sings
 Her dirge, sad Cupid her knell rings.

My heart is quite sunk with despair,
 Tears of sorrow have water'd my bed,
 I rave as I rend off my hair—
 Lov'd Shade! alas, would I were dead!

Ah, well a-day! but drop one tear,
 For Pity's sake, on Laura's bier;
 Fresh flowers strew, while Fancy sings
 Her dirge, sad Cupid her knell rings,

A stern keeper bids me give o'er,
 And a scanty pittance is mine;
 Shall I see the bless'd sun shine no more?
 O God!—but I must not repine.

Ah, well a-day! but drop one tear,
 For Pity's sake, on Laura's bier;
 Fresh flowers strew, while Fancy sings
 Her dirge, sad Cupid her knell rings.

Tho' the caverns of hell widely yawn,
 Tho' the whirlwinds tempestuous rage,
 O Laura, where'er thou art borne,
 To follow thee, sweet, I engage.

Ah, well a-day ! but drop one tear,
 For Pity's sake, on Laura's bier ;
 Fresh flowers strew, while Fancy sings
 Her dirge, sad Cupid her knell rings.

The wedding bell rings—I have wove
 For thee a most fanciful wreath—
 Ah, would I were dead, sweetest love,
 For the knell that I hear is of death.

Ah, well a-day ! but drop one tear,
 For Pity's sake, on Laura's bier ;
 Fresh flowers strew, while Fancy sings
 Her dirge, sad Cupid her knell rings.

“ O give me my senses, sweet Heaven!
 let not every ray of reason be extinguished.
 I am but a weak and feeble mortal. Alas,
 alas, well-a-day ! My brain is disturbed.
 Let me be myself, sweet Heaven ! O men-
 tal darkness, how thick thou art ! most im-
 perviously thick ! dense, even as thy kindred
 chaos. Laura ! oh Laura ! one look of

affection from thy shroud ! Art thou pale,
 sweetheart ! Poor luckless fair one. Much,
 much am I troubled for thee ! The ring-
 lets, which added to thy luxuriant beau-
 ties, now shroud thy pale and ashy face,
 Those blue eyes, which so lately shot
 Love's archery—are not their hollow and
 bloodless sockets receptacles for the can-
 kering, unfeeling, riotous worm. The
 roses of thy cheek, have they not been
 plucked by the cold hand of the spoiler ?
 Those lips ! O fatal triumph ! inexorable
 destroyer, fell archer, thou hast sped thy
 arrow ! let my wound flow, let the purple
 tide which issues warm from my heart flow ;
 my heart will soon break. Soft—say, is
 there no panacea ? Oh those dimpled smiles,
 treacherous enemies of my repose ! Oh,
 those teeth, so pearly—see ! they are now
 putrid ; oh ! those too, which surpassed in
 beauty the loveliest mould, are rotting,
 and, half flesh and half cold clay, are chang-
 ing. Cover her up with the shroud, poor

smiled in agony. Now, now, maniac that I am, I must drag out a miserable existence, a lazar and unpitied. Now, what will become of thee? what wouldst thou say? or where is the Samaritan who will listen to thy complaint, and pour oil into thy wounds?

“ Yet it is true, the old, cadaverous, and feeble are suffered to live, while death taints ‘the bloomy flush of youth.’ Gracious Power! is beauty like the painted arch in the heavens, only to be looked at through watery impressions. Yet I did not mean to shed one tear, but my grief— Will you not sit down, gentlemen! You are welcome; no ceremony. Light, light up the girandoles! more glasses. To the fair Laura; let me not think of her. There’s madness in that very, very thought. Peerless maid, if charming music is thy pleasure, Phoebus’ self shall ~~attune~~ ^{accompany} his harp; if the dance, the gaiety of France shall join in the maze. Come, my soft, do you hear

how the tones melt into each other ! There is melodious symphony, heavenly strains. Hush, it is a seraph breathes. Possibly my good genius is preparing at this instant to lull the tortures of my mind.

“ Yet my mind I feel is out of harmony ! Alas ! its tones are discordant. I have just sense enough to perceive my misery. Here ! here ! Quick ! quick ! quick ! lend me your hand. I'll muffle it, my Laura ! How cold it is ! for thine own precious sake, warm it, dear girl, in my bosom, for fever rages here ; and such a fever——

“ Mercy, good Heaven ! the water pours down in torrents ; my breast conceals flames more devouring than *Ætna*, more destructive than *Vesuvius*, more scorching than the fire of the damned ; no water in heaven ! not one drop for a poor sinner, who is more parch'd than the traveller of the desert. See how she smiles upon me, and invites me to the dance. It is not delusion, surely, Father of mercies !

“ Again I shiver, but it is not with fear.
 Ah colder art thou, poor Laura ! Heavenly
 Father, hear the prayer of the afflicted ; but
 bestow thy pity on my Laura.

Dear youth compose thyself, thy sorrow calm,
 Still for the Christian's wound there's heavenly balm.
 Methought I heard a voice shout “ Peace to man,”
 Shall Wisdom infinite, vain mortals scan ?
 Yet though thou'rt subject to the dire disease,
 Tho' chang'd that form, which once knew well to
 please,

Thou feel'st a weight, how grievous to be borne,
 The sport of strangers and the madman's scorn.
 Strangers, self-happy in their wisdom, those
 Guarded by Nature cannot feel thy woes ;
 For with this saw, sage reason can't dispense,
 That he, who has not, never loses sense.
 Such men can never feel the madman's pains ;
 Strange bankrupts, to whom heaven ne'er gave brains.
 Tho' subject now to evil, kiss the rod,
 In lucid intervals adore their God.

Thou, who didst once in native worth excel,
 In virtue's acts unrivall'd, fare thee well !
 Farewell ! and oh, may health again be thine ;
 To heal thee, friends and liberty combine.

Such friends as will compose thy troubled care,
 Will bear thy griefs, and all thy joys will share—
 Once more thy voice, attun'd to measur'd lays,
 Shall chant thy merciful Creator's praise.
 Thy wit once more shall grace the social board,
 To health and liberty and friends restor'd.
 Thy mind, renew'd to life, fresh power shall share,
 And all thy promis'd blossoms bring to bear.

Again, farewell ; and while heartbreaking sighs
 For thy sore wounds shall in my bosom rise,
 Thou man of sorrow, still be this thy guide,
 God never errs, tho' ills frail man betide.
 This maxim choose when reason chance should dawn,
 By patient men such strokes are humbly born."

After calling for their bill, Mrs. Maitland and Emma, joined by the honourable Mr. Pellet, made preparations for their journey to the metropolis. Pellet, who saw that every article in the bill had been shamefully overcharged, concluded that the innkeeper had taken more than usual advantage, from having heard it rumoured, that he had been particularly successful the preceding day on the turf ; and he determined to remonstrate. He read the different charges with impa-

tience, swearing that the landlord belonged to the set, that he was as d—d a black-leg as ever frequented Newmarket, and he firmly believed that he was in partnership with all the jockeys; but he was terribly mistaken. “I’ll let him know,” observed the Senator with energy, “I’ll let him know there are people who understand trap as well as he does. What, trample upon the rights of a member of parliament! You forget that I am not obliged to pay you one farthing. There is no touching me; you know that, Aunt. My person is sacred; then, landlord, what do you mean by this foolish and infamous attempt at extortion. Landlords, instead of being hosts to entertain strangers in a hospitable manner, are mere sharks, who live and batten on them.”

He rang the bell loudly.

The waiter appeared in a moment.

“You were going in,” said Pellet; “you had better have gone to Old Beelzebub; though, I believe, you and your cheating

master already belong to more than one hell. Old Boniface goes shares with a tribe of blacklegs, as they are improperly called; for who would call any townsman of Newmarket a blackleg?" *Laughing.*

"Sir," answered the waiter, apparently concerned for his honour; "I am no inhabitant of Newmarket; I am not stationary, upon my honour and credit; I am only hired for the race-time: but," bowing, "I'll let you know, sir, what my master says, or tell him, sir, to come to you in a minute; but I beg you will not think I belong to Newmarket, sir; I do not live in the town, upon my credit, sir. I would not live here to be master of the inn, sir."

Pellet threw out imprecations at him for being a civil kind of rascal, and promised that he would remember him in the bill.

The landlord entered the room with a low bow. "Landlord," said Pellet, "did you ever, before this, make such a bill? You have taken us in, you think; but I'll

be d—d, old Boniface, if you'll take yourself out till your bill is taxed,"

The ROSE.

The Right Hon. John Pellet to Samuel
Oatlands, Dr.

Dinner—three persons.		<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Soup - - - - -		0	15	0
Stewed carp - - - - -		1	1	0
Soles - - - - -		0	10	6
Fricassee chicken - - -		0	10	6
Shoulder of mutton surpris'd, garnish'd with barbaries, &c.		0	11	0
Dish of chops à la Maintenon, and picquant sauce, (as desired)		0	17	0
Point du jour fritters - - -		0	15	0
Artichokes - - - - -		0	8	0
Bread and cheese - - - -		0	7	6
Deffert - - - - -		0	7	6
Two bottles of Madeira - -		0	18	0
One bottle Burgundy - - -		1	1	0
Coffee - - - - -		0	10	6
Horses stabling, corn and hay		5	5	0

13 17 6

“What! have we consumed more than three times the number? D——e, if I’ll pay the bill as it stands at present. If it *passes the house*, it shall be known *out of doors* with all the faults, errors, and impositions with which it is marked on its head, or never trust the honourable Mr. Pellet, member of parliament. I’ll *Post* you, have you in *The Times*, or *Chronicle*, or you shall stand disgraced among *True Britons*, or my name is not what it is, Jack Pellet, So you see, Mr. Boniface, you had better put pen to paper; and yet you have forgot to charge one article.”

“What can that be, sir?” said the landlord. “I am not sensible what it can be, sir.”

“Why, you have omitted charging the pepper and salt.”

Pellet laughed immoderately at the witicism of which he was the author; and the landlord, seeing his cue, laughed more heartily than that gentleman, whom he in-

rended to dupe ; and when asked by Mr Pellet the reason of his mirth, replied, " that his honour was so droll, that if it was offered the value of a sweepstakes, he could not help laughing—he! he! he! hah! hah! bah! oh! oh! oh! he would be horsewhipped, if he could help laughing. Pellet paid him his bill, told him to reform, or he would chance get into *the narrow*, or perhaps, as a reward for his piracies, be doom'd to *keep an ironmonger's shop in the booth*.

On their journey to town, the carriage was attacked by two highwaymen, who demanded their money with the most terrible oaths. To one of the villains who held a pistol to Emma's breast, she with collected courage said, that if he would remove the murderous weapon, she would comply with his demands, though much against the inclination of her cousin, who would have shot the man, had she not forcibly held back his hand. Emma then gave him her

purse, wished that it might be of service to him, conjured him to quit his dangerous, illegal, and wretched occupation, desired him to call at the house which answered to her address, and then slipped a card into his hand. The highwayman thanked her in a feeling manner, and our heroine was happy in being conscious, that she had performed her duty in counselling a fellow-creature, who was hurrying to destruction.

"A pretty business," said Pellet when the highwaymen were gone; "very romantic, on my honour; and so there's a fine opportunity gone of my name being in the papers. It would have appeared d—d glorious to have shot a highwayman."

"More glorious, in my opinion," said Mrs. Maitland, "to have acted as Emma has; she is a good girl, and heaven will give her some deserved invaluable recompense."

They arrived in London without further delay or accident, and in a few days Mrs. Maitland and her niece embarked for Vienna.

She had taken an affectionate leave of Pellet, and had given him some excellent advice, but which, she much feared, would prove ineffectual in the sequel.

CHAPTER XV.

**MR HENRY MORETON IS SO UNFASHION-
 ABLE AS TO DARE TO MORALIZE.—
 TEMPTATION IS DANGEROUS WHEN A
 LOVELY FEMALE PREPARES HER SNARES.
 —AN ESCAPE.—FATAL CONSEQUENCES
 OF PASSION.**

SIR Henry Moreton, solely occupied in nourishing the passion which consumed him, and regretting his absence from her to whom he had declared the most ardent affection, was one day walking in the streets of Vienna, when he was met by an old school-fellow, who was on his travels.

At meeting, their reciprocal salutations were friendly and cordial.

“Moreton, I am glad to see you. How long have you been here?”

“ About twelve months ; but what brings you to Vienna ? ”

“ Why the duke of —, my grandfather, would persuade my father that I should travel. All young men did, when he was of my age ; he had made the grand tour ; and so, to please old Huaks, I was obliged to leave England and all its amusements. If it was not for billiards and drinking, and a little card-playing, this would be an inferable place. Faith the Germans are most confounded dull. Nor have I any admiration for the broiling of St. Laurence, or Egbert Hemskirk, called the Young, who painted droll enchantments and devils. Now, my tutor is a good billiard player ; drinks as hard as any German ; loves cards, and has no disinclination to shake his elbows. But faith, I have not strength of constitution to enter into these amusements with the spirit he does ; although I am confident it is purely out of friendship, and the very great regard he has for me, that he

acts in this manner. On the whole, he is a very good fellow; and if he has not the reputation of being a good classic, he is a most excellent shot. Have you a bona roba with you, Moreton? How do you employ yourself? For my part, I mean to have a boat, and sail on the Danube; though, for beautiful prospects, place me on the Thames, in a light wherry and a good pair of skulls, I'll row up to Richmond in three hours, I engage." Then, without giving Moreton time to reply, he asked him if he would make a match on the Danube.

"I have only one objection."

"What is that?"

"Why merely the detestation I have to gaming. I am not so simple as to injure myself; and I love mankind too well to injure them."

"Aye, Moreton, that's all very true; but he must have a stoic apathy who can resist the temptations it holds out. Only confi-

der, one may win enough to pay one's travelling expences."

"Were it justifiable on any grounds, it is a bad method, assure yourself," replied Moreton. "You would stake what was really your own property, and already in your possession, to gain imaginary wealth. Now I think that the best discretion is, to conform to our circumstances, and a philosophy the most exemplary, to confine our desires to what is within the attainment of our condition."

"Will you give me leave, most sage philosopher,—I beg pardon, I did not imagine you were serious. For heaven's sake don't knit your brows so, and I'll tell you what I propose doing. Will you permit me to introduce you to a beautiful young lady of my acquaintance? She is a foreigner; she is all life and spirits, and has many amiable and fascinating qualities; and what is worth your knowing, perhaps a secret I should not disclose to every body, is, that she appears to

be kind. A little seduction might do. If you were but a novice in love, you might succeed."

"A little seduction! ah, Verney, in what danger you are! let me hasten to show you what fatal methods you think innocent. If seduction is to be called a vice in this fashionable age, Verney, it is of all vices, in my judgment, the most odious; in its consequences the most fatal. Paint to yourself an amiable girl, graced with beauty, and every laudable accomplishment, a source of pleasure to her unsuspecting and fond family, respected by all her connections, the idol of her father, while her mother lives in her look. Her moments pass gladly, for they are the moments of innocent enjoyment. A stranger is introduced to her; fatally introduced to her family; for he instantly prepares to invade its social and dearest rights. He has been warmed in the bosom of this family, he views the domestic scene in all its innocent endearments, and

he now prepares, in return for the favour shown him, mortally to sting them. It is not the little brother, who embraces his dear sister while he listens to her simple story, or the moral and amusing tale of instruction; it is not her sisters, who, meanwhile emulating her example, are seated, industriously working at their needle, models of good housewives, to gain the desired meed, the applause of their parents, who point out their eldest child as a pattern for them to follow; it is not this sight which would make the enemy of mankind turn aside, that can deter him. The aged parent, who has employed his life in the pursuit of honourable virtue, with the hopes of bequeathing an inestimable legacy and good reputation to his family, a blessing which no external circumstances can deprive them of, views this beautiful plant with attention, and watches over it with the minutest care. The mother dwells with transport on every good action of her daughter. The sympathetic tear is seen to

swim in their eyes. They are happy in her innocence, and they promise themselves, with Heaven's guidance, that she will be virtuous, and enjoy the luxury of affection. But the specious seducer is preparing his plot. He coolly thinks of dashing her cup of pleasure to the ground; of destroying her reputation and her virtue; of injuring her in the opinion of her friends; of making the time that the old man has to live insupportable; of cruelly afflicting, and repaying with bitter ingratitude, the attentions of his hostess, the parent of the smiling and artless maid whom he means to devote to destruction. Perhaps she is betrothed to some young man of virtue and family, and who professes great tenderness for his mistress; yet the certainty of this does not deter our galling and lustful Lothario: armed at all points, dressed up in smiles and pretended affection, he insinuates himself into her society. Then does he quote morality, the easier to deceive her."

"This is very true," replied Verney; "but you mistake the matter. The lady is amorously inclined. She is the daughter of an Italian marquis, who (after the French had invaded his country, and taken it, under their protection when it had no enemy to dread, from the most genuine motives of philanthropy had violated their wives and daughters, murdered their helpless and aged citizens, and amended their laws according to their ideas) fled for safety to Vienna, where they now reside.

"The marquis is a man of honour and principle, but the girl is as I have described her. I have not yet heard that she has any favoured lover selected from the crowd who attend her; but it does not follow that she may not be glad of an amour, could she find a willing and handsome Cicisbeo. Come, my dear fellow, you had better go with me; I shall be glad if you will give me your company."

“ Well, since you are so pressing, I will attend you.”

Verney's carriage took them to the house where the marchioness of Zangarola resided with her daughter. Her brother's regiment was quartered at Vienna; but he was frequently obliged to be on duty, and therefore was not often to be seen at his mother's. With the daughter's personal charms the reader is acquainted. Verney was courteously received by the mother, and the fair daughter of the marchioness welcomed him in terms of rapture. The marquis had saved much of his fortune from the confiscation of his estates in Italy, which were ample, and transported much specie to Vienna. On this salvage his family and himself lived. Sir Henry Moreton and his friend were pressed to dine with them, nor could Moreton depart till he had engaged himself to dinner.

At the appointed hour, late in the evening, they came to dinner. Isabel, for that

was the name of the young lady, contrived to place her chair near that of sir Henry. She entered into conversation with him on those topics which might display her wit and sensibility, and were most likely to succeed in moving the affections of her hearer; played her artillery of charms upon him, drank wine with him, and affected to sip the liquor which he had chosen for her drinking. Her black eyes spoke the fierceness of desire, while she carefully separated her hair, of a jetty colour, which rivalled the most glossy plumage, and which, overshadowing her high forehead, luxuriantly wantoned in waving curls. The colour of her cheeks was heightened with vermilion; her mouth was small; while her bosom, which was thinly veiled, left the spectator to imagine charms on which the pampered libertine might feast. She looked and spoke

As if th' embrace of love so warm,
Would quite dissolve her beauteous form.

Every syllable that Moreton uttered was listened to with all the fondness and peculiar deference that love inspires; every sentence that he spoke was applauded, every opinion adjudged to be decisive. She flattered the senses, and she had the fascinating art to do it imperceptibly.

In the evening they played at cards. The room was crowded with the fashion of Vienna, who indulged their disposition for gaming to the full extent. Isabel was the divinity that the men seemed to be divided about; it was she alone who could call their attention from cards. If she played at whist, few equalled her in skill; and the humour which she displayed in her remarks at casino, was playful and elegant; at faro she punted with superior spirit; and when she raffled, she managed the box with intrepidity, and seemed to have no passion of avarice tormenting her; but smiled and joked in the freest, most apposite, and enchanting manner. But she could not disguise from

those who intimately knew her foibles, and were of her constant parties, that she was acting a feigned character, desirous of attracting admiration, or that love was the cause, if that passion may be profaned by applying the name to an illicit and unbecoming desire.

She took an opportunity of speaking to sir Henry. "Signor Inglife," said the Italian, "be not offended, I pray you, with the token of my love which I have to offer you. This picture is your's. Take it, my dear signor, and wear it for my sake. Place it in your bosom. May it add the fervour of love to your elegant sensations."

"What is it you mean, signora? explain yourself."

"Ah, my most dear signor! it is too true, from the moment you was first made known to me, from the moment I saw you, I knew what love was. That love was increased by acquaintance. Your sweet conversation fanned a flame as pure as ever

possessed the heart of woman. A flame—
oh, how devouring!”

“Madam, my principles will not permit me to hear such language.”

“Then, signor, if you refuse me, I will haunt you in some shape or other. I swear that you are a man capable of seducing the coldest and chastest woman. I love you to distraction.”

“Signora,” answered Moreton, “seduction, I hope, will never be imputed to my charge. I have already plighted my fidelity to an amiable girl, whose virtues, to attempt describing, would be indeed to impoverish praise. I love her for her worth. I have sworn constancy to her. I have fought in her defence. I would have willingly laid down my life in such a cause, and with my last breath have called down blessings and protection on her. Yes, lovely Emma, when I forget my vow may I be miserable. But, oh! to forget it, is impossible! Signora, to be virtuous, is to be

happy; self-denial is the duty of every one; and to have completely under our power our dangerous passions, we must, Isabel, guard against the first impulse. Illicit desires, uncontrolled, will poison our happiness. The contrary conduct, assure yourself, will meliorate our state. The trial and glorious struggle is momentary; short, very short, is the conflict, when we are determined to call in prudence to our aid; but the rewards it brings are perpetual. O, Isabel! what unhappiness, what destruction, may originate from one fatal moment! And can you think——No, your good sense will tell you, that a man of sense and honour cannot foolishly incur self-hatred in this licentious manner."

It was in vain sir Henry warned her of the evil consequences of yielding the power of reason to blind passion. In company with him she would have trod the flowery paths of dalliance, without regarding the perils of the road, and the destiny which awaited her incaution.

Sir Henry Moreton quitted the party early, who had already missed Isabella, their enchanting high priestess. Again the scene was renewed of avaricious men muttering curses on those who opposed their desire of gain, and fair women sacrificing their honour to libertines from an inability of discharging their debts. The dice box was heard to rattle, and oaths were uttered in defiance of every moral consideration.

Early the next morning a packet was put into the hands of sir Henry, by his servant. It was directed "To sir Henry Moreton."

It was a portrait of the lovely Isabel, set richly in gold and brilliants. Her head was circled with a wreath of roses, while her rolling and large eyes shewed that her soul was devoted to a voluptuous and raging passion. Her white and polished arm, bare from the round of her elbow, held her harp. The instrument seemed to breathe dulcet music, as if struck by her taper and pellucid fingers. Cupid, the god of love, was ho-

vering over her form, selecting a dart from his quiver, while the meadow appeared at a distance, crowned with flowers. The skilful painter had drawn her on breathing ivory, in an arbour shaded with eglantine, interwoven with full-blown roses and rosebuds; while the richness of the flowers would entice the spectator to smell to their fragrance, and pluck the green myrtle. This portrait, the work of a most celebrated artist, was accompanied by a ring of precious worth. The jewels were the largest that sir Henry Moreton had ever beheld; they seemed to be of inestimable purity. The following note dropped from the parcel.

“Amiable Englishman, wert thou less lovely, the precepts which eloquently flowed from thy lips might have touched my soul seriously; thou would’st find me an apt scholar. It is my office to teach thee other lessons more suited to our tender age. Thy precepts touch my soul, but it is with love; let that

be the theme, and I will listen to thee attentively. Aspasia was not more attentive to the accomplished and renowned pupil of Socrates, than I, catching the words from thy mouth, will be to thee. Still, still will I believe, still, still will I nourish the fond hope that I am not displeasing to you. Those eyes, which give a faint description of the movements of my voluptuous desire, are now streaming with tears at thy well-drawn image. This should not be so, thou beloved of my soul. Let them sparkle with transport. Folded in my arms, perpetual fondness awaits thee, my love is sincere and true. No romantic fiction or prudery deceive thee. Most dear signor, gentlest of friends,

“ I live, until death,

“ thy fond

“ ISABEL.”

Moreton ordered his chariot.

He was driven to her house.

He was shown up a superb and marble

staircase decorated with the richest carpets, and adorned with rails of carved mahogany. An English family had resided in the house before the Marquis possessed it.

On the landing-place a female came out of a private apartment; she accosted him, making an obeisance with an arch leer.

"If I am not unfortunately mistaken, your name is Paulina?"

"You are not deceived in your conjecture."

"Is your mistress, signora Isabella Zangarola, within?"

"She is disengaged in her own apartment, and waiting your presence."

Henry observed, as she spoke to him, the numerous rings on her fingers, and the wanton manner in which her robes were disposed; her various effiences showed that she was not averse to her trade, which was that of being confidant to her mistress Isabella.

She proceeded—"Love, signor, is a tender passion; and it is not always so handsome

a couple meet. The old lady, as luck would have it, is out; my mistress is therefore alone, and has been repeatedly inquiring about you."

He followed the chattering Paulina up stairs, and entered a small, but luxurious apartment. Costly gilding, the finest varnish, rich paintings, coloured sculpture, and basso-relievos decorated the wainscoting. A grove which nature had adorned with the richest productions, where spring and autumn were at once united, seemed to evince that it was not the residence of mortals.

In these gardens of pleasure were seen the goddess Calypso and her attendant nymphs; among them was Telemachus the son of Ulysses, and the sage Mentor. The youthful hero was addressing the fair immortal, and by his elocution already seemed to have moved a goddess to love. The trees hung their heads over them, and form-

ed a delightful bower, or seemed to wave forward by the gentle zephyr. The work was admirable.

In another place, he was preparing to bathe after the diversions and fatigues of the chase ; the bath was inclosed with alabaster and porphyry ; birds sung their artless carols in small cages inlaid with silver finely wrought into rails ; and the trees were seen through the opening lattices, which were of gold, shaded with green foliage, and weighed down with delicious fruit. Here were to be seen the downy peach, the round and blue plum, the crimson and blooming apple ; while honeysuckles and jessamine, and the insinuating vine, crept round the wall. So well were these executed, that they invited the hand of the admiring beholder.

The Paphian goddess was being worshipped at her favourite altar in the island of Cyprus ; graceful priestesses were wantonly

lancing round the altar, their well turned limbs variously twining in elegant and voluptuous movements to the sound of music, which had been said by poets to feed the passion of Love. Censers of incense were borne by fair boys, whose curling and golden locks, entwined with flowery wreaths, showed they were worthy of being companions of the son of the goddess, whose person the naked simple Graces, blushing as the purple grape, while visible through a lucid cloud of blue ether, were elegantly adorning.

A mortal was thought worthy of being drawn in company of these celestial beauties.

It was Isabella herself, in the character of Amelia listening to the courtship of the brave, penitent, and unhappy Moor, the favourite hero of the sublime German writer. Her face was beautifully described; the contour of her figure was judicious, and worthy of Donatello. By the attitude of her

body, and the expressive signs of her face, the soul seemed agitated, and passion increased by his pathetic complaints.

Around the wainscoting was seen Isabel in various paintings. Here, carried on the bosom of the insensibly swelling ocean, a lovely girl whose features were persuasive and moving, and who, from her majestic appearance, might be supposed that goddess to whom mythologists say the sea once gave birth. A nobleman, sumptuously habited, was seated by her side. The labouring gondoliers seemed to ply their oars to the sound of musical instruments. The spectator might view with satisfaction this excellent groupe of figures. At a distance appeared a bay, and a long range of chalky promontory.

In another painting, was the graceful *fig-nora Zangarola*, drawn in the character of the famed daughter of Augustus, listening to the luxurious courtiers of her father's palace, who crowded round her toilet.

But what most moved his wonder was, to see such labour and exquisite talents exhibited on an immoral subject.

It was night; the tempest was rising, and obscured the moon; while, in her chamber, Isabella was habiting herself in the character of the infamous daughter of Messala, with the intention of stealing through the streets of Rome, to prostitute her august person in the chamber, and occupy the tainted bed of the harlot Lycisca.

Here was Isabella in the semblance of the sable queen of night, disrobing herself of her azure mantle, and stooping to kiss her beloved Endymion; while the shepherd lay recumbent on the verdant upland, fettered in the arms of sleep.

Another exquisite painting was, Hercules at the court of Eurytus, preparing the banquet at the command of the proud monarch, for his daughter Iöle, who pointed to a vacant seat with an imperious air; while the conscious smile of Beauty ani-

mated her countenance, Love was filling the golden cup, and appeared rejoicing at the new and glorious victory.

The chimney-piece was of marble, the carving of which was done in the finest taste, consisting of wreaths of roses, luxurious groves, and Cupids in ambush, or sharpening their darts.

The furniture was magnificent; the couches were of white satin and gold; rich and costly carpets covered the floor; the doors were mahogany, inlaid with white ivory and gold, the lock of which was of the same metal; the window-curtains were of the finest silk.

On a sofa lay Isabel, with a book in her hand; it was *Heloise*, written by the great philosopher Jean Jaques Rousseau: she laid it aside at his entrance. Dressed with the nicest care by her tasty and attentive Abigail, having her hair entwined with a wreath of natural flowers, her robes were transparent, the tell-tale drapery only sha-

dowing her delicate and white limbs. The symmetry of her form was a copy for the chissel of the statuary; while her beautiful face, in comparifon, would have made faint the colours of a Titian. Her garments lay in amorous folds; and she bade her guest, with a sweet and blushing smile on her countenance, be feated. His eyes were now attracted by a picture over the sofa, painted in warm and glowing colours; the fubject was, the goddefs of Love wooing the cold Adonis to her embraces: they were reclining on a bank, while Venus prevented him from rifing; his quiver lay by him, his horfe was bound to a shadowy elm, and he feemed to view the wanton goddefs with eyes of diftruff. "Henry!" she fighed from a mouth pouting, which could be likened only to the rofebud, the lips of which were thin and of a lively red; "you are come, my Henry, at length. Ah! cruel boy, I have been expecting you fome time. I believe, nay I am fure, it is an age. How much is

Emma Tankerville to be envied ! Are you fond of the harp, Henry ?" She smiled; her face assumed a deeper crimson ; and reaching the instrument, while she inclined her graceful form, and swept the trembling chords, Moreton confessed that the painter had failed in delineating his object. She sung the following stanzas to the music that she played:

" In my fond arms sooth all thy cares ;
 Light is that weight affection bears,
 Less felt is sympathetic woe.
 Let him I love my transports share ;
 These, these are joys, if joys they are,
 When fondest hearts in union glow.

Give me one kiss ; hush'd be that sigh ;
 Love lights his flaming torch on high ;
 Give to the winds thy useless care.
 Thee, nestled close, I'll shield from grief,
 Upon my bosom lull to sleep ;
 Then wake, my love, new joys to share."

Her pulse beat quick, her crimson cheek
 glowed, her breast rose gently, swelling

through the muslin vest, and, goaded with passion, she imprinted kisses on Henry's lips. The sweet seductress smiled, and would have tempted familiarity.

It was not long before Moreton perceived that a stimulative drug had been put in the cup from which he had drank freely of rhenish. He would have fallen into the snare of the enchantress, but the thoughts of his Emma recalled his wandering senses. The mind retained its native purity; and he had the resolution to tear himself from her, after leaving her portrait and presents on the table.

Immediately on his return home, he sent her the following note:

“ Isabella,

“ I have returned your gifts; and with them take this admonition from one who deplores the state of mind that you possess. I charge you, signora, divest yourself entirely of your wicked passion. Universal esteem,

and, what is more precious, the esteem of yourself, is in your power. Boldness will betray your shame; and the woman who loses chastity, loses the stamp of heaven, and degrades herself without meeting even compassion. Isabel, be firm, and you may be happy; for your happiness consists in those rewards which prudence ensures to its votaries.

“Your friend,

“MORETON.”

In two days after this meeting, he received a written billet.

“If sir Henry Moreton will call on signora Isabella Zangarola, he will comply with the desire of her friend; as she is dying, and wishes to see him.”

Surprised, and feeling a new sensation of horror, he went to her immediately.

He was shown up to her apartment.

She was in bed. "I sent for you, Henry, and I owe you my thanks for this visit. My lips are parched, and I am in a fever; feel how hot my hand is." Moreton took her hand. She was in a high fever; but it proceeded from the passion which consumed her.

"Will you drink some wine, Henry?"

He refused.

"Will you not taste the joys of love? at least look upon me; pass not my beauties with neglect. I have been told, dear signor, that I have charms more pleasing than those of any young woman in the circles of fashion which are at Vienna."

She rose in her bed. Her face was half concealed in a close cap, and her hair was seen confined under her white neck; while her eyes glanced with fresh desire on the faithful and firm Moreton.

What must thy charms have been, Emma, that could cause a young man to resist the artifices of such an insinuating female!

Yes, Moreton, thou wert a pattern to all lovers ; for thou hadst the courage to keep thy vow, which thou hadst given to thy virtuous Emma.

“ Then you will not take compassion on me. Will you drink any wine ?” said she, offering to mix some.

“ No, Isabel, I dare not. I have told you my resolution, and I hope that I have constancy enough to keep it.”

Moved with a sudden frenzy of soul, she drank the wine ; immediately exclaiming, “ I am now content ; you will soon lose sight for ever of one who is odious.”

“ For God’s sake, Isabel, what do you mean ?”

“ Cruel man ! these tears witness how much I loved you ! But did you suppose that I would survive my infamy, to be pitied by my hated rival, to have that accursed English woman triumphing over my weakness ?”

“ If you knew my Emma’s disposition, signora —”

“ Base moralist, she is my aversion ! but you, to whom I have declared such passion —oh, what a pang was that ! Surely it is but a sad foretaste of a dreadful judgment ; or else, why does my trembling soul thus shrink with horror ? Ah, again—my death is at hand ; and I believe that I might have been happy, had I lived to obey those precepts——What angel was that, who would have given me consolations ? Away, I cannot listen to them ; they are useless ; it is too late. I have drank poison. God of mercies, look with pity on thy creature ! O Henry, if you feel any sympathy for one who, braving God’s vengeance, and following the blind impulse of disappointed passion, has dared to rush into awful eternity ; if, beloved Henry, you can——” she groaned deeply ; her teeth were clenched, while her eyes rolled vehemently, and her whole frame seemed shaken. Then clasping her hands with earnestness, and endeavouring to ad-

dress Moreton once again, she uttered a piercing shriek, and expired.

Death had scarcely preyed upon her beauties, ere her face became overspread with a livid blackness, and it was evident that Isabella had drank poison.

Lamenting her fate, Moreton hastened home, uncertain which way he went, the image of Isabel swimming still before his eyes, when he was arrested by the officers of police, accompanied by Frederico Zangarola, the brother of Isabella, on a charge of having poisoned a young lady of distinction.

Staggered at a charge so heinous in its nature, he desired to be conducted to the house of signora Isabella Zangarola. The brother of the deceased complied with his request. Having entered the house, he requested that her papers might be searched.

Among those designed for inspection was a loose paper; on the back of which was

written, "To be opened after signora Zarragarola shall have ceased to exist.

"To those who will read this paper.

"Let them guard against the first impulse of passion—learn caution from the fate of the devoted Isabel.

"Descended from a noble family, the heiress of a very ancient and (notwithstanding the diminution of fortune it had sustained from confiscation) an opulent family, the daughter of a brave officer, whose hairs have been blanched in the service of his country, and who has added lustre to his hereditary honours,—signora Isabella Zarragarola, alas! his unworthy daughter, might have obtained a most honourable marriage, might have been happy in the affections of him who was the choice of her aged parent; but seductive writings have embittered her happiness!

"Wretched Isabella! Thy imagination has been early seduced; thou hast wantonly

dared to combat those opinions which prudence, moderation, and experience suggested; and deserted, for bitter pleasure, and blandishments eventually productive of pain, the direct path of honour and felicitous virtue.

“ Let not any one censure sir Henry Moreton. Isabella, who will love him to the last moment of her fleeting existence, until sensation shall be annihilated, acquits him of every act which can be called dishonest. Oh! would that the writer of these thoughts could have acted, when living, upon equal firmness of principle with that temperate Englishman! or, would that he had been disengaged, and she could have clasped him to her fond heart, and called him her own.

“ To her brother, Frederico Zangarola, the comfort of her family, the hope of this ancient house, signora Isabella Zangarola bequeaths her fortune.

“Hard-hearted Moreton! My my death, not premature, since I am avoided by you, be never imputed to your charge.

“I in my last moments shall think of you; but oh! if you knew the passions which agitate my mind. The storm, compared to that state, is tranquil. Some resolution must be adopted, and that speedily.

“My father! my beloved mother!”

When Frederico Zangarola had read this, it was evident, by the date prefixed to the paper, that she had written these, her last sentiments, on the day she had done that fatal act which precipitated her to the grave. He gave his hand to sir Henry Moreton, and signified his wish that the police might be dismissed.

CHAPTER XVI.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF SIR HENRY MORETON IN GERMANY.—TRUE COURAGE IS THE EFFORT OF A VIRTUOUS MIND, AND IS MORE AMIABLE WHEN UNTAINTED BY FEROCITY.—DARK AND INTRICATE DEEDS.

AT a coffee-house, one evening, in Vienna, as sir Henry Moreton was drinking his wine, a singular character, who sat in the corner of the room, attracted his attention. His physiognomy was striking, the lines of his face being strongly marked. He was of a pale countenance ; while his eyes, which were arched with dark bushy eyebrows, seemed to have a peculiar wildness. He was more than six feet high, and had the appearance of having formerly been of the military profession. He conversed on the

subject of ghosts and necromancers; his auditors, among whom was the honourable Lionel Verney, listened with great silence; and as he adduced surprising facts and instances of the power of spirits, they narrowed* their circle, and drew nearer each other.

An English naval officer interrupted him. "May I see the British colours strike to the republicans,—may I be d—d if I think there is such a being as a ghost! Go, and tell your grandam tales of hobgoblins elsewhere: give me the command of a privateer and a handful of men for a cruise, and I will take a voyage up the Red sea; and if the queen of the witches were to rise, I would send her and her cauldron, with all her brooms, train, and magic to the infernal regions; aye, much quicker than ever she came. D—me if I think she would stand my small arms; and let her come yardarm to yardarm, I have as pretty a Spanish blade as ever came from Toledo. She would come but badly

off, I believe; I should mind very little the black faggot's principal, old Beelzebub, if I had but my trusty cutlafs in my right hand."

Lionel seconded the spokesman; but the remaining company were petrified with astonishment at the audacity of the English commander.

Having tossed off a goblet of strong brandy and water, he filled a glass for his friend, the only one he had in the circle, when Moreton joined the party, and was immediately welcomed by Lionel. The sailor invited him to follow his example.

"I'll be cursed if I would not walk all hours in a churchyard, if there was a chance of meeting a ghost, merely to give him his quietus. May the man who believes in necromancy never taste such grog as this! We are all embarked together, swim through storms and hurricanes, and go to Davy's locker. It is a joint concern, and the three kingdoms united will stand the whole world,

aye, and give every son of them a sound drubbing : they have done so before to-day, and beaten them most gloriously. Why did they not take our island when our fleets were separated and spread over the spacious ocean, in that bad business, that pretty kettle of fish, the American war? They knew that the jewel of our island, as Shakspeare, I think they call him, says, ‘ set in the silver sea, was impregnable.’ When Eugene was alive, he fought for us, but he’s dead and gone,” extending his rattan, and giving a boatswain’s whistle; “ gone where all good and honest men go, aloft. I hate a French lubber as much as a witch, or a necromancer with a white beard, and always shall while above board.”

Moreton, with the impetuosity of youth, declared he believed ghosts existed solely in the imagination; that they were the mere coinage of an overheated fancy; that the people who professed faith in them were either too credulous to deserve notice, or

knaves and impostors, who worked upon the weakness of other people, that they might carry on treasonable or wicked plots.

“ I’ll be d—d if you are not somewhere in soundings, brother Englishman; you are not one of the leaden-pated fellows, fresh-water sailors on which the *Luminés* might run their rigs. You are not fish for their net either. No, no, that tack won’t suit.”

“ The Illuminati,” replied Moreton, “are men who deserve extirpation from Europe. They are designing, dangerous, seditious people. Their followers, known to profess such principles, ought to be banished from every state, the polity of which, in my humble, but well-grounded opinion, they much endanger.”

“ Send them to their proper mansions; let them there swing in a hammock ;” said the English sailor, directing his cane in a perpendicular position downwards. “ Old Beelzebub should be their master.”

The old person who had attracted Moreton's attention looked at him seriously, then entered into an elaborate defence of the tenets which the Illuminati professed to hold.

When the company were withdrawing, Moreton was seized by the sleeve; he turned round, and perceived it to be the stranger; who thus addressed him.

"You seem incredulous to what is true, and too serious for a jest. Are you a brave man?"

"What need of that question? Do you doubt it?"

"Well, well. You are an Englishman, and I judged you were brave. Will you consent to accompany me in a postchaise at four o'clock to-morrow, on an excursion some miles from Vienna. Will you go unattended; and I will satisfy your doubts with respect to the power of necromancy, the cabala, and the occult science."

"I promise you that I shall be ready to

go. Fear not you," returned Henry, "that I shall be deterred by cowardice. To remove the veil from mystery, to shew truth in her undiminished light and artless form, will be an office that I shall most gladly undertake."

They now parted for that evening. Sir Henry Moreton returned to his hotel, anxious for an opportunity of receiving satisfaction respecting a subject on which he had often argued.

The following day was remarkably fine. At the appointed time a chaise was at the door of his hotel.

The German was in the carriage alone. Moreton joined him, and the postilions were ordered to drive quick. Their road lay towards Preiburg.

On entering the forest, as the sun was gradually sinking into the western horizon, he looked from the window of the carriage, and at a distance were seen the lofty spires of the churches and houses at Vienna; and,

as opportunity occurred, sir Henry Moreton contemplated the features of his fellow-traveller.

His countenance was expressive: he appeared to be a man of intense thought. Ferocity was visible in his looks; and his pale and bloodless cheeks shewed that fear was unknown to his soul.

“This spot is very romantic,” said the stranger. “Vienna has a country about it suited for the contemplative. Our minds are formed for meditation. It is in solitude man broods on past happiness; happiness that possibly may never return. To be cut off in the bloom of life, when ambition, love, pleasure, promise us increase of joy; to close our eyes when on the eve of possessing these objects of men’s curious and diligent search, is the lot of many; it may be yours, young man, at a period that is not far distant.”

Henry, for the first time, recollected how imprudent he had been to trust himself with

a stranger of so suspicious an appearance, alone.

The German entered into topics of philosophy in glowing language; and painted the pleasures of life, in contrast with the miseries that surround us.

They now passed a village, where Henry observed the German was treated with particular marks of submission and respect. The houses were straggling, and Moreton observed the features of these men to betray marks of cruelty and profligacy. What calmed the mind of this virtuous and brave youth was, the consciousness that he had ever possessed the Christian principles; that, under the influence of faith in the Everlasting Being, under the hopes of future rewards, he had endeavoured to live in the practice of virtue. What then should he fear, conceiving death to be the end of trial?

The stranger looked more cheerful, his eyes were more calm; and though the co-

lour of his face did not change, satisfaction was clearly to be distinguished in his countenance. "Our journey will not last many miles further, and *you will soon terminate your career.*"

The silver moon, emerging from a fleecy cloud, in which it had been obscured, filled the mind of Moreton with awe and veneration for that Deity who superintends the works of his creation, and on whose attributes he now mused in deep silence.

A figure passed by them on horseback, dressed extravagantly, with a cloak over his coat, large hussar boots, and a sabre in his hand. As he passed the chaise, he looked in at one of the windows, waved his hand to the German, and lifted up the mask with which his face was disfigured. "It is well," said the German, "you have used dispatch; but there was scarcely necessity for this disguise."

They continued the conversation in a

country dialect, with which Moreton was unacquainted.

All seemed to be mysterious; and he grasped his poignard to defend himself if there should be a necessity.

The chaise stopped at the gates of a decayed castle. One of the postilions dismounted, and rang loudly at the bell. The door was at length opened, and the chaise drove into a spacious court.

Moreton was requested to alight. "You are welcome, sir Henry Moreton, to the place of your destiny," said the German.

The travellers entered a lofty and large apartment. Candles were placed on the table.

"What think you, my friend, of cards, to pass away the time necessary for the preparation of that fight which is to convince your wavering mind?"

They sat down to picquet, and played a few games, Moreton resisting the importunity of his adversary, who wished to double

the stakes, but incautiously produced money sufficient to tempt the German.

Three beautiful damsels entered the room, whose style of dress was fascinating and voluptuous. They sat down, and one of them sung a sublime air, while the other accompanied the pleasing and melodious strains on the harp; but their manners were licentious.

At first Moreton, who had been pressed to drink wine, that he might lose the discretion he was master of when sober, felt inflamed with passion, and was not insensible to their charms; but when he recollected her image who had before recalled and saved him from the dangers of seduction, he stopped his ears to the siren's voice. He observed the roses which were worn as chaplets ornamenting the hair of the fair wantons, to change colour, and turn white, their complexions appeared yellow, and the vermillion of their thin lips and soft and full cheeks, turn to a deep olive colour.

"Would you now wish to be convinced of the truth of that power which some of the wisest men have confessed, which has appalled in its effects those who have enjoyed the reputation of being brave, who have fought nobly in the field of battle, and stood unmoved, opposing superior forces in the field?"

"Willingly," replied Moreton. His heart was affected as he viewed the evening star. "This moment, perhaps," added he, "my Emma Tankerville is viewing even this admirable work of the creation with thoughts of praise and wonder. Oh, may good angels watch round her bed! May no incautious rashness lead her into danger! May she never be deserted, but live happy even when I shall be no more. May her actions shine forth among dark deeds, even as thou, Hesperus, among the clouds, speakest the purpose for which He, whose majesty appears dark with excessive brightness, created thee. As the stars light up the heavens, and are of

infinite utility to human kind, so may thy actions be a splendid and beneficent train of virtuous deeds; and when thy evening hall at length arrive, mayst thou receive the praise of those who have been relieved by pitying benevolence. Sure it is some satisfaction to my soul to think that she views the same heavenly objects that I do."

"This is not our season to meditate, but proper for action," interrupted his mysterious fellow-traveller.

With a wand he drew a circle; then pronouncing some mysterious words, and stirring the fire, he caused it to give a sulphureous odour, and flames of a blue cast. Stepping from the circle, and having crossed himself, he closed the shutters of the window.

"Are your pistols loaded?"

"Yes."

"Do you feel prepared?"

"Gratify my curiosity, and you will oblige me."

“ Who would you wish to see rise from the mansions of the dead, and quit the silent and still sepulchre?”

“ A distinguished French officer among the Royalists, who was killed at La Vendee in the last war, in a well-fought engagement with a superior army of Republicans. He died in the field of battle deploring the false and impious principles of his misguided countrymen. I knew him well, and received the intelligence from a countryman of his, an unfortunate emigrant, who saw him lying, dreadfully wounded, on the very spot where they had been fighting.”

“ You shall see him ; and now prepare to have your expectation gratified.”

An officer, wounded in three places, appeared ; it was the pallid and marrowless substance of Laurency. His face had the ashy appearance of a skeleton ; the teeth were rotting in the mouth ; the clothes which he wore were stained with blood ; it was the uniform in which the unfortu-

nate Laurency was buried, and belonged to the Royalists. The figure of the deceased waved his hand, and pointed to the ground.

A clock in the room at this moment struck twelve.

Sir Henry Moreton was lost in astonishment, and his faculties were benumbed; but, on the return of reason, he fired one of his pistols at the figure; when the slugs appeared to hit it without effect. The aim was too well taken to miss.

The pallid Laurency cast a look of pity on our Englishman.

“I still think that this is some imposture.”

“Are you fond of spectacles?” said the German, smiling, to Moreton.

“I feel no disinclination to be present at one.”

They adjourned to another room, which was well lighted up, and prepared for the occasion.

When the curtain drew up, a theatrical scene was exhibited. Various characters in

masquerade appeared, besides men and women habited in dominos. Among them he could distinguish the representatives of Emma and his own figure. The combat which took place between him and fir Richard Oliver; in the next scene, the duel in Hyde Park was exhibited, and the courage of fir Henry Moreton was celebrated by a full chorus of English maidens and young men, who now prepared to follow the priest to the altar, who was about to join the hands of Emma Tankerville and himself.

When the curtain was a second time drawn up, a ship appeared, from which our traveller was landed. At Vienna, the coffee-house in which he debated on the imposition of the pretended seers, the folly of studying the cabalistic arts, and the wickedness of the Illuminati, was depicted.

The plot thickened. When their journey through the forest was described, the romantic figure so mysteriously habited appeared again; but, in the place of villagers,

Moreton perceived a banditti on the stage. Determined not to part with life at a cheap rate, he now perceived in whose hands he was. One of the villains who attempted to seize him met with his fate from his trusty poignard. And now a noise and vociferous clamour was heard, shrieks mingled with sounds of exultation and triumph; when Lionel, followed by the naval officer and the brother of Isabel, with some of the crew from the frigate, and a strong detachment of Austrian hussars, entered the room.

“Huzza, my brave boy,” said the Englishman, “I suspected how it would be; I am glad I came in the nick of time; I have steered well, and having fathomed the soundings, found the bottom shelvy; but this has not prevented us from pouring in a broadside upon the enemy; though, as for the matter of that, I dare say, thou knowest it already by the d—d hubbub there has been. You have not long to live, old necroman-

cer. So breathe out one prayer, if you can, for the benefit of your soul."

He shot the miscreant through the body, and exclaimed—"May all *Luminés* meet the same treatment! It is ~~what~~ such cruel treacherous rascals deserve. The law of nations is against them, or ought to be; for though one ought not to speak the truth of the dead, they are d—d rascals."

In the pocket of the deceased was a letter from sir Richard Oliver, intimating that this man was an hired assassin.

Moreton was grateful to Heaven for its protection, and thanked his friends for their aid. The party then left the castle in possession of the soldiers. As they journeyed through the forest, the brother of Isabel explained the mystery of the village.

The haunt of people of the most abandoned sort, it afforded an asylum to them, under the direction and government of a faction, who corresponded with the disaffected of

every country, and were conspiring at that moment, in which they were providentially detected, the ruin of the house of Austria.

These people were cruel, profligate, and atrocious; their daring and infamous crimes had led them to an eminence among their fellows; they vowed eternal enmity to established governments, and to the friends of religion and established and natural order. They were supported by the French, and lived in ridicule and disdain of all marriage and family ties. The slaves of sense, appetite was what they readily obeyed; a want of humanity was their distinguishing characteristic.

When sir Henry and his friends reached Vienna, the English commander would force them to his lodgings; and, in the course of the evening, was so elevated at his late exploit, or as he properly called it, *coup-de-main*, that, with a view of paying deserved honour to it, he made them as drunk, he said, "as he ever loved to see

his messmates." "Damn all palaver," added this son of the waves, "it don't matter a rope's end, or arguify a rummer of grog, if a man has a good tough oaken heart, what his outside is. ~~Here's~~ here's that Lionel, a pretty youth, and though he looks all the world like a milk-sop, or one who never crossed the line, is as brave a fellow as the Isle ever produced. Come, give us your fist—a hearty good shake, young man. Here's not a dry soul on board; we all of us love good cheer; drink, sir, 'Success to Old England,' and fill again, signors. There's nothing like travelling; if it had not been for that, I should not have seen the coast of Holland, Aboukir, Copenhagen castle, or passed the gut of Gibraltar. Travelling clears our minds from all prejudice; and an English sailor is like his own ship—tight, and made of oak, plenty of hold in him, and, thank God, *open* to all nations but our enemies; and when we have beat them into a little sound

reason, why then we *parley vous* as well as the best of them; aye, and are on as good terms with Mounseer, as we are with Italian, German, Spaniard, or Dutchman. Who would ever have supposed we should have seen a Dutchman frenchified? Why, it's like one of their own cheeses fried in oil. D—n all such squeezes and compliments, say I; let's have all fair on deck; give us plenty of sea-room, and curse French palaver. There's no trusting them till after a few warm engagements; we then come to a bit of an understanding. Let's keep a good look out, and the Albion will not be easily taken, or boarded."

Soon after this circumstance, Moreton quitted Vienna, in order to make a tour through Germany, to the regret of his acquaintance, with whom he had contracted a cordial intimacy. Not many days had elapsed since his departure, when Emma Tankerville and her aunt, Mrs. Maitland, arrived at that city.

Mrs. Maitland, who could truly say with the poet, as she, with him, felt the most pleasing sympathy,

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,"

did not fail to draw a favourable contrast between the English and Germans. The laws, manners, industry, society, and polity, of her own countrymen were preferred.

CHAPTER XVII.

I'll have a party at the Bedford Head.
 The devil's in you if you cannot dine.
 Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have place) ;
 And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say grace.

POPE'S Imitations of Horace.

A DINNER PARTY.—A COLLECTOR OF
 SHELLS, AND ADMIRER OF PETRIFAC-
 TIONS AND BUTTERFLIES.—A PROFIT-
 ABLE PATIENT TO PHYSICIANS.—A MO-
 NEY-LENDER, WHO BATTENS ON THE
 FRUITS OF HIS INIQUITY.—A HOAX
 FROM THE HONOURABLE MR. PELLET.

So far from attending to his cousin's serious advice, Pellet, who was fond of that amusement, which all characters are who are desirous of distinguishing themselves from the general stock of mankind, proposed to himself no mean satisfaction in giving a dinner party, where none but eccentric and whimsical characters, and two or three of

his particular friends, should be assembled. Tickets of invitation, therefore, were issued by him to each of the gentlemen that he intended should be present, to dine with him at the ——— coffee-house.

An author, as he is the most laborious, should be the most attentive and diligent of servants; in few words, he should have the name of being a *clever honest fellow*; a name, which, I am afraid, is denied to many.

It is the business of an author to act the part of a master of the ceremonies, or rather of servant in waiting, and introduce the various characters, *videlicet*: his grace the duke of Wandsworth; lord Pantaloon; Mr. Bribery, member of Parliament; the reverend doctor Canon, and his wife, Mrs. Canon, daughter of the reverend doctor Orthodox; Mrs. Sago, the great grocer's wife in Cheap-side; sir John Bashaw, the opulent and titled city knight; Mr. Pledge, the rich alderman and bank director; and Master

Whirligig, brother to the honourable Mr. Prodigal; the honourable Mr. Trifle, a man of the most dashing character at the west end of the town, well known at Brighton, Ramsgate, Margate, Scarborough, Bognor, Tunbridge, &c. in the summer.

The company answered the invitation by their personal attendance. Dr. Anapest, with whom the reader is already acquainted, introduced a gentleman turned of forty years of age, originally a merchant, but now metamorphosed into a country squire, who, to the great disgust of his wife, kept horses, pointers, greyhounds, spaniels, and terriers, and when he could spare time from the cow-house, kennel, field, and stable, passed many hours in learning the elements of the Latin language.

There was also a military citizen, who had enrolled himself in the Clapham Volunteers, the band of which was more numerous than the regiment; but, having offered their services to government, they were about to receive the thanks of their country. His

conversation was that of a soldier ; and, following the maxim of his father, “ always to have a view to business,” for the inspection of the company that he frequented, he carried his book of patterns with him.

An officer of a new corps, a fashionable acquaintance of the honourable Mr. Peller, *whose groom always attended him on horse-back*, a provisional attendant, having his sumpter mare loaded with peaches, apricots, moulds of ice, patches of sticking plaster, military gloves, lavender water, and essence of bergamot ; and in winter, if the weather was inclined to be unfavourable, umbrellas, tongues, ham, portable soups, and fir Hans Sloane’s chocolate.

Signor Marmotte, an exotic, a native of Italy, the counterpart of doctor Anapest, a pedantic naturalist ; one of a species, of which there are many in this country admitted to the tables of the rich and fashionable. The language of our Italian was *fi signor*. He could tell you of nature’s ec-

centricities, was conversant in curious butterflies, shells, and worms; but, of real worth, his mind was totally barren.

Another gentleman present was, Mr. Querulous, descended from a family very numerous in this island, and not in the least diminished in modern times. In the choice of a wife, the father of Mr. Ralph Querulous had been very select. Owing to the efficacy of preparations of steel and dragon's blood, a desirable object was brought about, and Mrs. Querulous was delivered of a son and heir, to the joy, even of her husband, and the satisfaction of the villagers, who were handsomely regaled on this important occasion.

His mother, following the example of the brute creation, herself suckled the child, and was ordered by her husband, during the time she gave the breast, strictly, to confine herself to roast beef. He took a house for her in the country, sold his stud, and disposed of his hounds, both of which were

unmatched in the country in which he resided, that he might pay greater attention to the nurse: though these measures were executed contrary to the advice of his neighbour; sir John Quickset, who at that time was busily employed in nursing and training two fine pointer puppies, and bringing forward a spaniel against the shooting season, his sons being at school sixty miles distant from home, where they were regularly disciplined through the *as in presenti*, that they might understand Cicero, and be able to read Mr. Pitt's speeches in *The True Briton*. No savage was freer from rollers and bandages than master Ralph Querulous; stays, the prudent mother considered as the bane of children; and his clothes, which were delicately soft and simple, were fastened with strings. In spite of all caution, having been born in the month of November, in the midst of a thick fog, which settled upon the atmosphere, at that very early period the infant showed symptoms of a particularly fret-

ful and peevish disposition, quarrelled with his nurse, destroyed his playthings because they were not good enough, and then cried for others; he could never be persuaded to go to bed, and the sight of cold water threw him into hystericks. In vain was a crust of bread, the best gum-stick in the opinion of Mr. Querulous, put into his mouth to rub his gums; the thin sixpence was thrown aside in a fit of peevishness. Nor could he be prevailed on to drink milk rarefied with water, and sweetened with a little raw sugar. His diet consisted of meat of the weakest kind, his beverage was small beer; no fruit was allowed the child before it was well-ripened by the productive heat of the sun; honey was constituted the chief article of breakfast to the heir of the estates and fortune of Mr. Zachary Querulous; and he never slept in a cradle, as other children do, "for," said Mr. Querulous, "a learned physician of our age dislikes the cradle, and sets his face against it decidedly."

One very common error of parents, by which they hurt the constitution of their children, is, a predilection for sending them too young to school. Master Ralph, rather than his health should be endangered, was kept from the baneful seminary.

As master Querulous slowly advanced unto manhood, he was ever ailing; his only monitor was some physician, and his bosom friend an apothecary; his stomach might be compared to a chemist's or apothecary's shop, in which were deposited peruvian bark in large quantities, pills, syrups, confections, balsams, doses of rhubarb, powders, wheys, juleps, mixtures, vinegars, decoctions, electuaries, wines, conserves, draughts. His discourse abounded in maxims borrowed from medical people, books, and almanacs.

His house was ventilated in every chamber, his bed was regularly turned down every morning at the time of his rising, and with peculiar and scrupulous exactness

exposed to the air, whose salutary breezes might tend to expel the noxious vapours and promote his health.

No fire was permitted in his room, lest eventually he might be stifled; and in summer-time, the floor was sprinkled with vinegar, juice of lemon, or some other strong vegetable acid. Many times had he been bled and purged without sufficient reason.

In July, afraid of being seized with a fever, he persuaded an empiric to drain him off twelve or fourteen ounces of blood. He had been blistered for a miliary fever, which he had increased by suffering irritation from the ungoverned passions of his mind, and he began to dread a consumption.

One evening in particular, being seized with a fit of yawning and stretching, after eating a heartier dinner than he usually did, a physician was sent for, who lived at some distance; nor was he dismissed without receiving a handsome fee, while his patient lost almost the last drop of his blood.

Mr. Positive was a democrat. No one declaimed more loudly in praise of the liberty of the subject; no one was a greater tyrant to his family. As Jupiter is related by Homer to have kept in awe the gods on mount Ida with a nod, our politician awed them with a frown. If his servant omitted the slightest mark of deference, was forgetful in any exterior mark of respect, this self-created philosopher shewed the most intemperate anger: but, when he declaimed on the rights of mankind, his hearers would have supposed him the greatest friend to liberty and equality that any country produced. Civil to those to whom interest united him, in the coffee-room he was the first to declare his exalted idea of freedom, by a most abrupt and marked rudeness of manners.

The company had waited dinner some time for the arrival of Mr. Snug; at length, tired and impatient at his want of regularity, they had taken their seats, when that gentle-

man made his appearance. Mr. Snug had formerly been an opulent tradesman, and increased his income, already great, by lending young and inexperienced men, upon undeniable securities, necessary sums of money, for which he was content to receive from fifteen to thirty *per cent.* interest.

He could scarcely write intelligibly his own name, set all rules of grammar at defiance, breaking Priscian's and even Lowth's head most cruelly. He conceived, in his wisdom, that the use of musty proverbs and wise saws displayed a degree of knowledge superior to the generality of the world. His manners were blunt, his actions unpolished; and though frequently his phraseology was, "Sir, and madam; if you please; I am highly obliged to you; will you please to have any of this, or would you possibly choose that; in what shall I serve you, sir, or madam;"—it was evident that this language

rose from custom, and was the language of his shop.

“Gentlemen,” said this man, who was about five feet one inch in height, and pot-bellied, dressed in a complete suit of the same cloth, “gentlemen, I *begs* pardon. It is *werry, werry* warm. I *sweats* like a town-bull, I declare,” wiping his forehead; “my face is all a muck, and yet, upon my credit, I only walked a snail’s pace from my house in Prospect-place, Newington, t’other side of the water. Ah, there’s a number of warm men *lives* there; none of your wishy-washy skip-jack colonels, your spendthrift members of the parliament-house; many worth half a plum, some worth a whole one; gemini, they are warm fellows; they are your good men; men who can well afford to pay the old woman nine-pence, aye, and can afford to keep horses though they do eat of nights.” This last remark was uttered with a look of profound sagacity.

The officer, who belonged to the fashionable corps, was a pupil of Lord Chesterfield's; who was never vulgar enough to play on the violin; never joined in athletic exercises, because bargemen, coopers, fishmongers, and shoemakers played at such sports; but pretended ignorance at the expense of his veracity, when he wished to gratify people in their fondness for relating news; who, when he intrigued, was choice in his amours, thinking it unbecoming a gentleman to debauch any other females than those who were women of distinction, talent, and good qualities. This gentleman, eying Mr. Snug with a marked abhorrence, shuddered, as the traveller does on viewing the most dangerous and venomous reptile; or the timid debtor, the hard and rough creditor; and shrunk back into the company, screaming loudly, at the approach of Mr. Snug.

Mr. Pellet introduced him to the com-

pany; when Mr. Snug addressed captain Parafol, who belonged to the fashionable corps, in this most abrupt manner :

“ May-hap, Mr. Bergamot, you do not like the cut of my coat; though it was not made by a *parlay woo francais*, it is of good cloth; aye, as good as ever came out of a tradesman’s shop. I bought it of a near neighbour of mine, enough to make me a whole fuit. Zooks, how you stare, just like a stuck pig. I shan’t eat you, sir, so don’t be afraid. Why, sir, you have a countenance four enough to turn all the small beer in the cellar;” winking to the company. “ What’s *look* now-a-days. Pride rides in coaches, and honesty is content to take up with the ten-toe stage.”

“ True! true!” observed doctor Anapest, “ whether we boast our descent from Inachus, or are oppressed with poverty, as indigent as Irus—*Irus omnes eodem cogimur.*”

Pellet laughed heartily at the pompous solemnity with which this sentence was introduced.

Signor Marmotte observed, "that the pikes in the lake of Geneva were larger than those caught in England; for fishermen were known to take them of eighty pounds weight, and trouts of fifty pounds."

"Nor are the English banquets to be compared, with justice," said Anapest, "to the Roman feasts. Heliogabalus had the brains of nightingales served up at his table; and, for his own supper, the brains of five hundred ostriches; I will not omit the delicious lamprey, or the thrush."

"Ah!" exclaimed the doctor, with additional energy, "our art in catering does not equal the skill the ancient Romans displayed. How much superior were the masters of the world to Britons; how inferior our taste, how confined the modern art of cooking, when compared to that of Rome, where philosophers even did not think it

admission of my new fashion, to limit the
of the subject.

"And yet, the first and only Southern
fashion, in my judgment,"
exclaimed I then, "as it is compared to the
fashions of the North, I should
prefer the latter to the former, in the shape of a
few rough petticoats, hosiery, wool stock
that they have just received on our lav-
ing stock in a new hosiery, hosiery and
delicious hosiery from the West Indies,
which I had pronounced the following pa-
ra-graph in the first issue. On the calypso
and calypso of hosiery stock in London
hosiery stock of hosiery! hosiery stock!
hosiery stock! Happy are those who eat of the!
Hosiery is due to him who brought the first
green and fresh animal on British shores."

My friend Marshall commented on the va-
luable qualities of the lapis asbestos, found
more frequently in Norway than in any
other country, and of which, Pliny says,
napkins were made.

“Napkins, signor!” exclaimed Mr. Pellet.

“Yes, sir; and if it was taken from de table and thrown into de fire, it was excellently cleaned by dat method, as well as if it had been washed in the most pure water.”

“Ingenious people!” exclaimed doctor Anapest, as soon as he could take the fork from his mouth; “may admiring posterity pay you the deserved tribute of praise; may your actions be recorded on tablets of brass. Live, live for ever.” He had no sooner said this, than, throwing his hand on the table, to give more energy to his words, he threw down a soup-plate, and emptied the contents on the breeches of the unfortunate officer; who started up in excessive agony, which he expressed by his countenance and the motions of his body. He shrieked out—
 “D — e, the wretch has scalded me! O curse the barbarous pedant! Plague take his brains of ostriches, nightingales, and his thrush! Plague take the owl in the ivy bush! oh! oh! oh! he! he! he!

hah! hah! hah! oh! oh! oh! I am sure the skin is taken off."

Some sal volatile saved from fainting this commander of men, odoriferous from essence of lavender and bergamot.

On seeing the company partake largely of the venison, Mr. Snug observed, "What was one man's meat was another's poison. Old birds were not to be caught with chaff." He liked, for his part, things new and fresh. "Oddsbuds! I, for my part, *likes* sweet things." "Will you have some of these rabbits?" said the giver of the feast. "Shall I help you, Mr. Snug, to a wing?"

"Aye, a wing and a part of the back, and plenty of onion sauce. None of your *Wauxhall* bits for me. I *says* a wing. If people, sir, don't take care of themselves now-a-days, I don't know, for my part, what's to become of them."

This called the attention of signor Marmotte, who had been engaged in the contemplation of the philosophic action of the

duck and drake on the surface of the water. He observed, in French, to the gentleman who had showed such a violent antipathy to Mr. Snug, "that the man was really a brute, and would increase the curiosities of a showman. I should like to ascertain whether Mr. Pidcock would buy him, and what he'd give for such a creature, that he might place him among his ourang-outangs."

The gentleman smiled approbation, pulled out a small morocco case, which contained his lavender bottle, and declared that the sight of such a monster was odious.

The citizen officer now called the attention of Pellet, who, when the interrupted conviviality and harmony of the table was restored, observed, that he should begin by oblique firing; and expressed a desire of attacking the flank of venison, bringing his right shoulder forward, supporting his knife and fork in excellent order; his attention was admirable, his dress correct, and no citizen of London surpassed him.

Pellet did not in silence observe these military evolutions at table. He commenced his attack by giving the words of command—"Make ready; present; fire; and destroy most voraciously." Lord Shuffle observed, "there would be more forage, as soon as the light companies," meaning the waiters, "came into their presence."

The conversation taking a political turn, Mr. Snug argued on the folly of the *Cuffican's* menaces. He hoped ere long the *main* villain would be obliged to eat humble pie. For his part, it was his idea, that such *great* men ought to be committed into the care of *Polly's* officers, if there was no other way of keeping Georgy's peace. "If the company," said this consummate politician, "will promise to attend, I'll touch on the point, and *throw down the book* directly. In the first place, every man, gentle and simple, scholar or unlearned, must allow an Englishman can beat a Frenchman any day in the week. I says, D—n the Cuffican,

and all that is of his party ! Now, do you think, gentlemen, that such a little whipper-snapper fellow as that, who lives upon fricasees, and eggs and spinage, and now and then a stewed cutlet, can beat a man who lives upon roast beef, and drinks good brown stout. It's contrary to all larning ; you may as well tell me, that I could lift the monument, which stands there on Fish-street-hill. I tell you, the Cuffican is not worth a brass shilling that's nailed on the counter. Master *Bony-part* will get his trimmings, ere he's many weeks older. He'll have other fish to fry, if he meets Nelson. None of your *Maamlouks* and *Arabs*, and *Gyptians* ; Man to man, English men, John Bull's own children. Why he'll be dished and blown to old Nick, a snivelling, little, undersized, half-starved scurvy politician ; and that's my sentiment, gentlemen."

"Halt," said the citizen officer ; "one word I have to observe. The gentleman

who spoke last seems to think it easy to encounter the tactics of the conqueror of Marengo. Does the gentleman forget, or has he never heard," (then cautiously lowering his voice, observing Mr. Snug to frown) "I most humbly beg pardon, it was not my intention to offend; if the gentleman will have the goodness to call to his attention the actions in which Bonaparte was victorious last war; how his soldiers stepped out, wheeled; and how, in close order, they marched to the front and rear in quick time, never halting or retreating but when they had gained their object——"

"You would oblige me," interrupted Pellet, "if you would help doctor Anapest, who seems deep in thought, to one of these wings of a fowl."

The doctor, at that time, was reflecting on the great ideas which were necessary to form such an useful Macedonian phalanx as the Greeks boasted. That Philip was an enterprising man, the doctor spoke

aloud. He was not one of those, who, if they do enjoy the feast of reason at night, regularly afterwards drain the cup of Circe.

"What Philip was that, sir?" said Mr. Snug; "had he no surname?"—

"A man of profound cunning and sagacity," said Anapest, viewing the tradesman with contempt. "It was he who formed the invincible and firm phalanx, and reduced Greece to the power of Macedon."

"I understand you," replied Snug, with marks of assumed sagacity. "Why did not they grant him a patent for the invention. I'll just touch on the point. I takes it, as how Macedon was a composition like fuller's earth, by which Philip (what was his surname?) rubbed out *Grease*."

"He has had a patent," observed Anapest; "a patent which the historian has recorded in deserved strains of panegyric. His memory has survived the tomb in which his ashes were deposited."

Mr. Querulous declined drinking beer, as it was of a narcotic quality; dined on some mutton broth and panado, which were made for him on purpose; and finished his dinner with some shell-fish, which the waiter procured him. An admirable receipt for people disposed to be melancholy.

Doctor Anapest conjectured that Thaliarcus never drank better wine with that old buck Horace, or even Mæcenas, on a feast-day; and that the company ought to consider themselves as particularly obliged to the right honourable Mr. Pellet.

A young gentleman, who attempted to be pleasant with repeating jokes from that celebrated wit, Joe Miller, and telling old anecdotes, and making stale observations; when he spoke of the small beer, though it was excellent, rather than lose the opportunity of being witty, he remarked, "We must not speak ill of the dead." Such interesting remarks, and accounts of his exploits acted when he was at school; how

he broke into orchards, and pilfered damascenes; went to races, hunted cats, and drew caricatures of the masters: such stories as these were subjects of his discourse. He had recited an old epigram, containing these lines:

Thy nags the leanest things alive,
 They are so very hard to drive;
 I heard thy anxious coachman say,
 It cost thee more in whips, than hay—

and was following this rehearsal with an Irish bull, made by an inhabitant of Cork, who put his stockings on the contrary side to prevent a hole that was in them from being observed; when doctor Anapest called the attention of his hearers, to a long ode from Pindar, which he instantly thundered forth with a full mouth.

The company listened to him with attention; but the doctor mentioning the words *φλογος ου*, the country gentleman and original tradesman, who was his pupil, observed, that he had always understood Pin-

dar was an advocate for flogging; and he had heard that he wrote a whole book on a horse-race, though he knew some people who preferred Taplin on horses.

“To the god of battles was the horse dedicated,” observed Anapest; “ominous of war was the very sight of this valuable quadruped. Scarce had Æneas disembarked on the coast of Italy, when, in a meadow feeding he saw four—four, observe me, gentlemen, white horses. It was then Anchises, who was the father of Æneas, and the grandfather of the infant Ascanius, cried out, ‘O foreign country, thou threatenest war against us!’”

After this learned elucidation, the company began to feel their heads inflamed with the quantity of wine that they had drank. The tables swam before them, and drowsiness seized on those who were not clamorous: even these began to slumber.

Doctor Anapest was called upon by the honourable Mr. Pellet, to give a lady.

“As the right honourable and liberal young gentleman, the master of the banquet, Mr. Pellet, calls on me to give the health of a lady—Gentlemen, replenish your glasses, and I will drink the health of ‘The fair Glycera’—observe there are seven letters in her name.”

Pellet laughed.

Mr. Snug turned up his eyes, pulled off his wig, and scratched his head.

The citizen officer said, he really did not understand the word of command given.

His brother officer, captain Parasol, enquired of the profound doctor, in an effeminate tone of voice, if the young lady lived in Queen Anne-street, East?

Lord Shuffle was desired by the President to drink up his heel taps, and fill a bumper.

And Tom Vortex swore he would drink to Glycera; as he knew her well, and had slept with her often.

“That’s very probable,” said Pellet; “when you was at school, was it not?”

Doctor Anapest observed, "she was the favourite mistress of my friend, Horace."

"Your friend's mistress," said Tom Vortex. "Oh, d—n it, doctor, that's not honourable."

"Happy woman," said the doctor, inattentive to this remark—"happy in being celebrated by so great a poet! How did he dote on her! With what a flame was he impassioned, when he exclaimed,

"Urit me Glyceræ nitor
 Splendentis Pario marmore purtus:
 Urit grata protervitas,
 Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.
 In me tota ruens Venus
 Cyprum deferuit.

"When he calls on the queen of Cnidus and Paphos to forsake her beloved Cyprus, and seek the house of Glyceræ,

"O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique,
 Sperne dilectam Cypron, et vocantis
 Thure te multo Glyceræ decoram
 Transfer in ædem.

“Fervidus tecum puer, et solutis
 Gratiz zonis, properentque Nymphæ,
 Et parum comis sine te Juventas
 Mercuriusque.”

“If the Graces would play on the piano,” said Pellet, “or sit down to a game of quadrille, it would be very well; but as for Mercury, plague take the thief, I would kick him out of the house. I never have any commerce with Mercury when I can avoid it, doctor.”

Doctor Anapest could not reply, for he had already fallen back in his chair; his knees knocked his chin, his eyes had sunk in his head, his face resembled the complexion of Phœbus when first he appears and opens the casement, letting in light from his foggy bedchamber; his mouth was black as the shoe, useful to vintners.

Mr. Positive, in the midst of a panegyric on Harmodius and Aristogiton and Wat Tyler, was seized with a fit of yawning; stretched out his clenched hand, with an

involuntary motion, and would have awoke the gentleman who sat next to him, signor Marmotte, had not the quantities of wine which had been mixed by the honourable Mr. Pellet, and of which he had been obliged to partake liberally, in opposition to his will, rendered all efforts to rouse him ineffectual.

The party, except Lord Shuffle, the honourable Mr. T.W.Vortex, and the President, were locked in the embraces of Somnus; when the honourable Mr. Pellet, congratulating them on the success of his hoaxing scheme, stepped down stairs for the waiter, and charged him to put them into coaches and see them driven to each other's lodgings, and to take the bill to Mr. Snug, and insist upon its being discharged. Thus having settled the account, followed by his companions, he determined to finish his evening with glorious fun, and enjoy the pleasures of "tipsey revelry."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Then many a demon will she raise,
 To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways;
 While gleams of lost delight
 Raise the dark tempest of the brain,
 As lightning shines across the main,
 Through whirlwinds and through night.
 AKENSIDE's Ode against Suspicion.

AT Vienna, Mrs. Maitland amused herself with the politics of the Imperial court. Miss Tankerville drove frequently in a low phaeton drawn by four Shetland ponies. It was in these excursions, and in the amusements of the metropolis of Germany, that she passed her time, regretting the absence of Moreton, but still hoping to see him at no long interval. Emma was repeatedly, at public places, intruded upon by the unwelcome officiousness of a Russian officer, who wore a large black patch over his eye; his

face, naturally forbidding, was more disfigured by the small-pox. He seemed attentively to watch every movement, and crossed her more than once when she was driving in an unfrequented part of the country, yet contiguous to the city : the prospect would have suited the pencil of Salvatore Rosa : when one day, as she was taking her usual ride in her open carriage, she was attacked by two ruffians with crape round their faces, and armed with pistols and cutlasses. One of her servants would have resisted ; but her astonishment was excessive ; when the other, dismounting, and clapping a pistol to her breast, insisted on her mounting his own horse : then dismissing her aunt and his fellow-servant, in spite of the shrieks and intreaties of the females, bore off their lovely prize. Giving a whistle, they were surrounded by their companions, who consisted of a troop of eight horsemen, well armed and mounted. They hastened into the thickest part of the dark forest, and

alighting at an old and spacious building, rang loudly at the door, which was opened by a centinel; but what was her amazement, how shall I paint the feelings of her mind, when, in the room into which she was taken, appeared the odious figure of the ruffian officer who had been so often troublesome to her in the streets of Vienna and elsewhere, with the same villany of countenance, lowering aspect, and scar on his forehead; and dressed in the same manner. "You are now, madam," said he, attempting to smile, "about to enjoy the company of plain and brave men. Though for ever shut out from the world, and its fickle amusements, you will be loved by me; therefore learn to value the society of enlightened and courageous heroes. The villain who slanders one's reputation; the man who seduces one's mistress, and then will cut his friend's throat; the deceitful scoundrel who plunders the unwary at the gaming table; the slave who bears arms

under an ambitious despot ; most of these characters are called gentlemen, and enrolled in the muster of men of true honour ; but are they not worse than we ? Love, madam,” continued the leader of the banditti, “ has driven me to this. If you are not mine at the expiration of three days by consent, I must be possessed of you by force. No fond aunt will then console you. You see I know your history. You will be shut out from every indulgence which I am at present disposed to show you. Will you take any refreshment ?”

On her showing her aversion to food, he added, “ You may retire to your apartment. This woman,” observed he, pointing to an ugly hag, who resembled in countenance any thing but human, “ will be your attendant.” He then pulled out his snuff-box, and coolly took a pinch, giving her a glance which evinced the triumph of villainy.

Emma could not speak for grief at being forced from her guardian and friend, into

the power of a villain who had so ominously been the object of her dread. At her time of life, a person of her birth, and endowed with every attraction of art and nature, it was too much. The big tears flowed in succession down her cheeks, and, in the agony of grief, she sobbed aloud :

“ Unfortunate Emma ! where is Henry, the defender of thy honour ? Absent from all thy friends, what will become of thee ! ”

The unprincipled villain who thus dared to make love to her had been a serjeant in the Austrian service.

The robber had wished her good evening ; and she was lighted to her apartment by the hag, worn aged in the service of villainy. The room was built of oak, dark and gloomy, having windows of stained glass, through which the setting sun gleamed a desponding ray. She recommended herself in fervent prayer to that Being, without whose special providence even the sparrow does not fall ; and, afraid to divest herself of

her dress, lay down on the bed, but could not compose herself to sleep, Her bed was a bed of stone, and her pillow planted with thorns. No wonder then, that she could not, in her present state of mind, taste the welcome gifts of Sleep:

“ He like the world his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes,
And lights on lids unfulled with a tear.”

The night was long and tedious. What little slumber she had was broken and disturbed. At intervals she started, as if she heard the commander of this troop of ruffians breaking into her chamber ; but it was one of the cased doors which creaked heavily on its hinges. Again she was disturbed by the tumultuous mirth of the banditti. A long night, however, passed on without further interruption ; but painful were the feelings of Emma as she observed the fleeting shadows through the dark foliage from her window, and heard the bird of ill omen

shriek the sound of desolation; while the raven flapped its wings round the building, and seemed to anticipate bloodshed and horrid murder.

Emma had her solitary meal sent up to her apartment; the unfavourable looks of her keeper seemed to exclude any promise of bribery, or successful entreaty. The visit of her dreaded lover succeeded her breakfast. He found her what he expected, abhorring every word which he uttered in the way of affection for her.

“Brave me not,” he said; “you are too much honoured by the attachment I feel for you. You will regret such misconduct. Yield to my passion, charming Miss Tankerville, with a good grace, and you may depend on my future kindness.”

“I will sooner lose my life!” exclaimed the heart-grieved Emma.

“Oh, we will take care to prevent your death, by removing all means of violence.”

He then quitted the room, closing the door after him with unusual violence.

Nothing remarkable happened, except that she was visited by the mistress of this horrid assassin, a woman well-suited to her situation ; such society as her's, however, could give but little relief to the distressed Emma.

CHAPTER XIX.

“ Ye ask to know my race—from Arno’s vale,
 Hurl’d headlong down, I fought the depths of hell,
 For more than common villany renown’d.
 No feller savage haunts the moonlight wild,
 Nor owns a den with bloodier deeds defil’d,
 As well Pistoia knows my native ground.”

“ Sternly he ceas’d, with execrations dire,
 And, loud blaspheming Heav’n’s eternal Sire,
 He rais’d his ruffian hands, and dar’d his wrath;
 But soon a spiry snake his members binds,
 Another round his vocal passage winds,
 And stops with many a fold the felon’s breath.”

BOYD’S Translation of the Inferno of Dante Alighieri.

ON the third day, a traveller was brought in wounded, the prisoner of this nefarious gang; she recognised him immediately. It was not Dauncey, nor any of her relations, that presented himself to her view; but the beloved features of Sir Henry Moreton. How much changed from the bloom-

ing chevalier that she had met in England at the masquerade !

Destitute of that fine flush of health which was wont to draw observation from the spectator ; pale, and fainting with the loss of blood which he had sustained in the conflict that he had held with the robbers ; he afforded a melancholy sight to his fond mistress. She could not suppress the feelings of her heart, but, shrieking aloud, fell insensible on the floor. Had the robber been apprised of this part of our fair heroine's history, in all probability this moment would have decided Moreton's fate ; who, disclaiming all regard to personal safety, notwithstanding the signs his mistress gave him, intimating quietness and calmness, threatened the utmost torments that invention could suggest, to the whole body, if one of them dared to profane her with his impious touch ; promising the richest presents, on his honour, if they would convey Emma to the city of Vienna.

Some derided him, others treated him as a madman, laughing at him, and shaking their heads; but not one of them was otherwise than callous to his feelings. As for the fainting of Emma, they regarded it as a sign of that tenderness which frequently accompanies virtuous and delicate females; but which they considered as totally unnecessary, if not unpleasing.

When recovered by their assiduities, she was shown to her apartment; and the leader of the banditti, pressing her hand, intimated that the hour was approaching which he should reckon the happiest of his life.

It was to a miserable, low, and dark garret, that the wretched Henry was led, supported by two men; for he had dissembled the state of his wound, hoping that he should be able to make his escape, and rescue Emma from her miserable duration. Spots of blood stained the floor.

The moon darted her trembling rays through the casement, and on a miserable

truckle bed the unfortunate Moreton was laid, and the light was taken away. The attendants being gone, Henry rose, and, looking through a narrow casement, from the close grating he discovered a gloomy expanse, the sight being in different plantations interrupted by lofty elms and forest pines; when suddenly his attention was arrested by a groan which issued from an adjoining bed-room.

Stretched on a bed similar to his own was lying, on his side, a fair and comely young man, apparently some person of distinction, wounded, and on the point of death.

“Are you come again to offer me your loathed bounty?” said the distracted young man; “leave, leave me, to die in peace, as you hope for mercy at the day of judgment.”—“I am no robber, no murderer,” said the brave Moreton; “but it is my wish to minister consolation to you.”

He gently drew aside the tattered remains

of a bed curtain. Pale Cynthia did not withdraw her light. Moreton started. Death sat sickly on the pallid cheek which once bloomed with health; but benevolence, softness of disposition, and nobility, were conspicuous in the youth's features. Unable to restrain his grief, Henry burst into tears.

"Surely I am mistaken," said the dying stranger, "or I am delivered out of the hands of the blood-thirsty ruffian, and am in the regions of the blessed, and thou art my ministering angel."

Henry gently uplifted his pillow, and, placing the hand of the dying victim between his own, told him, "that he was himself a prisoner, in the power of a cruel banditti, with this difference, that he wished for death to terminate his woes; as the beloved object of his soul, for whom only he breathed, was this very night threatened by one of the robbers, their abandoned leader—

yet, to see you perishing in the bloom of life, no friend to close your eyes, the thoughts are painful, very painful."

"Kind stranger," the youth faintly sighed, "the hour which will render me to the silent grave is at hand. Had it pleased Heaven for me to live a little longer — but my religion calls on me to do all the good I can, during the short interval that I may be allowed to exist. Happy shall I be, if I can be of service to you in these my last moments."

"In a sliding pannel, behind the curtain at the head of the bed, you will find a stiletto, a small crucifix set in diamonds, and notes to some amount. I secured them in the linings of my clothes, and deposited them in that place for safety. Perhaps they are articles which may prove of service to you. The captain of the banditti, who threatens to wound you in that point on which your happiness may depend, sleeps in the chamber beneath. Alas, dear

and generous stranger, miserable as I am, I have tears left for you. With the stiletto you may be able to effect your entrance into his room. Heaven guide your arm. The crucifix you will keep for my sake: My name ——” here his strength failed him. Henry waited with anxiety. At length the youth proceeded, endeavouring to raise his voice.

“My name is Alphonso, a Neapolitan nobleman, descended from the ancient and noble house of Metalconica: fortune smiled on me. On the eve of being united to the fair countess of Colonna, business called me to Vienna. Already had the dusk of evening mantled the grey horizon, when I found myself, accompanied by my servant, Ludovic, in the thickest part of this gloomy forest. Night closed us around. I would have retraced my journey back, had not Ludovic strongly, and even to my astonishment, urged me to proceed on my journey. My wish too was, that I might reach

ven's blessings on her head, and traced her in my faithful memory. With the other articles, you will find a ring adorned with a miniature picture of her; deliver it, sir, I entreat you, into her hands—and so, may Heaven reward you with a suitable recompense!”

The sensible Moreton promised that he would fulfil his commands, and accompanied with his tears the groans of the virtuous and faithful Neapolitan.

Collecting himself, “ I will proceed,” he added, “ as well as my feeble strength will permit me, to conclude my sad story.

“ Ludovic and myself arrived at the gates of this accursed habitation. He sounded a bell, which seemed to ring the knell of death: the lengthened sound reverberated through the air. I was about to retreat, when a greyheaded old man opened the door. A favourite greyhound, that followed me constantly on my journey when I rode, howled piteously, and pulled

me back by the coat. But it was in vain; and I have the sad mortification to think that I even sinned against the counsel of Providence.

“ On inquiring for a lodging, the hoary porter significantly smiled.

‘ You shall not want, chevalier, any accommodation this house can afford you. Your servant shall follow you, and your horse shall be led into the stable, noble sir; nobody ever complained long, who has been lodged here, sir, I assure you. My master takes all due care of his guests. You are not the first traveller who has sought a night’s lodging under our hospitable roof.’ Fidelio growled at the villain, and showed instinctive marks of rage and yelling fury. Ludovic was close on my footsteps. It thundered and lightened excessively. The rain poured in torrents, and the elements seemed to be engaged in dreadful conflict. ‘ It is a terrible night,’ my conductor observed, as he led me to the door. He held

an enormous iron key in his hand. 'Take care of your steps, signor,' he said. A flight of stone stairs conducted us up to the massy door, which appeared to bid defiance to all force.

"As he let me into the entrance, he held up the lamp; villany was strongly depicted in his countenance. On touching a bell, the hall was crowded with ruffians. Ludovic was offered to be inrolled in their number. Judge of my astonishment, when, with an unparalleled ingratitude, he gladly accepted their proposals. The same terms were audaciously offered to me. Moved at such insolence, I could not restrain my indignation, but struck the villain who made them a blow which brought him to the ground. My poor Fidelio, in aid of his master, flew at them with ineffectual courage; the barbarous villains dispatched him with many cruel wounds, and all the savage marks of ferocity. He piteously howled, and, casting his eyes on me, while his teeth

grasped the villain's throat whom I had struck, at the feet of his kind master my poor Fidelio expired. Such were thy rewards, my trusty animal!

'It is thus,' said the treacherous Ludovic, as he plunged a dagger into his master's back, 'I show you, my brave comrades, the attachment of your new but aspiring associate.'

'Thou shalt have thy reward,' said their commander; 'it was well done, my lad.'

"I was conducted to this apartment——" Here his strength and spirits utterly forsook him, his pallid countenance fell, his eyes were suddenly closed, and the youthful Alphonso ceased for a time to breathe. Animation returned but for a moment. Awakening, "Remember me," he said faintly, "to the duke and duchess of Calabria, and forget not my last injunctions to my beloved countess."

A groan proclaimed that the hapless lover no longer existed.

CHAPTER XX.

*The time of danger, O maid, is the season of my soul; for
 thou art weak, a mighty stream, and rolls me on the foe.*

The Poems of Ossian.

THE HISTORY OF PERILOUS ADVENTURES AMONG THE BANDITTI. — SIR HENRY MORETON'S BRAVERY, AND FORTUNATE ESCAPE WITH THE FAIR EMMA TANKERTILL.

HENRY gained the room, having secured the effects of the deceased; when the well-known voice of Emma, in distress, arrested his attention. He darted forward to the chamber from which the voice proceeded, and, with his fillet opening the door, he found her struggling against the brutal violence of the ferocious commander.

“Die, villain!” he exclaimed.—Curse flowed from the mouth of the marauder, and he imprecated maledictions on the avenger of Alphonso’s fate. With difficulty Henry extricated the dagger from the deep wounds that he had inflicted.

Comforting Emma, he conveyed her to his own apartment, the door of which having secured, and praying Heaven to aid him in his efforts, he entered the chamber of the deceased. His wife, the partner in his villany and lawless cruelty, was bound by Moreton, who, being now armed with fresh weapons, the pistols of the robber whom he had punished with death, and inspired by success, went to the opposite chamber, where was lying another of the execrable gang. The robber, in broken slumbers, was dreaming on futurity. "They are too much, O God!" he cried. "Why was I created, thou dreadful and all-powerful Being, for such intolerable anguish. It was by the command of others that I murdered thee. Hide thyself, poor wretch; I have had enough of thy blood: my hands, alas, are stained with gore, with the blood of my fellow-creatures. Why, what a whining, monkish fool I am! Fiends, forbear your whips but for a moment—suspend your

excruciating instrument. The torture is—oh mercy!—But what have I to do with mercy, who have killed the innocent female, not spared the smiling and playful babe, and cut short the days of the heedless youth.”

Having little time to pity the horrors of such a troubled mind, while Moreton secured him, he learned from him, that there were none of his comrades left at home, they having gone out on an expedition. On pain of instant death, he compelled him to dress himself, and follow him. He then conducted Emma to the stable, and placing his prisoner bound, on one of the horses which were ready for travelling, he and Emma mounted the two remaining ones, himself leading the prisoner.

The morning had begun to dawn, and light had visited the chambers of the afflicted, when they quitted the retreat of the banditti. Emma's spirits had been harassed by the struggle with their leader, when our

party were alarmed, by the prisoner shouting, "My brave associates!" A clattering of horses' feet were heard on the hard ground, and a band of armed men appeared through the gloom of the forest, when the centinel from the gates of Vienna challenged our adventurers. "Friends," was the reply of Moreton in German, and they were permitted to enter.

They reported to the commanding officer the story of their adventures. A strong detachment of troops was sent against the robbers; who, displaying bravery worthy of a better cause, were taken and carried to Vienna, and underwent the sentence of the law: the habitation of their villanies was rased to the ground.

Inexpressible was the joy of Mrs. Maitland, on seeing her niece safe in her arms. The good lady shed tears of gladness, and was lavish in the praises of sir Henry Moreton, who, after executing the injunctions and dying requests of Alphonso, by

making the sad history of their hopeful and promising son known to his parents by degrees, devoted his attention solely to Emma Tankerville.

CHAPTER XXI.

DECLARATION OF LOVE.

EMMA would frequently play on the harpsichord those airs which Henry loved; and he would accompany them on the flute, of which he was an excellent master. Such concerts as these were pleasing to the feelings of both parties. She would also draw fancy pieces; which he was sure to admire, as surpassing the works of a Titian, a Raphael, a Gainsborough, a Claude, or a Gerard Douw.

At one of these tender interviews a miniature of Emma was lying on the table. "Alas," said he, "what a faint copy is this of the lovely original! Where is the dimple that displays itself in that sweet and inexpressible smile, captivates the affec-

tions, and finds its way to the hearts of all who have the happiness of listening to her accents, and seeing her charms! The colour of her hair, the softness of her countenance, rival enamel. Innumerable Loves and Graces sport on her cheek; these are most certainly wanting. The painter, fair Emma, is an unworthy artist; but indeed what artist can imitate incomparable nature? for such is the beauty of her, whom I faintly attempt to panegyrisé. He deserves punishment for his arrogant presumption and feeble attempts."

"I protest," she replied, "you have made me spoil my vintage." She was drawing a landscape of Italian villagers getting in their harvest. "This peasant has too much brown, and the colour of that villager is beplastered with rouge. I do not think the countess of Loo, at the masquerade in Berkeley-square, was painted of a deeper tint. Look! only behold, you mischief-making man! I have ruined my

whole groupe, sketched the figures in the sky, and damaged a fruitful harvest."

"I will not call you cruel or obdurate fair," replied Moreton; "but, in mentioning the place where I first knew what a tender and laudable affection was, thou dost recall to me many bitter moments of my life."

"And why not the happiest, as they may and ought to be!" interrupted Mrs. Maitland, who entered the room, as sir Henry was imprinting an affectionate kiss on her hand.

"Bless me, aunt, how you frightened me! You have frequently endeavoured to implant in my mind the cold, but prudent precept of 'avoiding rashness in our actions in life:' sir Henry Moreton will give me time to consider the duties that must accompany this novel station. Before I am married, you must, my dear aunt, with the help of your experience and sagacity, teach me to model my look to the pleasure of

my husband; if disconcerted, I must endeavour to look pleased, and unknit my brow on his return home: and how a poor tender female, untaught, can bear the additional weight of duties essential to a married state, ought to be taken into consideration."

"Promise me, my dear miss Tankerville, that you will not listen to the suit of an importunate lover, until you have pronounced the reason why justice shall condemn me to misery, the idea of which is intolerable."

"Avoid being jealous, sir Henry Moreton; let me not find reason to impute to you a vice so shocking. Trust me, sir, in your absence I have often thought of you; and a want of gratitude shall not be laid to my charge."

"Charming Emma, I could listen to you for ever; but, in protecting you from insult, or saving you from danger, I only executed a duty from which no man of any honour could shrink. Besides, to see such a lovely

and virtuous female invaded by a rude libertine, must have roused the indignation of the most callous, and called forth energy from the feeble. I love you, miss Tankerville, too faithfully to bear the idea of separation. Still continue to think of me, to express yourself not displeased at my presence; and, O lovely Emma!—that we might be united in good fortune as we have been in calamity!”

“You have saved my life, sir Henry Moreton; and that life ought, I feel, to be devoted to the happiness of my preserver. But give me time for recollection.”

“Adieu, adorable Emma,” said Moreton, as he left the room. “Those hours will pass heavily in which my future destiny is about to be determined. Mrs. Maitland, I wish you a good morning.”

The good lady courtesied to him, offered him her hand as a pledge of firm alliance, and promised him her friendly mediation. Then, having rung the bell, she wished him a good morning.

CHAPTER XXII.

SIR HENRY MORETON HEARS FROM DAUNCY.—BY THE SAME MAIL MRS. MAITLAND AND MISS TANKERVILLE RECEIVE LETTERS FROM DOCTOR ANAPEST, THE HONOURABLE MR. PELLET, AND MR. LESTER.

In the morning sir Henry Moreton awoke, after enjoying a delicious sleep. The ham was on the breakfast-table, the chocolate was boiled, and the tea-urn hissed, while eggs promised him a luxurious meal. He took up the newspaper to see if there was any important intelligence; and, to discover the march of the French, he looked among the marriages.

A letter, which came by the mail from England, was put into his hand. It was from Dauncy, who informed him of the recent death of his uncle, and requested the

immediate attendance of the present earl of Sunderland in London.

By this mail, Mrs. Maitland and her niece received letters. These she expected would contain an account of the principal transactions in England, all written by a shrewd politician; domestic news, and remarks upon the conduct of the courts of Europe; but, on the packet being opened, one of the letters was found to come from the pen of doctor Anapest. Mrs. Maitland having taken her spectacles out of the case, rubbed the glasses, and stirred the fire, seated herself in her easy chair, and read as follows:

*“ Anapest Anna, Dorothea Maitland,
Emma Maitland, S. D.*

“ You are at present, I am induced to existimate, at a magnificent city, which was formerly known under the name of Ala Flaviana, Vindomina, Vendum, Castra Flaviana, Vindobona, and also Colonia

Fabiana. The name of Colonia Fabiana was assigned to it on account of a Roman colony which was here, under general Fabianus; and here their Classis Istrea; the navy on the Danube lay under the protection of the tenth legion, as you may inform your beautiful and youthful niece.

“*Vultu doctior (subaudito Maitland)*

“*Adeo modesto, adeo venusto, ut nihil supra,*”

“*Et citharæ sciens*” “*et pulchrior fidere.*”

“This city, however, Claverius informs us, was one of the chief towns in Pannonia; celebrated for its actions against the *Mascomanni* and the *Quadi*, especially for the wars of *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Philosophus*, who defeated those nations, and is said to have died there.

“I beg leave to call to your minute and deliberate attention, five of those letters, *que vocales vocantur*, over the gate of the palace, imagined to be placed there by the architect, who we find was no vulgar fellow, since he was acquainted with that eloquent language in which Tully has

pleaded, and Maro written. The words are registered in my tablets—

Austria est imperari orbi universo.

“ In the imperial library, and it is with deference I mention them, are monuments valuable, the records of industrious men. I shall pass over the works of Leibnitz, Mosheim, Zimmerman on chemistry, Albertus Fabricius, Putter, and Gerstenberger; much less shall I dwell upon the dramas of Wieland, Lessing, Schiller, or Kotzebue; works of the imagination, how inferior to the mellifluous Sophocles, the divine Euripides, or the simple Æschylus, the comic Roman poet, or the jocose but unharmonious Plautus. Nor are the works of Gessner or Klopstock to be mentioned with Ovid’s *Tristia*, or the history of Paterculus. If you should see the works of Cellarius, you will remember to give me some account of the edition. The names of Ernesti and Heyne I have seen to some editions of the Greek and Latin classics;

these you may look over, madam. Winckle-
 man has written well on antiquity; but as
 a geographer, is it to be thought, madam,
 that Bulching can vie with Pomponius
 Mela? Some innovators may say we have
 discovered new islands, unknown countries,
 a new world; but let me keep possession of
 the old. Let me view in Cellarius that
 sea which was covered with the contending
 fleets of Greece and Persia; Tenedos, where
 the Greeks anchored before Troy; though
 Mr. Bryant would rob us of those valuable
 lands situated in Asia Minor. Let me call
 your attention, madam, while we pass by
 other trifles, such as the writings of French
 authors and those of other nations, to a
 Greek MS. of Dioscorides, since which was
 written, more than eleven hundred years
 have elapsed, and a MS. of Livy, which you
 will be undoubtedly shewn, above a thou-
 sand years old—*monumentum ære perennius*.
 Could you, unperceived, contrive to tear a
 leaf out from either or both of these, ma-

clam, which you may send to me at two different times divided, you will confer on me an inestimable favour. This treasure, if it shall have safely found me in our great metropolis, shall be most carefully shut up under lock and key.

“ An Italian gentleman, a familiar acquaintance of mine, signor Marmotte by name, has requested me to take particular notice of a stone placed in the wall of St. Stephen's church, supposed to be one of those with which Stephen was stoned to death. It has, madam, he informs me, the appearance of a pebble, and is worn smooth by the touch of superstition. He begs you will not fail to drink Rhenish from the Heidelberg tun, and wishes you much to travel to Hartz forest to see a cave near Blackenberg, of which no person has yet found the end. It is his earnest request that you will observe the two rocks near Blackenberg, resembling two monks in their proper habits; and diligently examine the

many curious petrifications of fishes, frogs, trees, and leaves. If you should meet with any shells or uncommon natural productions, he will gladly, he says, be a purchaser.

"This gentleman and myself have been lately subjected to the baneful effects originating from the extemporaneous effusions of the honourable Mr. Pellet. I was conveyed to Mr. Snug's house, a dealer in merchandize, after sacrificing at the orgies of Bacchus. You will lament the misfortunes of your acquaintance.

Do so that you may continue well. Do ~~not~~ *write* Emma, which you will construe *Amens ad Hilitum*; or present my compliments to her respecting her convalescence. *Adieu.*"

Emma received also letters from Lester, and her cousin the honourable Mr. Pellet.

Lester had written to her as follows:

Madlle Emma Tankerville,

Porte restant,

Wien.

“Amiable benefactress, Huntingdonshire (England.)

“It is with inexpressible pleasure I inform you of my affairs being in a prosperous train. You are the author of the happiness which my Elinor and myself at present enjoy. It is of you that we are continually talking, when, surrounded by the comforts of life, we reflect on our once indigent, miserable, and desperate state. Accept, then, dear miss Tankerville, our grateful heartfelt acknowledgements.

“Fortune, who frowned on me, has made me liberal amends. Not to mention the demands upon me being fully satisfied, I have received many dividends from my old creditors. The earl of Harcourt, through your benevolent intercession, has been appeased; his heart has been happily softened, and he has sanctioned our union.

“A few days after your departure, a coach stopped at the door.

“ My Elinor was employed in dressing Edward, when a servant of her father's entered the room and gave her a letter. At the perusal she shed tears, and, giving it into my hands, I read the words, ‘ Come to me, my dear and much-wronged child ; your misfortunes have occasioned me to reflect on my past conduct. I confess myself to have erred, and acted in a manner unworthy the affection which a parent ought to have for his child. From an amiable friend, to whom I feel much indebted, I have learnt, my Elinor, a sad tale of your past sorrows. Let me then soothe those cares, and soften the rugged path of life ; and, if you can persuade yourself to do so, forgive a father, who now relents ; then hasten, dear Elinor, to your father ; I am unable to stir abroad, being confined with a severe fit of the gout : but I have desired my servant, William, whom I have re-engaged in my service, to take all possible care of you. The coachman will drive you, my child, to my house.’

“ I saw her into the carriage, and understand from her, that she was received with returning warmth of affection. The coach came to fetch me and little Edward. After receiving a kiss from his grandfather, he sat by him all dinner-time; and in the evening, till bed-time, amused us with his artless prattle, and playful and simple diversions. Before evening he acquired such interest in his grandfather's affections, that the old and venerable peer permitted him to tread on his gouty toe more than once, contenting himself with holding up his crutch in a menacing manner. We were shown to apartments fitted up most elegantly, and in the most commodious manner. This suite of rooms, we were told, we were to occupy; for the earl of Harcourt intended that his mansion should be our home that evening. He wished us a sound repose, and presented his daughter with a pocket-book containing notes to a very considerable amount. This supply has enabled me, with no inconvenience, to discharge the debt I

have incurred from your timely friendship, my ever to be remembered miss Tankerville. Inclosed I have sent you notes to that purpose. My Elinor desires me to unite her in the same sentiments, and we have the honour to be,

"Your much obliged,

"and devoted servants,

"E. & G. LESTER."

But this sweet intelligence was not un-
manned and unadvised. Her cousin wrote to
her an account of the misfortunes by which
he had been pursued.

Mrs. Tankerville,

Kaufman's Haus.

Wien.

"Dear Emma,

London.

"When you left me, I prepared to win
some more of the ruples and increase my
fortune, having been rather unlucky in the
way of betting at hazard. Well, Emmy,
it was the last spring meeting; I made a
match, Jack-a-lantern against Malta, to

be run in the course of the week, play or pay. I should have won my money, as it was palpable Jack-a-lantern was winning when he fell. The Jockey was thrown off and broke his neck; and by his death I became fifteen hundred pounds minus. Forced to pay; settled at the coffee-house; money down on the nail; cursed unlucky; forced to subscribe to the widow and five surviving children of the Jockey.

“When I came to town, I found a challenge from Mr. Positive, who had been taken to Anapest’s lodgings by design, after a hard drinking match, and I was forced to fight him. You know, Emmy, for I have often told you, I can hit a half crown at ten yards distance; I never miss an ace of spades; of course, write me down an excellent shot at your service, should you want a ’squire. I frightened Positive, shot off a part of his wig, put him in the papers, and made him the joke of the coffee-houses.

“But now comes a tale of woe—prepare to hear something more afflicting than you

have yet heard. I had made two matches; on which I had determined, when fortified with Burgundy, to risk half my fortune. The first match was a little poney to trot fifty miles in four hours and three quarters. He would have performed it within the time, but, within a mile and a few furlongs of his journey, he dropped down dead. I lost my money, and am considerably minus in this concern. I backed a gentleman who was distanced in drawing a gig from Brighton to Lewes; and I am now, Emma, almost obliged to declare myself insolvent.

"After coming out of Brookes's, on Wednesday last, I met Lord Shuffie. We walked down St. James's-street; when, my attention being called to a comical quiz in a buggy, I turned round to take a view of him, and my eyes met those of a dun, to whom I am much in debt, and who has often better my lodgings. He is a Jew, and considers my house as an entrance into the land of Canaan. What was to be done? Mr.

Solomons not being an uncommon good whip, and having a very spirited horse, I saw my cue immediately, and resolved to play him a deep game. I went up to him, and, shaking him by the hand, told him I had expected to have seen him,—though it was but two days before that he had called on me. After commending his horse, I pretended to alter the curb, and took the opportunity of touching the horse somewhat sharply; away went Mr. Solomons in a tangent, and, turning up Pall-mall, this Jehu, the prince of the Jews, was thrown out of his buggy, while Shuffle and myself enjoyed the fun amazingly.

“The earl of Sunderland is dead. I suppose, Emma, you will soon change your name. Well, good luck attend you. There is no news stirring, Emma; only Hippona is backed against Curricie. The match for 500. Round course, Newmarket. Revel beat captain Gamble, the walking match; and there has been a duel, between captain O'Cutter and my lord Laffitude.

" I forgot to tell you, I had a very fine week's shooting in the county of Suffolk.

" I am your affectionate cousin,

" PELLET."

When Emma had finished reading these letters, Mrs. Maitland, always anxious to bring about the intended union between her niece and Moreton, asked her, if she felt her affection decreased by knowing that her gallant defender was become a peer. " Upon my word, my dear, to judge of you by your dress, and the *toute ensemble* of your appearance, one would suppose you intended to ensure a conquest, where, to yield, will be to share the most glorious honours."

Emma showed that her aunt was not devoid of penetration in this important point so essential to her happiness. Indeed she recollected how near she was once to losing him; and gratitude, when love accompanies it, is doubly strong.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE NUPTIALS OF A CONSTANT COUPLE,
AND BY THE CONSENT OF A VIRTUOUS
GUARDIAN.

WHEN Moreton called on Mrs. Maitland; to acquaint her with the news of his uncle's death, he found her alone. In relating this news to her he expressed a despondency lest he should lose her for whom he hourly felt his affection increase.

"My good Henry, do not despair; Emma loves you; and, if you will submit to a scheme that I shall propose, we will put it in execution speedily.

"I expect Emma presently; closet yourself; and though I well know that a person of your scrupulous honour will hesitate in

adopting such measures, yet when you consider what is at stake, you will not refuse your assent to the policy of this scheme."

After some slight argument, which was over-ruled by the sagacious Mrs. Maitland, Henry consented to these measures.

Emma entered, blushing as Aurora when she first rises and displays her opening charms to an admiring world.

"I hope," said Mrs. Maitland, "you will take compassion on your faithful lover. The gifts of fortune, the honours which have fallen to him lately, will only increase his sorrows, if you, niece, will not consent to share them with him. I am persuaded of the truth of what I have now advanced. If you will believe me, and you know that I admire honesty even in state affairs, and in the conduct of governments to foreign courts, you will give me due credit, when I declare to you, that I have never seen you look handsomer; the pink ribbon and close cap become your beauties admirably.

Such beauty really, my good niece, might extort praises from those who felt disposed to be most niggard."

"Pry'thee," said she, "dear aunt," as she gracefully walked to the mirror, and viewed herself, arranging her dress in the most nice order, removing a ringlet of her hair which obscured her lovely eyes, and altering a pin which she considered misplaced, "do you think that the jealous lover will make a good husband. You recollect your favourite poet's description of jealousy; and you have sympathised, my kind aunt, with the much-wronged Desdemona. Lord bless me! suppose I was to be smothered; what a shocking death! You indeed might sigh, Poor girl! poor Emma! She married a jealous man, and behold the fruit of her marriage!"

"Would you not, my love," replied Mrs. Maitland, "be angry with your lover, if coldly he was to neglect your charms, and appear

more indifferent? Consider what he has suffered on your account."

Emma, recollecting that she was once on the brink of losing her beloved Moreton for ever, declared candidly, that her hopes were dependent on him; that she loved him for his virtues, and wished him every happiness that merit, great as his was, could obtain. "And," said she, "aunt, you know what I have since endured for him. If I should lose him ——!"

"Heaven forbid it!" said Moreton, hastening from his concealment, and clasping her to his arms. Surprised into terms, Emma, with good-nature, consented to yield to him her hand. "My affections, you already know, Henry, to have been your own a long time; you will not think me ambitious then, when I declare, that even a title cannot add fresh charms to the fair character, or increase the honour which adorns the name of my preserver."

Mrs. Maitland insisted on the ceremony taking place that very morning. "Declarations, unaccompanied by deeds, are futile. It is a union, my loves, which has for its durable basis, honour, goodness, beauty, and mutual affection. The consequences must be an agreeable interchange of the kindest offices, that make the rugged road of life more pleasant. I am acquainted, my dear children," continued the good lady, "with a respectable and worthy divine, who shall perform the duty of uniting a faithful pair together, and making their old aunt happy this very morning. No denial, Emma; you cannot positively refuse me this favour; besides, it will complete the plan, child, which I have laid down."

Sir Henry Moreton showed, by every feature and action, how his wishes were engaged in this plan.

A polite note was written by Mrs. Mait-

land to the clergyman, and that gentleman answered it by his immediate personal attendance.

The awful ceremony was performed in the English service.

CHAPTER XXIV.

“ Happy they! the happiest of their kind!
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 - - - - - Nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bills secure.

SAFE ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND, AND
 CONCLUSION.

Mrs. Maitland had invited many friends to the entertainment which was to be given in honour of the nuptials of her children.

Letters of invitation were sent to the duke and duchess of Calabria, and the countess of Colonna; but the loss that they had sustained, in the death of the accomplished and ill-fated Alphonso, prevented them from attending.

The bridegroom would have waived his rights till he came to England, had not

Emma released him from such hard conditions, as she smiled upon him with a soft and alluring countenance, in which gratitude, admiration, and love were depicted. She confessed that she owed to him her happiness; that he had preserved her life; and she would now endeavour to show him that a possession which had cost him so dear, was not without some value.

Having nothing to detain them, in a few days the new married couple departed from Vienna, on their return to England.

"Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings;
Reigns here and revels, not in the bought smile
Of harlots, lawless, joyless, unendear'd."

They made their voyage in a frigate, the commander of which congratulated them on the glory of the British flag, which rode triumphant and unopposed through the ocean, bidding proud defiance to the enemy.

When they arrived in England, they immediately set forward on their journey to the metropolis; and on their arrival in London being announced, the mansion of the earl of Sunderland was crowded with visitors, who came to congratulate him, and express their joy at his safe arrival among his friends.

The honourable Mr. Pellet and his tutor having been unsuccessful on the turf are obliged to sell their stud and retrench their expenses.

The two boroughs, and presentation to a fruitful living, are inadequate to yield the former a sufficient sum of ready money.

In fine, the honorable Mr. Pellet boasts of nothing but the empty shadow of once having been distinguished as a dashing man. Even this satisfaction, if any, has its alloy, if we consider misspent time, broken fortune, and a ruined constitution.

Mr. Lester and his wife, happy in the affections of each other, do not feel that

gratitude is an intolerable burthen, but treat Emma with the most polite attention; and, far from supposing an acknowledgement of the many essential favours which they received from their benefactress in the hour of trial to be a degradation, they endeavour to heighten the importance of her benevolent assistance; not is the repayment of the debt, in their opinions, a discharge in full from their obligation.

Little Edward shows how happy he is, when he is promised, if he is a good boy and behaves himself like a good young gentleman, that he shall visit the countess of Sunderland.

When introduced to that amiable and elegant lady, he climbs on her lap, and, putting his arms round her neck, a freedom which she is forced to allow, declares that he loves her, because she saved his father from prison.

Mr. Harris is a constant visitant at Sunderland house, and his penetration and

great sagacity were never better exemplified, than when, at the representation of the penitent Jane Shore, portrayed by an actress whose elocution thrills the feelings of the soul, Emma beheld with shuddering horror, in the second tier of boxes, Georgiana, whom, when virtuous, she had formerly known, and whose fate Mr. Harris predicted when he saw her at the races in company with a man of gay fashion.

A young man, ugly, of coarse features, but fashionably dressed, was seated between Georgiana and another wanton and unhappy female.

Lord Shuffle had called her attention to this shocking spectacle, by asking her cousin, who was standing in the stage-box which the party occupied, if he knew that fine creature. "She appears in good condition."—"She is not only in good condition, but of good blood; but not being properly matched, swerved from the course. Yet, *laughing*, I must declare to you,

I believe she is not very vicious; possibly it was the fault of the old fools who made the match. There was a devil of a splash at the time. I supposed you must have been acquainted with it. She was put down in the running list, and this swerving from the course afforded little sport, except to some great Dons and precise prudes.—She drinks d—d hard, and, as Shakspeare has it,

“ There’s language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coaxing welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.”

“ Why this Shakspeare,” observed Shuffe, “ knew women as well as he did men.”

“ He was the paragon of writers,” answered Pellet; “ he was acquainted with all our follies and imperfections. Rowe

has imitated him in more than one of his plays; and by those very imitations secured to himself wreaths of laurel, which will adorn his head, while his plaintive language touches our hearts. We must pity such penitents as the unhappy wife of Shore; and, since plays have been known to work wonders, I confess that I am moved with the suffering of poor Jane Shore; and that, though Hastings is a fine fellow, the glass of fashion and the mould of form, I execrate his sentiments. Indeed, he is not the lily of men. To come to real life, Georgiana was declared by her physicians to be ill not long ago; all her friends forsook her, and she is now so miserably poor, that she cannot find resources to pay the rent of her lodgings."

It was sufficient for Emma to know that she was miserable and poor; she inclosed ten guineas in a small piece of paper, and, penciling a note, desired her to come to Sunderland house, where she would find a

friend; and implored her not to let this opportunity pass unheeded. Notwithstanding Pellet's assertion was true in part, she knew that this unhappy female possessed a feeling heart; and that a misplaced tenderness and excessive thoughtfulness had been her destruction. She had still hopes of preserving her fallen friend among this wreck of misery.

Sir Henry had not made any inquiries after sir Richard Oliver, with intention of avenging his wrongs. He had heard of his recovery from his wounds, and he had the generosity to leave him to those lessons which it was probable that his conscience might seriously dictate.

One morning, riding up Bond-street in their chariot, the earl and countess of Sunderland were met by sir Richard Oliver in a vis-a-vis wrapped up in flannels, a martyr to the gout, the effects of his luxurious indulgence.

"Pickard," said the baronet to a native

of France, who sat by him, and who was, as occasion suited, "fiddler, statesman, and buffoon," aristocrat or democrat, every thing by turns, but nothing long—"Pickard, who are those people? I have seen them before. I have some faint recollection—there is a coronet on the carriage."

"Sir Richard, it be the earl of Sunderland and his countess. They be an amiable pair, newly married."

Pickard had been but lately admitted to the honour of being attendant and humble companion to sir Richard Oliver; and although he knew his master was lame, from a wound received in a duel, unhappily knew not that the duel had been with the earl.

The enraged baronet cursed him for an impertinent scoundrel, and ordered the coachman to drive home.

The sight of the man whom he had so often attempted to injure, the earl of Sun-

derland, and whose life he had fought, inflamed his gout, and in a few days sir Richard Oliver breathed his last.

While sir Richard Oliver, in a premature age, was hurried from a world which had been the theatre of his vices, the earl of Sunderland, the joy of his friends, the admiration of the world, the benefactor and ornament of his country, gave a lesson to all the lovers of virtue. The one was considered as the friend of virtue; the other was detested by the worthy part of society as an unprincipled libertine.

His wife preferring the earl of Sunderland as her first choice, in his society she confesses that she tastes the highest pleasures; his home is rendered delightful to him; and life, in the solace of her converse, loses many of those bitter cares, that would otherwise intrude. She is a most excellent mother; inspects, in a great measure, the education of the girls; and the stranger, who visits the hospitable and smiling family,

always retires edified by the virtues which he has seen, and breathes a silent wish, that they may enjoy increasing happiness.

Mrs. Maitland lives with her children, as she fondly calls them; and Dauncy passes many months in the course of the year with his benevolent friend. The honourable Mr. Pellet is allowed to sport on his manor; and, by his particular request, indeed who hates importunity, invites his friends during the shooting season to partake of the good cheer the mansion may afford them.

The second courses are often enlarged with presents, the fruits of his morning sport; and, if he does not enlighten the company with those remarks which result from a good education, few young men can sing better hunting songs, or give more accurate and spirited descriptions of field courses, capital races, and long shots. Yet in his serious moments I have heard him declare, that he

wishes he had read the instructive pages of the elegant Tully by the midnight oil, or even summed up close logic in a chapter of the moral Aristotle, rather than endeavoured to outdrive the mail-coach in his tandem by the aid of patent lamps, or played at hazard, calculating upon the chances of the die, according to the precepts of that profound reasoner, and accomplished tutor in gaming, Mr. Hoyle. He regrets that at Cambridge he did not solve problems of Euclid instead of frequenting Newmarket; for he observes, with a kind of generous regret and praiseworthy admiration, the respect which the neighbouring gentry and persons of all ranks pay to the virtuous earl of Sunderland.

Doctor Anapest is at present employed in preparing to usher into light, 'A Dissertation on the Shows of the Gladiators, and the ancient Galleys.'

Signor Marmotte, in the course of a few

months, will leave England for Egypt, where he intends carefully to store up, in stone bottles, some of the water of the river Nile, and to collect some crocodile's eggs, which he designs adding to his museum. It already boasts of a nail of Cook's ship; the pen of Tom D'Urfey; some of the gunpowder which Bacon discovered; the dial and minute hand of the first watch thought to be made in England; the urinal of queen Elizabeth, purchased at a very great expense; twenty curious butterflies; seventeen white mice; and a flea which was caught in the identical bed of the great Catherine the late empress of the Russias. Signor Marmotte's principal object of research in Egypt is, to ascertain whether the Ibis is in existence.

If I have succeeded in any one chapter, in convincing the Reader, that virtue is the philosopher's stone, which has been the

object of diligent search, I shall be in a great measure rewarded for my labour.

It is this treasure alone, which will supply all our wants, and the pleasures which it insures to the possessor convinces us that life is more than a picture.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Vol. I. p. 351, line 9, for "1604" *read* "1803."

Vol. II. p. 34, line 9, for "es" *read* "est."









